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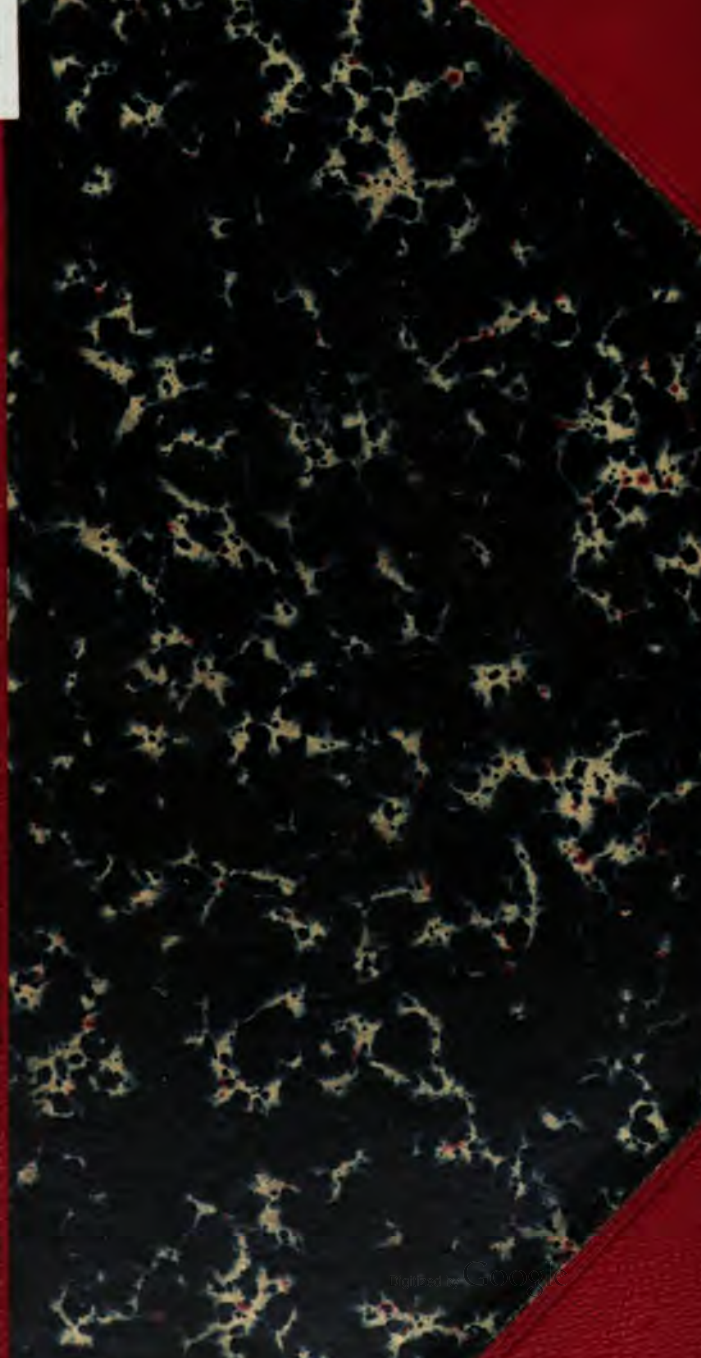
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No. 1.

The Ethics of the Coal Strike

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THE ETHICS OF THE COAL STRIKE.

I TAKE as a text the words to be found in the fifty-sixth chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah in the first verse,—“Keep ye judgment and do justice.” Keep ye judgment and do justice.

It is not an infrequent thing for ministers to be warned away from the Sunday and pulpit treatment of themes which are supposed to chiefly concern the political or business interests of society. I frankly confess that I have no right on Sunday morning and in this place to discuss business problems as business problems or political questions as political questions.

And there has been always a certain section of the religious world which has turned aside from dealing with any of these things in any of their aspects. The priest has always been inclined to be quiescent, to care for the institution and the ceremony, and to let the great practical problems of life be settled without his help; but the prophet has always been meddling with these other affairs. John the Baptist lost his head for meddling with the condition of things existing in his day; but he has been mightier from that day to this than has Herod, who was able to take his head. Jesus lost his life for meddling with affairs that the people of the time thought did not concern him; but Jesus is to-day king of the world in a sense of which it can be said of no other, however mighty he may be.

I believe it is the duty, not only the right, of every minister to discuss great practical problems of righteousness, whether they be mingled with political or social or industrial affairs or not,—his right, his duty.

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By frequent iteration of the phrase, Matthew Arnold has made us familiar with the saying that "conduct is three-fourths of life." Meditation, worship, the quiet of the cloister, reverence, admiration,—all these other sides of religion are good; but that religion is without vitality or power which does not regulate the conduct of men.

We are face to face to-day with certain great practical questions of fundamental righteousness; and it is our business to think them out clearly, if we can, and then act upon our convictions. There are principles which are involved in this case, much wider than any temporary coal strike. They go down to the very fundamental ideas of our republic, and touch those liberties and rights for the maintenance of which this republic was established. I offer no apology, then, for attempting to do what seems to me clearly my duty.

The fact that labor troubles exist ought not to worry or discourage us. There are no labor troubles in Central Africa, nor in China, nor in India. There are very few, if any, in the rural districts of Russia. People are not troubled over the solution of problems which do not exist; and the problems which are concerned with the progress of society come into existence when society begins to progress. The fact, then, that labor troubles exist only indicates that society is suffering from growing pains. It is because the people have waked up to the idea that they can better themselves, and are trying to better themselves, that we are face to face with difficulties like these.

I wish to say at the outset that by impulse and sympathy I am always in favor of him who is technically spoken of as the "laboring man." My birth and my boyhood training allied me with the laboring man. I have been a laboring man ever since, and in the true sense of the word a wage-earner; and I expect to be one so long as I live. My sympathies then, at the first blush, always go out towards the man who is seeking to better himself, to lift himself to a higher level in any department of his life. So that, what-

ever position I take this morning, you will understand that it is not biased by any prejudice against the "working classes," as we technically choose to call them.

The present situation grows out of the fact that two great organizations are pitted against each other, each striving for the mastery. So that at the outset it may be well for us to consider for a moment this question of organization, combination, trust,—by whatever name you choose to call it. Are these things right? Of course, they are right. Let us see what the principle is which is involved.

If a porter in a hotel has a trunk to move which is so heavy that he cannot lift it alone, he calls in some one to help him; and right in there is the fundamental principle of every organization, combination or trust, whether on the part of capital or labor, that you can find anywhere on the face of the earth. If a man cannot carry on his business so advantageously alone, he unites with somebody else to help him; and you have a firm, two or three or a half a dozen in that. Where are you going to set the limit? If a hundred choose to unite, who shall say that the principle is not the same? And, whether it is a combination of capital or labor, shall we not be obliged to confess that people have a perfect right to combine?

And yet we are naturally, instinctively, and I believe rightly, jealous of a great power, whether it is in the hands of an individual or a corporation. The best government on the face of the earth would be an absolute despotism if we only had an angel for the despot. If we had a perfectly wise and perfectly good man, then, we could do no better than put the management of affairs into his hands; but we have learned by experience that there are not a great many of that kind of people. If they are wise, they are not always good, and, if they are good, they are not always wise; and frequently they are neither very wise nor very good.

And, if we had a man in the management of affairs to-day who was both wise and good, he would not live forever;

and, if we admit the principle, the next incumbent of the position might betray our trust. We are therefore jealous of granting too much power to organizations of any kind.

I believe, for example, that capitalists have a perfect right to organize in any way they will; but they have no right to use the power of that organization in any way they please. For, how many soever there may be interested in a particular corporation or trust, there are thousands and tens of thousands more in the great public who are equally interested in the way in which its affairs are conducted.

So I believe that the President of the United States is wholly right when he says that there ought to be some power lodged in the government of the United States that can safeguard the rights of the people when they are threatened by great combinations of capital or great combinations of any kind. A capitalistic corporation, for example, has no right to combine to limit the product of something the people want and need. It has no right to combine for the sake of unduly and unnecessarily advancing prices, so that they may pocket the advantages themselves and let the public pay the bills.

A corporation, then, is limited in every direction,—rightly limited,—in the exercise of its powers, because it is the creation of a public necessity; and it deals with public necessities, and the public welfare is always paramount.

And, when we come to deal with a corporation of laborers, are we not face to face with exactly the same principles? I believe in the organization of labor. Laborers have just as much right to organize as capitalists have; and I believe that they can work out problems of their development and progress in that way as they cannot possibly single-handed and alone. They have a right, then, I believe, and the right perhaps passes into a duty, to organize for the sake of helping on their own condition and the progress of mankind. But precisely the same principles apply here, it seems to me, as apply to the organization of capital.

Let me note right here, before passing, one important principle, lest it should be forgotten. Capitalists' organizations are at the present time responsible before the law, no matter whether the laws are at present arranged so they can touch every point of their conduct or not. They are legal corporations, and legally responsible.

I believe that labor organizations ought to be compelled to become legally corporate, and so legally responsible to somebody, to the powers of the States or of the United States. But a corporation of laborers has no right, any more than an organization of capital, to limit production for personal advantage, to say that the public shall not have as much of any particular product as it needs or desires. It has no right to limit the number of laborers. It has no right to say that only such and such persons shall engage in this or that occupation.

I believe, for example, that it is wise for them to attempt to increase their wages just as much as the prosperity of the country and the condition of business affairs will permit. I believe that they ought to try to shorten their hours of work just as fast and as far as the industrial conditions of the time will allow. Men must have leisure if they are to think, if they are to study, if they are to become educated or civilized.

And if you say, as I hear people saying constantly, What is the use of increasing a man's wages when he is likely to spend them for drink? or What is the use of giving a man leisure when he is likely to abuse it?—if you ask that question, my reply is this: The laboring man has just as much right to use his wages for drink as the rich man. He has just as much right to abuse his leisure as the rich man. Neither of them has any right; but until the rich are free from faults of this kind they cannot very safely use that kind of argument against increased wages and increased hours of leisure for the workingman.

A great many persons will abuse their time if they have it.

A great many people will misuse their money if they get it. But look abroad over society, and see how many people who are not laborers are misusing time and money; and let us not throw stones at the workman. At any rate, they must have opportunity, if they are ever to better themselves.

I admit, then, these principles; and they seem to me so clear-cut that we need to take them for granted before we can profitably discuss the great problems which are involved in the present condition of affairs.

Capital, then, has a right to combine. Labor has a right to combine. Each has a right in every legitimate way to better itself. But neither has a right to disregard the welfare of the great outside public; neither has a right to misuse its power to the injury of the other.

Just how are we situated at the present time? For months there has been a great strike in the anthracite coal regions. We could look on with comparative equanimity while the old supply of coal lasted. We could imagine that the strike would end before there was any great amount of cold. 'While the warm weather continued, we did not wake up to any thought that we might ever be cold. So we have patiently looked on, and wondered what was going to happen next.

Now I shall not claim to know the inside history of the strike. I shall not assert anything that is not a matter of common knowledge, so far as I believe. They say that the operators are to blame for the present condition of affairs, because they have imported large amounts of cheap and ignorant and irresponsible labor in the times of strikes in the past, and that they are now suffering as a result of their attempts in this way to get ahead of the strikers of previous years. This may or may not be true. I do not propose to go into that.

It is said again that the operators have capitalized their mines to such an extent that they are attempting now to get an income for much more than their real value, and so that their claim that they cannot profitably operate the mines is a

fallacious one. Whether this is true I do not know : I only mention it, that you may know that these points have not been overlooked.

On the other hand, I cannot convince myself, after the most careful study that I have been able to make, that the miners at the time the strike was inaugurated were in any condition of extreme suffering. They had a perfect right to try to get higher wages and shorter hours if they could in any legitimate way ; but there was no such necessity or widespread suffering among the strikers as to rouse the popular sympathy of the country, as for people who were abused, down-trodden, or maltreated in any special way. They were not as well off as they would like to be,—none of us are. They were not as well off as I wish they were. I freely grant that I wish they might have shorter hours and larger pay.

I simply wish to say that we need not be troubled in making up our minds as to what ought to be done by any condition of actual suffering on the part of the miners or their families at the time the strike was inaugurated. They were at the time fairly comfortably off ; some of them, as I know of my personal experience and observation, a good deal more than that.

But the strike has been going on now for months and months ; and we are beginning anxiously to stare into the pitiless eyes of a winter such as this country has not seen for a good many years. The poor in all our great cities are likely very soon to be face to face with actual distress ; children are to suffer with the cold ; mothers are to hear the little ones crying, and not be able to help them. Hospitals and charitable institutions all over the country are going to be crippled in their operation. Schools, they tell me, are likely to be closed because the coal supply cannot be obtained. Colleges, universities,—the whole country is facing a condition of actual need ; and not only this, but, as coal enters into the product of almost everything else, we are likely to see the prices of all the necessities of living rising day by day, with-

out any increase of wages or increase of ability of those who are needing to obtain their supplies.

If those who are comparatively well off could forget, and not suffer sympathetically, we might not be so seriously troubled. But the great masses of the people are face to face with actual need. And what shall be done about it?

I wish right here, before I go on to the condition of things in the coal fields and discuss methods of finding a way out of the trouble, to point out one fact to the consideration of which the public is only beginning to arouse itself. No matter what the merits of the controversy may have been in the first place, no matter whether the operators or the workmen are to blame, we have got beyond that. The condition is becoming intolerable; and the great outside party to the difficulty, the suffering public, must come in and demand its rights. No matter who is to blame in the first place, why should the public stand aside, do all the suffering, and pay all the bills? The public has a right to demand that this condition of things shall be ended, and ended at once.

Now I ask you to consider with me for a little the condition of things in the coal fields, as to whether there are any principles of righteousness which are being disregarded there.

Strikers have a perfect right to strike. That is a simple statement; but it has very serious limitations. Manufacturers or corporations of any kind which are carrying on a large business have a right to establish a lockout, we will say. Have they? Yes and no. If the condition of things gets to be such that a lockout is necessary, they have a right to stop work; but men who have trained hundreds of thousands of people to look to them for employment and support have no right to cut off that employment and support merely as a matter of whim, or to spite somebody, or as an expression of personal anger.

So workmen have a perfect right to strike. Yes. But here again the rights of the operators and the rights of the

public must be regarded. They have no right to strike merely for personal gain, merely for a little temporary advantage, merely as the result of whim, merely because they are angry with their employers or for any reason of that sort. They have a right to strike only when the condition of things becomes intolerable, and this seems to be the only way out of the difficulty.

Then they have a right to strike. But—and here is the point we are facing now—no body of men on the face of this earth has any right to interfere with the liberty of any other man. This is a fundamental principle of human rights, fundamental to the very safety and perpetuity of our republic.

Two men have a disagreement. They are talking about arbitrating, they are discussing it. The matter is pending. Meantime one of them assaults or attempts to murder the other. Has he any right after that to talk about arbitration? He is a criminal, and ought to deal with the police and the courts first, and talk about arbitration and his rights as a business man afterwards.

The strikers in Pennsylvania have put themselves in the attitude of criminals before the law and the organization of United Mine Workers has taken a position that is criminal through and through. If Mr. Mitchell has no power to preserve order and protect life and prevent assault and the burning of houses and use of dynamite on the part of his followers, he should confess that as a man, and resign his position. If he has power to do it and does not exercise it, then he himself is a criminal before the law.

I do not vouch for its accuracy; but I wish to read to you a list of things that have happened during this coal strike as published in yesterday's *Sun*. If it is not correct, the *Sun* is responsible.

Killed, 14; severely injured, 42; shot from ambush, 16; aggravated assaults, 67; attempts to lynch, 1; houses dynamited, 12; houses burned, 3; buildings burned, 10; washeries burned, 3; stockades burned, 2; riots, 69; works

dynamited, 6; trains dynamited, 1; railroad bridges dynamited, 4; railroads seized, 5; trains wrecked, 6; attempted wrecks, 9; trains attacked, 7; strikes in schools, 14.

Not only this. I am credibly informed that ministers have been persecuted and abused for attending the funeral of a person or member of his family because he did not belong to the union. I am also credibly informed that doctors have been assaulted because they would attend the sick in families of those not belonging to the union.

It seems to me, friends, that the country is getting altogether too callous and indifferent to this fundamental principle of the right to life and liberty, the right to labor and live our own lives and sell our own labor in our own way. If these rights are not guaranteed then the republic is a failure. We are getting altogether too indifferent to such matters. If things had happened during the last five years in Bulgaria, or Roumania, or anywhere else in Europe, which have happened in these United States, we should have been on fire with indignation; but we are getting indifferent to it,—people mobbed, assaulted, burned at the stake, while hundreds congregate to see the horror. These things are getting common, so common that the cheeks of American citizens ought to tingle with shame, that we ought to rouse ourselves, and every power which we possess, and cry until the governors of the States prevent these things, or, if the governors will not prevent them, then appeal to the United States.

Had we not become accustomed to these things, we should not have been so quiet, so ready to let things go in the anthracite region. It seems to me, no matter what the merits of the strike may have been originally, that the Union of United Mine Workers is to-day out of court as criminal before the law, and that the first thing to be done is to establish and maintain order, to protect liberty, life, property, freedom of activity; for, as I said, if we do not possess these, then what is the use of the forms of law or the maintenance of the republic?

Now I wish to discuss with you for a little several proposed ways out of the difficulty. Of course, we should all have been glad if the operators and the union could have found some way of coming to terms voluntarily, if they could have settled the matter themselves. Of course, that would have been the best way. But they have not settled it; and, so far as we can see, there is no immediate prospect of their coming to an agreement.

What next? The Democratic party, in convention assembled, has recently declared in favor of government seizure and ownership of mines. I cannot go into a discussion of so large a question as socialism. If you wish to see how it has worked on a small scale, recently, find and read an account of the doings of the Borough of West Ham, one of the great suburbs of London. See what they have come to under socialistic rule during the last few years. It will be worth your study. The Socialists had been in control there since 1898. They have just got rid of them, and they have left the borough in debt somewhere near two million of pounds, to say nothing of mischief of every other kind which they have left behind.

But whether you believe in socialism or not, in the government ownership of the mines or not, there is no use in discussing that now: the public cannot wait. How would you get control of the mines? The President would have to call a special session of Congress, and there is no certainty that it would vote in favor of anything of the sort, if we wanted them to; and I do not believe that the sober second thought of the country would want them to do anything of the kind. The government has not yet proved itself a good business manager. It carries on the Post-office fairly well, but always with a tremendous deficit, which the people are glad to pay for the benefits received. Whether the government would be a good manager of the mines of Pennsylvania nobody knows; but, at any rate, we are standing face to face with immediate distress.

If a man is drowning, it is hardly wise for people on the shore to consider methods of getting him out which they can only put in operation some time next week. We need something done right away. So, whether this government ownership of the mines is a wise thing or not, it is utterly incompetent as a solution of the present difficulty, and so ought to be out of court as to all wise and sensible discussion.

Another thing proposed — some friends of mine whose judgment I usually agree with, and whom I always like to think wise, have been proposing it during the last day or two — is that we have compulsory arbitration. Here, again, we cannot wait for compulsory arbitration. That might be a fine thing. I am not at all sure but I believe in the government establishing a court of arbitration that shall have full powers in the future in regard to matters of this kind; but the people need coal. We are face to face with the prospect of immediate suffering. In order to establish a court of compulsory arbitration, the President again would have to call a special session of Congress; and we are not sure that it would agree with us, even if we wanted them to establish such a court; and meantime we are suffering. We cannot wait for compulsory arbitration.

Is there anybody in the United States who has the power to do anything, and to do it right away? There is one, and I marvel that such a storm of indignation has not swept this country as it has stood face to face with the condition of things as to make the one man who could do it hide himself for very shame. Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, has had the power any time these three months to put an end to the situation in a week; and he has done nothing. Not only that, but it has been his plain duty to do it. He has forsworn himself as chief magistrate of a great Commonwealth. He pledged himself, on taking the office, to execute the laws. All that he needs to do is to put the laws of Pennsylvania in force for the protection of life, of property,

and of the right of men to work and to sell their work to any one they please. That is all he needs to do ; and he has not tried to do it.*

He should call for the entire military force of the State of Pennsylvania to back him up in this effort to enforce the law ; and, if he has not power enough in the State of Pennsylvania, then he has the right to appeal to the President of the United States, and it will be his duty to back him up with the entire military force of America.

Governor Stone, then, can end the condition, and give us all the coal we need. He can end it in a week. Let the people of this country make their insistence on his doing his duty so strong that he will not dare to defy or disregard it.

Is there anything next, if he will not do it ? I speak very modestly now, I am not quite sure of my ground. I confess that ; but I wish to make one suggestion. If I am wrong, then think I have not said it.

It seems to me that the Constitution of the United States guarantees to every American citizen personal protection, the right to hold and manage his own property, the right to labor when and where and how and for what wages he will. It seems to me that the Constitution of the United States guarantees this to every citizen. The President has no right, we say, to interfere in a State's own affairs ; but suppose an American citizen in Pennsylvania is not being protected by the government of the State. Let us take a parallel.

It has been our grandest pride and boast for years that the power, the majesty, of the United States government, was such that a citizen of the United States should be safe anywhere in the world. We say to any ruler, any emperor, any people anywhere : Touch an American citizen at your peril. The full power of the country shall blaze forth for his defence.

* As I am correcting proof this Tuesday morning, the news comes that Governor Stone has at last admitted the existence of anarchy and violence, and has issued an order calling out the State military.

Is a citizen of the United States to be less safe and less protected within the limits of the United States than in Africa or China or Russia or the South Seas? It seems to me — and I respectfully make this suggestion — that, if the governor of any special State fails to execute the laws and protect the citizens of that State, then the President of the United States would have a right to issue a proclamation calling upon such governor to protect a citizen of the United States, and warning him that, if he did not do it, the authority of the United States would intervene.*

I wish that President Roosevelt, whose intelligence, whose manliness, whose integrity, whose character and noble purpose I thoroughly believe in, would carefully consider this point, and let Governor Stone know that there are certain things which he must do or have them done for him.

It seems to me, then, friends, that, no matter what may have been the original merits of the quarrel, whether the operators or the miners were most to blame, we have got away beyond that situation to-day, and that the miners, the strikers, have so put themselves in the wrong that they have no business to talk about arbitration until they first learn to keep the law.

There is one other point which I should like to suggest in order to make the treatment complete,— the operators have offered at last to arbitrate. Mr. Mitchell has told the country that he does not insist on the recognition of the United Mine Workers as an organization, he only asks for arbitration. The mine owners have said they would arbitrate any question which they could not settle with their own employees by putting it into the hands of the Justices of the Courts of Common Pleas in the region where the dispute is carried on, and they pledge themselves to abide by the result.

In face of that declaration, if Mr. Mitchell is honest, it

* Since preaching this sermon the *Evening Post* has come out editorially advocating this very point, and quoting the United States Statute which gives the President just this power. *The Sun* has taken a similar position.

seems to me that he has no right to continue the present condition of things for twenty-four hours. But no matter whether he is honest or not, or whether the operators are honest or not, or who was to blame in the first place, the great public has its right, and should not be called on needlessly to suffer ; and the great fundamental principles of liberty, of life, of property, of occupation,—these, whatever comes, if we are to be free, if there is to be a republic worthy of the name, must be protected.

Our God, the God of justice as well as of love, let us not dare to prate of other things while looking in Thy face, and defying the fundamental principles of truth and right. Let us make ourselves true with Thee, and with Thy eternal principles, and then we know that Thy blessing of liberty and prosperity will come upon us all. Amen.

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II. The Problem of Evil.

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THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.

As a text, I take from the third chapter of Genesis the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth verses: "And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast harkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Jesus appeared with the proclamation on his lips, "The kingdom of God is at hand." That meant, of course, that the kingdom of God was not already here. And again, of course, that meant that pain, sickness, wrong, and death were here.

In accordance with some words at the beginning of my discourse last Sunday, I wish to say again that there is a large popular feeling at the present time against theoretic discussion. People say in effect, Yes, evil is here, sin, wrong, pain, disease, death. But why stop to discuss their origin, their nature? Let us join in making an end of them. Let us rather engage in the practical work of improving the world.

I should be decidedly in favor of that course if I believed the matter so simple. But, when we start in to improve the world, to save men from sin and evil, what do we find people saying? One great branch of the Church says, You must submit to my authority, you must become a member of

my communion, you must join in my rites, you must partake of my sacraments. If you do not, there is no hope for you, no hope for the world.

Another branch of the Church says, You must accept my creed. Another says, You must be baptized according to my method. Another says, You must be spiritually wrought upon in a special way by the Holy Spirit before you can become a child of God.

Then there are the great ethical culture societies, which tell us that all this theological dogmatism is purely a matter of speculation, that we can know nothing about God or human destiny, and that the only practicable thing for us is to teach and obey the moral law. I will not enter into a discussion, beyond suggesting it, that very many persons question any permanent validity in any moral law which exists in a universe in which there is no God and no future life.

There are still others who say: The great, pressing evils of the world are pain and disease and poverty. We shall well perform our part if we can do something in diminishing these. And so they urge us to join with them in the practical work of philanthropy.

You see how difficult it is to get people to unite in getting rid of the evils of the world until they have some common idea as to what those evils are and as to how we are to get rid of them. In other words, there is no getting along in this world without theorizing.

Suppose a physician should say, Let us not stop to discuss as to what is the matter with the patient: let us go to work and cure him. But how will you cure him until you have some clear thinking as to the difficulty? When the great Brooklyn bridge was swung in air, who did it? Was it the workmen, those who day by day carried out somebody's plan? or was it not primarily the man who did the thinking, the man who told the practical workmen what to do, and how?

There is not the simplest action of our lives in which we

engage that does not imply a theory, somebody's theory,—if not yours, then one that you have borrowed, consciously or unconsciously.

So there must, on the part of reasonable beings who wish to solve great problems, be some attention paid to thinking out the nature of the difficulties that need to be overcome. I ask you then to join with me this morning in considering for a little this problem of evil that fronts us on every hand.

When organized life, some hundreds of thousands of years ago, first crossed the border between animal and human, and man, as man, came to consciousness of himself and his surroundings, what did he find? He found himself ignorant and weak, in the presence of tremendous forces which he did not understand and which he did not know how to control. Some of these forces in their play hurt him. He necessarily thought of them as evil. Some of them appeared friendly and helped him. Of necessity he thought of them as good.

And we must remember—it is difficult, I know, for us to put ourselves in his place—that he thought of these varying forces that we call natural powers to-day as alive. They were beings similar to himself. One of the grandest generalizations of the modern world is what we call the "correlation of forces," the discovery that all the different forces of nature around us are only varieties and manifestations of one force. But primitive man could not know that. So the power in the running stream, in the winds, in the ocean, in the sun, in the lightning,—these were persons,—persons invisible, but in a certain way like himself. And, of course, this resulted in what we call Polytheism; and you will see how inevitably it led to a division of these supposed gods into good gods and bad gods, or, at any rate, into gods that were friendly to him and those that were hostile.

This was the primitive man's method of explaining the evil of the world,—pain, disease, death. These were all inflicted upon him by some invisible power or powers, that

for one reason or another did not like him and wished to injure him. The early man had no idea whatever of natural death. When a man died, they always asked, Who killed him, and why? This was the first explanation given of the nature of evil, the cause of its existence.

I ask you now to come with me to note a few of the steps which were taken in the religious development of the Hebrew people. I do this because they are in the line of our evolution, and their development leads up to Christianity and the position which we occupy to-day.

The early Hebrews shared with their pagan neighbors their polytheistic ideas; and their explanation of good and evil was as naive and simple as that of the worshippers of Dagon or of any other of the idols of their age. But by and by they came to a belief in one God; and, still evil remained, and had to be explained. Was it the work of this one God, their God, the one who had selected and chosen them and set them apart as his peculiar people among all the nations of the earth?

Yes, at first they frankly took this ground. There is a passage in the first Isaiah in which the writer makes God say that he is the author of both light and darkness, of good and evil. But by and by they took another step. They could not understand how a good being could be the author of evil. So they imagined that there must be an adversary, an evil being of tremendous power, who was interfering with the good plans of the good Father in heaven.

The fully developed idea of Satan as the tempter of man and the author of his fall did not originate with the Hebrew people. They borrowed it during the time of their captivity from those who held them in bondage. They brought it home, however; and in their later life it became incorporated in their thought as the explanation of the origin of sin and sorrow.

Among the Hebrew people, however, they always believed that God rewarded people for being good by health, by long

life, by prosperity in business, by honor among one's people. There is no clear conception in the Old Testament of any idea of a dividing line between goodness as its own reward, as being rewarded by goodness, and goodness as being rewarded by material prosperity.

Believing as they did, then, that, when a man suffered, it meant that he had been doing wrong, that, when a man lost his wife or children or became disgraced in any fashion, that it was because he was guilty of some sin, they at last came to front a problem like that which was dealt with so wonderfully by the author of the Book of Job. The one great problem of that magnificent poem, one of the greatest poems of the world, is as to how it could be possible that a good man could suffer. They refused any longer, some of the clearer thinkers among them, to believe that a man was necessarily a sinner because he was sick in body or because he lost his money or because his friends had died; and so Job is represented as being a perfect and upright man, and yet as suffering every evil that flesh is heir to. And God is represented as coming to the defence of Job against the popular opinion of the time, and declaring that he was true and upright in spite of the fact that he was suffering.

And yet the book ends very lamely. There is no clear conclusion as to why the good man must suffer; and the poet illogically finishes his poem by giving back to Job again a duplicate of all the things that he had lost.

Among the Jews also another step was taken. They came not only to recognize the existence of physical evil, but of moral evil as well. This grew out of the fact that at last they came to think of their God as a holy God, as a God who loved righteousness and who sought righteousness on the part of those who would be his worshippers. So there was developed among them what we, in our modern phrase, are accustomed to call the "sense of sin;" not simply a knowledge of the existence of evil, but a sense of personal unworthiness.

One of the writers speaks of having been fairly content with himself until at last he represents himself as seeing God as he is, and so being humiliated and ashamed. This, you see, is a new note in the development of the idea of evil.

The Jews, then, did not get beyond the thought that physical evil was the result of some wrong on the part of somebody, that, if a man suffered, it was because God was angry with him, or because he had permitted the evil one for some mysterious purpose to work this injury, or because God as a loving father — this, you see, is another step still — was chastening and training him, preparing him for some higher and nobler life.

One characteristic of this Hebrew thought we need to have clearly in our mind, because it played so large a part in the history of the later world; and that is the fact, as I have already intimated, that they borrowed the idea that the universe was made perfect and fair at the start, but that it was invaded by a malign power from without, a power hostile to God and hostile to men because they were the work of God.

When we come to the time of Jesus, we are struck with what seems to me rather remarkable,—that he nowhere attempts any explanation of the origin of evil. He apparently does not accept the popular belief of his time. He says nothing anywhere about the serpent or the Garden of Eden or the fall of man or of Adam as being cast out of Paradise. He denies explicitly, if he be correctly reported, in one or two places, the connection which the popular mind established between suffering and disease and the anger of God.

You remember the blind man was brought to him, and the bystanders said, "Master, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" It never occurred to them that anybody could be born blind except as the result of somebody's sin. Jesus frankly tells them that this is not

the correct explanation. It was due to the sin of neither the man nor his parents. And then he cites another instance. He says: "Those eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell and slew them; think ye they were sinners above all the men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you nay." He denies explicitly the popular idea that a man was necessarily a sinner because he was suffering.

I now wish to pass to the attitude that has been taken by Christian theology for the last eighteen hundred years. I speak in general terms, in this way, because the general attitude in regard to this matter has been substantially the same throughout the Christian centuries.

Very unfortunately, as I think, the early Church accepted a bit of pagan legend which had crept into the Jewish annals in regard to the Eden story and the fall of man. The Church accepted this, and made it a part of what it claimed to be an infallible revelation. It became, therefore, what? The very corner-stone of the theology of Christendom. For eighteen hundred years all theological systems have started with this supposed fact, have had this in mind, have taken shape from it. They have accepted this as the explanation of the origin of all evil.

The Church has said — according to this old pagan story — the earth itself was cursed because of Adam's sin; the plants and the shrubs, the growing things of the world, are not what they would have been; there were no poisonous, noisome, thorn-bearing growths before; so the physical universe was cursed by it. They said, It is on account of this that man has suffered pain; it is on account of this that he has been conscious of sin; it is on account of this that all the diseases of the world have come into existence; it is on account of this that men die.

This has been the consistent, universal, age-long teaching of the Church almost throughout its entire history; and there is no Church to-day that I know of, called orthodox, that has in any explicit terms repudiated this legendary basis of its

theological scheme. There are thousands of ministers who do not believe it, and who evade its logical results.

Because of this, then, because the devil tempted Adam, and Adam fell, all the evil of the world has come to exist. Sometimes, as among our Puritan ancestors, when some popular calamity occurred, it was attributed to the devil, whom God for some mysterious reason permitted to rule human affairs as "the prince of the power of the air." But, of course, according to the principle of common law, what God permits he is himself responsible for. All evil, then, all pain, all sickness, all sorrow, all death, has come into the world because the first man sinned. This has been the consistent teaching of the Church.

I wish now to turn sharply away and ask you to consider the teaching of modern science concerning this problem of evil. Has it any light to offer us? For, as you will see, there is no light that can be accepted by scholarly and intelligent people in any of the other theories. Has modern science anything to say to us?

To make my thinking perfectly clear, I wish to tell you just what I mean by science. I do not mean purely physical science. What is science? Science is nothing but the organized, systematized knowledge of the world. Science, then, as dealing with this matter, takes account of all human experience that is accessible. It takes account of all facts, all its discoveries in the realm of nature as well as in the realm of man and of mind. What, then, has science to say about it?

In the first place science removes at one stroke the cornerstone of the theology of Christendom. Science demonstrates beyond all question—all intelligent question, I mean—that there never has been any fall of man. Instead of man starting in perfection and falling away from it, we now—not guess—we know that he started away down on the borders of the jungle, and that every step from that day to this has on the whole been a step upward and forward.

Not that there have been no retrograde movements on the part of the race, but that, on the whole, there has been advance, and that there never was any such thing as the fall of man.

Notice a few other counts in this statement. Science has demonstrated that poisonous plants and thorn-bearing plants — what men of the early world regarded as evil growths — were not the result of human sin, because they were in existence before man appeared on the planet. Science again has demonstrated that pain was not the result of human sin, because pain was in existence on the planet before man appeared. It has demonstrated again that death is not the result of human sin, because death was here thousands of years before man came.

I remember one of my theological professors years ago attempting to evade the force of these tremendous facts by saying that God permitted pain and evil to exist before man came because he knew he was coming and would sin when he got here. But reasonable people will hardly be satisfied by an explanation of that sort to-day.

What now does science have to say as to the nature of pain and disease and moral evil and death? Remember, I am using the word "science" in this larger and more comprehensive sense. In the first place, it tells us that pain is an absolute necessity on the part of beings capable of feeling. A being that can feel can, in the nature of things, feel things that are disagreeable as well as those that are agreeable. If he could not feel one, he could not feel the other. A nervous system, then, that is capable of feeling makes the existence of pain, at least as a possibility, absolutely essential.

Note the next step. Science has demonstrated this also: that sentient life could not have existed on the planet but for the existence of pain. If beings could put themselves in the way of all sorts of forces and experiences that hurt and injure and crush, and not feel it, they would be wiped out of existence in a year. It is only because when things injure

and hurt that they keep out of the way that sentient beings continue to exist. Beings organized as we are, then, could not possibly continue to live but for the experiences of pain.

Another step: Science demonstrates beyond question that all necessary pain — that is, all the pain that needs to exist — is beneficial. It is a token, not of God's anger at all, but of his love and his tender care. Perhaps nine-tenths of the things from which people suffer — I am not sure that it is as large as that — are not necessary at all.

And remember this,— the things that do not need to be we have no right to charge up to the responsibility of God.

The pains, the heartaches, the estrangements, the angers, the sorrows that we bring upon ourselves, and that we do not need to bring upon ourselves,— these God is not responsible for; and you have no right to charge the universe as evil on account of their existence. Do not cry out unto God, do not find fault with him. Go and get rid of them yourselves; and then you will be face to face with the fact that there will not be one single pain left that does not speak clearly of the love and tender mercy of God.

What of death? Is death an evil? That depends. I do not believe that immortal life here on this planet would be a blessing, would be a good thing, unless all conceivable conditions of life here on earth could be changed. It would be not only an impossibility, but a source of evil and sorrow, unless we could change the whole scheme and plan of things. That is too large a theme to enter upon this morning; but think about it, if you are disposed to believe that death is necessarily an evil.

Socrates, talking with his disciples more than two thousand years ago, declared frankly that, in his opinion, death was not an evil; for he said, If it is a sleep, at the worst it will be only like a single night. If, when I close my eyes, I do not wake again, I shall not know it; and there will be no consciousness of wrong done me. But Socrates added,— I quote, of course, only his thought,— If death be the journey

to another place, and if there all we think of as the dead are, what good, O my friends, could be greater than this? What would not a man give if he might be permitted to meet with the great, the famous, the noble of the early world, talk with them, ask them questions? What would not a man give if he might be permitted to walk beside those with whom he trod his life path here,—if he might look into the eyes of those he loved, clasp their hands again, and feel that thereafter there was to be no shadow?

If death is the gate-opener, and, after our training in this primary school, simply releases us and makes us citizens of the universe, then, instead of being an evil, it is the crowning grace of the Father; and none of you, whatever your opinions, is wise enough to know that it is not that.

In other words, you are not the possessor of sufficient knowledge to entitle you to say that death is an evil. The most you can say on the negative side is that you do not know whether it is or not. So death no longer remains as a certain charge against the goodness of God. Science teaches us all this.

Now what of the sense of sin, as that word is ordinarily used? I hold ideas which differ, I suppose, from those commonly accepted in regard to sin. When I was a boy, and in my course at the divinity school, I was taught to think of sin as a purposed and conscious rebellion against an infinitely good and wise and loving God. That kind of sin I believe to be utterly absurd and impossible.

No man not insane would pit himself against the Almighty as a matter of power. No man not insane would question the right of the All-wise to direct him. No man not insane would refuse to love the All-loving. That definition of sin, then, seems to me absurd in the nature of things.

What is it? A man may go against perfect wisdom and perfect goodness and perfect love under the impulse of passion, ignorantly or selfishly desiring to gain something for himself, without stopping to think what it means. But,

in the old sense, I do not believe that there is such a thing in the universe as conscious, personal sin.

When man waked up to the idea that he was a sinner, what did it mean? Was it a step down? No. It was a step up. The world before man appeared was not an immoral world. It was an unmoral world. Man waked up weak, ignorant, in the midst of this universe; and the problem set before him was to learn how to live. And he began by experience to learn that lesson.

He has what no other being has, an ideal,—an ideal of beauty, of truth, of goodness, of love; and he thrones that ideal as his conception of God in the universe, and he feels bound by it. He recognizes that as the righteous law of his being; and, when he departs from it, if he believe that God really is, and that he is all that, he says simply, "Against thee, and thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight."

When he thinks of himself, he looks at that ideal and is ashamed, because he has come short of being a man, of the possibility of goodness and beauty and truth; and he strives anew after its attainment.

The fact, then, that there is a consciousness of sin in man is the most hopeful fact in human life. It means that man is growing, that he looks forward and upward to the unattained, and that day by day and night after night and week after week and month after month and year after year he says, as the apostle did, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do: forgetting the things that are behind, I press toward the mark," — seeking to realize this high calling of God.

There is nothing, then, if you will revert for a moment to what I said about Jesus,—there is nothing in the teaching of Jesus that commits him to any ideas of sin or evil or sorrow or death which are discredited by the advance of modern knowledge. So that we are at perfect liberty to combine his high, deep, broad, spiritual principles and teachings with the

results of modern science, and so find a natural, human, divine, hopeful explanation of pain, of sickness, of wrong, of death.

What Jesus has to say to us as to the matter of cure will be my theme next Sunday morning.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that we may look up through the mists of sorrow and pain and evil that blind us, and see gleams of the shining of light that is able to pierce through them, and, like the sunrise among the clouds, to drive them away. May we follow this light, and may we obey Thy leadership, and so come to deliverance and righteousness and peace. Amen.

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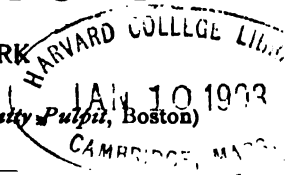
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JESUS' CURE FOR EVIL.

My text you may find in the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the thirty-third verse,—“ But seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

Last Sunday morning we considered the problem of evil. We asked, and tried to suggest an answer to, the question as to the origin and nature of the pains and sorrows which afflict mankind. This morning I ask you to consider with me how Jesus proposes to get rid of these evils.

All the religions of the world have sprung out of the fact that evil exists. They have been man's various attempts to get rid of these evils. In the early world, people thought just as wisely as they could concerning the nature of the universe around them and the powers in whose hands, for good or evil, they supposed themselves to be.

They could not help being polytheists. They could not help believing that there were large numbers of unseen beings around them, who were capable either of hurting them or of helping them. They interpreted the experiences of human life from this point of view. If a man was sick, or if he was suffering, or if he was thwarted in any of his wishes; if he failed in any undertaking, whether it was the hunt or a warlike expedition; if he fell into the hands of his enemy,—his one remedy was to find some one of these unseen powers that was ready to help him. If he suffered, one of these gods was angry with him; but, possibly, his anger might be appeased if he could only find out how to do it.

There were gods that he looked upon as generally hostile. They were enemies of his family or his tribe; they

lived and worked in the interest of some other family or tribe ; but, still, they were open to considerations : their favor might be purchased, or at any rate they might buy off their active hostility. The gods that loved them would sometimes get angry with them ; but this anger might somehow be turned away.

All the early religions are to be interpreted in the light of these ideas. In other words, men were engaged in a sort of commercial transaction with these unseen powers. They were thought of as very like human beings, like the rulers of their visible, earthly tribes. They were hungry, and wanted food. They were thirsty, and needed drink. They were liable to get angry, if they were neglected or if their services were not properly attended to. They loved praise. They were open to all sorts of considerations which they supposed would appeal to one of their earthly chiefs.

How far the Hebrews have gone beyond this point, when their history opens, you may read in the early chapters of Genesis. Jehovah himself, after the flood, is represented as being very much pleased with the smell of the burning flesh which is offered him in sacrifice, and on account of it is shown to make certain promises as to his future relations with the people.

Of course, among the pagan religions we do find here and there the higher ethical ideas. Among the philosophical and moral writings of the Greeks and the Romans are some of the noblest teachings to be found anywhere in the history of the world. But all the old popular religions were practically given over to sacrifice, to ritual, to ceremonial of one kind and another, and this for the purpose of influencing the gods and trying to buy off their enmity or in some way gain their favor. In other words, all these old religions were attempts on the part of man to get into favorable relations with the gods.

Now, when we come to the Hebrew religion, is there any abrupt transition ? No, we find substantially the same ideas

at work. Nearly the entire history of the Hebrew religion — all of it, so far as its external life is concerned — is a history of rite, or ceremony, of sacrifice, of attempts in this way to please Jehovah, to do what he is supposed to require. The entire service of the temple was of this sort. At certain periods of the year the altars ran blood, the great business of the priesthood was that of sacrifice,— sacrifice of this or that or another thing, in order to win the favor of God, to ward off his wrath, to buy forgiveness of sin.

Now and then, on the part of some of their deeper, higher, more spiritual thinkers, we find another note. Let me give you one or two specimens. In the fiftieth Psalm the unknown author says, or represents God as saying: "I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-goats out of thy folds; for every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. If I were hungry," — you see that idea was not yet outgrown, — "I would not tell thee; for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof. Will I eat the flesh of bulls or drink the blood of goats? Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High."

I wish to call your attention to one or two other very remarkable utterances in this same direction. In the first chapter of Isaiah we read: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations. Incense is an abomination unto me. The new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with."

And then a remarkable word from one of the later prophets, Micah: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten

thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression,"—you see, they were not far enough away from human sacrifice to forget it,—“the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.”

In the midst, then, of this matter of sacrifice and rite and ceremonial, and offerings in the attempt to please God and turn away his anger, and so be rid of the burdensome evils of the world, there break in these higher, more spiritual voices that point to a deeper source of evil, and to another method of being rid of its blight.

But, in spite of this word of Psalmist and prophet, we must remember that in all ages of the world — and it is as true to-day as it was in Jerusalem and Judea — the formalists, the priestly class, are always in the majority: the prophets are few. They are the leaders of a higher life; and they point to a brighter day. But the majority are always the ritualists and the ceremonialists, those who care for forms, and to keep up the rites unbroken and undisturbed.

And so, when we come down to the time of Jesus, the Jews practically had paid little attention to the Psalmist and the words of the prophet. Religion, when Jesus appeared, was a wide-spread network of ceremonial, vexatious, wearisome, touching every act of life and every hour of every day. Something must be done, always, in order to keep the law, in order to please God.

What attitude did Jesus take towards this? He swept it away with a breath. What is the teaching of Jesus? Listen to him while he talks with the woman of Samaria at the well: “Neither in this mountain, Gerizim, nor in the temple on Mount Moriah at Jerusalem, are ye to worship the Father. God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.”

He does not indeed forbid sacrifice or form. In that wonderful saying of his as reported in Matthew he says definitely, If you bring your gift to the altar—what? He does not say, Take it away again. You can bring your gift if you wish; but, if you remember, when you get there, that you are out of right relation to your brother-man, then you simply cannot offer it with the expectation that God will accept. Go away, and get into right relation with your fellows: then you can come, and find a way open to God. That is his teaching.

And, if there is any time when his words blaze as with anger, it is when he attacks this ritualistic, ceremonial side of religion that has become a substitute for the deep things of the heart and the practical things of the life. He says, "Woe unto ye, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." He calls them blind guides; and why? He says, You tithe the mint and the anise and the cumin, you are very particular about all this minutiae of the external keeping of the law; but you miss, neglect, the weightier matters,—justice, mercy, and faith. And in one place he scores a man—for what? He says: Your father and mother are in need; and what do you do? You take your property and set it apart, consecrate it as a gift to God, and then make that an excuse for neglecting the care of your father and mother.

The same idea which the writer of the First Epistle to Timothy has in mind when he says, If a man does not take care of his kindred, those near to and dependent upon him, he has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.

Jesus then sweeps all this away; and he says the entire law and the prophets all lead up to and find their meaning in what? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." And, if you do that, then no matter about the rest. And, he says, Whatever you wish in this world in any department of human thought or life, how are you going to get it? I think it is the profoundest thought, the profoundest utterance, perhaps, to be

found in the history of the world. It is my text. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness"; and everything else will take care of itself.

Here, then, in this text is Jesus' cure for evil. The world up to his time had, so far as its established religions were concerned, been devoting itself almost entirely to external forms,—creeds, rituals, sacrifices, ceremonies. And it is curious to note that, even with those who to-day worship Jesus as God, this profound teaching of his seems to be only little understood and less practised. The Christian Church, in the main, and almost throughout its entire history, has put at the front the things which Jesus relegated to the rear. It is still sacraments, it is obedience to ecclesiastical authority, it is ceremonial, it is ritual, it is form, it is organization,—it is some of these external things. It is something other than the heart and the life.

I do not mean that these Churches do not preach anything about the heart and the life. They do; but what I mean is this: that the impression made upon the great majority of the followers of Christianity still to-day is that these outside things are so important that people are apt to feel that they have done all that is necessary when they have carefully observed the external forms. And men are forgiven, priests are forgiven, ecclesiastics are forgiven, when they break the inner law, the real, essential conditions of the kingdom of God, so long as they are faithful to the external affairs; and no amount of love or character or personal service can give them standing in the ecclesiastical organizations if they disregard these external matters.

I say, then, that the Church has only partially learned the lesson yet which Jesus so emphatically taught.

I ask you now to consider this teaching of Jesus as to getting rid of the evil of the world. I want you to note with me as to whether it is practical. Jesus has sometimes been criticised because he did not teach science, because he said nothing about sanitary laws in their relation to sickness,

because he did not lay any special emphasis on the pursuit of intellectual truth. You will note, as you think of it, that he did none of these things. But he did a deeper, finer thing, — a thing which, practically understood and carried out, includes all these. For what is the realm of science?

It is nothing more than the truth of the kingdom of God as manifested in the material side of the universe. And what are sanitary laws as related to disease? They are only again a search for the conditions, for the establishment of the kingdom of God in the matters to which they pertain.

If, then, a man really loves God with all his heart, if he seeks first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, do you not see that it will lead to a love and a loving search and a reverence for all truth in every department of the universe? Because this is finding the presence and recognizing the laws of God, who is first in the heart of the seeker after truth. There is not an evil on the face of the earth that will not disappear before the practical application of this teaching of Jesus.

Let us note now some particulars. I classified in a certain way the world's evils last Sunday morning. I will recur to this classification, though I may add one or two other things to it before I am through.

I spoke of pain. I said that a certain amount of pain was necessary, that it probably never could be eliminated from human life,— the possibility, at any rate, cannot be — and all this necessary pain is a mark of beneficence, an indication of God's tender love and care. Now, when you have set that one side, the necessary pain of the world, all the rest would cease to exist in a generation if men only followed Jesus' method for the cure of evil.

What are these pains? They are the pains that spring from carelessness, from ignorance, from selfishness, from passion, from anger, from hate,— from those things which are antagonistic to the spirit of Jesus; and all these could be eliminated from human life, and would be eliminated from

human life, if men only sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and if they loved God first, and with all the heart and the mind and the soul and the strength, and if they loved their neighbors as themselves.

Jesus' method then would do away with all the needless pain of the world. And is there any other method that has ever been devised that is likely to produce any such practical result? I do not know of one: I have never heard of one. Every step towards the elimination of pain means simply a step towards a knowledge of the laws of God and obedience to those laws; and that means seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

Of course, it goes without saying, in the next place, that moral evil would be done away if we only followed the method and teaching of Jesus; because everything that is contrary to the law of God, to loving God and serving God and loving our neighbors as ourselves,—all these things make up what we mean by moral evil.

I wonder if you have ever followed out this suggestion to see how very practical it is. I wish to indicate some of the things that would be done away in human life if only this teaching of Jesus were practically accepted.

There is a great deal of poverty in the world; and this poverty is the source of suffering. There are people in New York to-day who are hungry, who are cold, who are suffering from lack of clothing and a fire, who have no proper shelter. Does the teaching of Jesus have anything to do with that? All the poverty of the world that is of any practical importance would be wiped out of existence in twenty-five years if everybody would simply begin to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, to love God and to love their fellow-men.

There is a certain amount of poverty that is the result of incompetence. There are men with no ability, as we say, to make money: you place them in the midst of the finest opportunities, and they fail. These people are only a few.

There are persons who are ill, and so not able to earn money ; but I venture to say this : if we could eliminate from the city of New York to-day that part of the problem of poverty which is the result of moral evil, the rest of it could be taken care of in a week. I would venture to raise money enough to meet every case of real need in the city of New York if only the imposture and the vice and the crime that are involved in this problem could be eliminated, if we could only find the worthy, the people that ought to be sympathetically helped and cared for.

The larger part of the poverty of the world is the result of vice and evil, things which would not exist if people would only follow the teaching of Jesus.

All the vice and the crime of the world of course would be destroyed, there would be no need of any more police courts, no need of any more jails,—all that blot upon our civilization would disappear at once.

And is there any other way of eliminating it? Do police courts, do laws, do punishments, do the ordinary methods of trying to help this condition of affairs, produce any appreciable result? I believe, indeed, that the world is constantly growing better, that there is less vice, less crime in the world than there was fifty years ago, and much less than there was one or two hundred years ago ; but whatever progress the world has made in this direction has been purely and simply along the lines of Jesus' teaching. Nothing else has been done to lessen the amount of law-breaking and poverty. Placing laws on our statute books produces very little effect. It is simply because the world is becoming more and more enlightened, becoming more civilized. People recognize the advantages of law-keeping, recognize that along those lines are health and happiness and prosperity, and so are voluntarily choosing to walk in the way that Jesus has pointed out.

Take the matter of disease. We are gradually getting control of the conditions of health. Pestilences do not have

any such power as they had a hundred or five hundred years ago. Investigation, in this direction and that, is learning new methods of prevention and cure; but every one of them means what,—means a careful, simple study in an endeavor to find the laws of God and to keep them.

If only we could perfectly understand God's laws as illustrated in the human body and in the natural forces that constitute our environment, if we could only perfectly understand them and perfectly obey, the health of the world would be perfect.

The way, then, to eliminate disease as a factor of human life is the way that Jesus has pointed out. We are to attempt to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and then this matter of health and all that goes along with it will be added unto us.

So in every department of human life. As to the bitterness that exists to-day between what are called the "classes," the misunderstanding between the rich and the poor. If the poor believe in the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and seek it first, knowing that that was the most important thing in the world, if the rich believe in it and would seek it as the first and most important thing, then what? Why, at once, in the minds of both the rich and the poor the question of the amount of money one owned, or the social position that one occupied, would take the place that belongs to it,—the secondary place; and character, manhood and womanhood, would come to the front, and take the first place, and there would be no possibility of bitterness and anger and envy and wrath, as between the rich and the poor.

Consider the effect that it would have in the world's industry. I do not believe that the labor problem is a thing which can be settled for good and all, settled in one strike or dispute. It is merely taking one step; but there will be other strikes, other disputes, other misunderstandings, and there will be no settlement of these things by economic or political moves.

They are a part of the growth of civilization. But all the evil can be taken out of them if men will only learn to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

If all the employers of the world were ready to seek justice, to see what ought to be done, not grasp to get all they can without regard to the interests and rights of others, but would seek justice,—that is, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,—and if all the workers would seek God and his righteousness, not seek to do as little work as possible for the largest pay, not seek to evade or get ahead of others merely,—if they would only follow the spirit and teaching of Jesus,—then all the bitterness and injustice and wrong that lead to so much of anarchy and social disturbance would be done away in a month.

And is there any other way? Have we not made what progress we have in industrial matters merely by the growth of the spirit of Jesus, merely by the introduction into these matters of the temper and teaching of Jesus? I do not know of one single step that has been taken that has not been along these lines.

And then in regard to another great department of human life. I was glad to note in one of our papers on New Year's Day a card by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He pointed out the significant fact that a Czar of Russia in the last century and our President, Mr. Lincoln,—they two together,—had made an end of human slavery, so far as civilized nations were concerned; and then he called attention to another most remarkable fact, that the present Czar of Russia had taken a great step toward the abolition of war, and that, again, one of our Presidents, Mr. Roosevelt, had co-operated with him in marking a significant step in advance of our human civilization.

I believe that no President since Lincoln has done a grander thing in the service of mankind than Mr. Roosevelt has done just here. He has added one imperishable leaf to the laurel of his fame by declining to undertake personally to

arbitrate between Great Britain and Germany and Venezuela, and using all his interest in the establishment of the great world tribunal at The Hague for the settlement of international disputes.

What does this mean? Can war be abolished? Yes. When the world gets a little civilized, there will be no more wars. War sums up in itself the concentrated essence of every conceivable villainy and crime. There is nothing horrible and infernal that is not a part of war. And, when the race has, as I said, become a little civilized, it will leave it behind.

How will it leave it behind? What have the Czar of Russia and President Roosevelt been doing? It will leave it behind when the world is ready to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, when it is ready to follow the spirit and the teaching of Jesus, when it is ready to recognize that the principles of right are supreme, that they are God's principles, and that they, and they only, are a firm basis on which human welfare and human happiness may rest.

The Czar of Russia, then, and our President have simply, whether they have recognized it or not,—I trust they have,—been re-echoing the saying of Jesus, that the thing for nations to do is to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

There is no evil on the face of the earth that will not disappear in the presence of this one universal solvent of love for God and love for man. We may seek remedies in other directions just as fast and as far as we may, but we are doomed to repeated and perpetual failure until we come and learn at the feet of the Nazarene the secret of the world's deliverance from evil.

Ceremony will not do it; prayer will not do it; sacraments will not do it; religious organization will not do it; political reorganization will not do it; votes will not do it; discussion will not do it: nothing will do it except bringing the heart

and the life into accord with the truth and the life and the love of God.

And, when we have done that, there will be no more need of praying, "Thy kingdom come"; for the kingdom will be here.

Father, we thank Thee that the way is clear, that the light has shone upon this confused scene of human life. We thank Thee that at last we are able to discern the pathway. It is hard, it is difficult for us to walk in it; but we can at least see the road that leads to Thee; and the road that leads to Thee leads to all that we can desire. Amen.

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HOW MUCH WE KNOW ABOUT JESUS, AND HOW WE KNOW IT.

I AM to ask you to go with me on a serious search for the real historic Jesus of Nazareth. The pathway may be a little technical at times, but I shall take no step which does not seem to me necessary to arrive at the end; and I ask your patient, earnest attention for the sake of the search in which we are engaged.

Certain things which I have said about Jesus have been taken serious exception to by some writers in the daily papers. I should not consider this as a very important thing in itself; but, when expressions of this sort are made in the press, they indicate a wide-spread condition of the public mind, and it is for the sake of this condition, and not the writers, that I shall speak this morning.

Two somewhat astonishing statements have been made. First, it has been said that, if we do not have an absolutely infallible record of the life and teaching of Jesus, then we know nothing about him at all, and have no right to make any statements concerning him. And another statement is made which is equally surprising; these writers say that Jesus distinctly claimed to be God, and that, if that claim is not admitted, then those who do not admit it make him out to be a liar and a fraud.

It does not seem to occur to them that some statement may have been put upon his lips by a writer which he did not utter. It does not seem to occur to them that they may have misunderstood the meaning of a text.

Not only are there these persons who are making these statements and claims, but I find in many different directions

Unitarians themselves who frankly confess that in the presence of assertions like these they do not know just what to say. In other words, they have themselves no clear thought as to how much we know about Jesus or how we know it. For the sake, then, of the outside world, so far as I may reach it, and for the sake of Unitarians, I propose to raise and answer this question.

First, then, How much do we know about Jesus? I, of course, speak from the point of view of my own personal conviction. I believe that Jesus was born in Nazareth, the oldest son in the family of Joseph and Mary, about four years before the year one according to our present reckoning. We know that he had brothers and sisters, because they are frequently referred to in the New Testament writings.

What do we know about his childhood? Nothing very definite; and yet, when he appears in public, we can understand something from what he is and what he says as to the kind of training that he must have received, the kind of experiences through which he must have passed. He had the ordinary education of a Jewish boy; and we know that he was precocious, and more than usually intelligent and keen. We get a glimpse of this in the story that is told of his visit to the temple with his father and mother when he was twelve years old, where he astonished the learned men, the rabbis and the doctors, by his questions and his replies.

We know also that, like most Jewish children of the time, he was taught a trade. It was a part of the fundamental ethics of the Jews that a boy should know a trade. The Talmud tells us that the father who brings up his boy without teaching him in this way brings him up to be a thief. He then worked with his father as a carpenter. We know, because he displayed it with thought and feeling in his later life, that he must have watched the great caravans on their journeys from the West, from Rome, from Egypt, from Greece, to Damascus and the Far East; and that wider

thoughts were thus kindled in the boy, wider conceptions of human nature and human life, than those that were customary on the part of his people.

He was saturated with the wisdom of the prophets and the Old Testament scriptures. When he reached the age of thirty,—that is, about the year 26,—he appears at the baptism of John, and after John's death takes up his work.

His public life,—how long was it? According to Mark, Matthew, and Luke, it was a little less than two years. According to the tradition embodied in John, it was a little over three years. We do not know then with certainty. It was very brief. During this time he travelled and taught by the lakeside, along the highways, and in the fields of Galilee, and in Jerusalem. And he spoke with such simplicity, with such authority, with such power, that he left an impress on the world such as is not to be paralleled in the life of any other man.

He was gentle. He was simple. He was trustful towards the Father. He was sympathetic towards men. He lived a life which has changed the face of the world, coming just at the time he did "in the fulness of time," as has been said, when the world was ready for him. He became the source of a new religion,—a religion which has had more to do with human civilization than any other. There are other religions, one at least, which has more followers than has he; but his is the religion which has coincided with the development of human civilization, and so has left its impress on that part of the world which is the most forward-looking and has done the most to change the face of the earth.

He died—how? He was put to death in the most natural way in the world: he came into conflict with the ecclesiastical bigotry and prejudice of his time, and they made away with him, as this same kind of religious bigotry and prejudice has done in so many other cases in the history of the world. He died a martyr, and disappeared into the

Infinite, to be associated from that day to this with his Father and our Father, with his God and our God.

Such is the simple outline of what we know about his life. His teaching is recorded in the records that have been left about him. And how much of that teaching we can accept to-day will be indicated, or at least suggested as we go on.

It seems little that we know about him,—less than of almost any other great life in the history of the world; and yet we seem to know him intimately, and to be able to-day to come into personal touch with that supreme, that sweet, that mighty, that gentle man.

Now how do we know about him? I said that some of the critics have asserted that, unless we have absolute, infallible authority, we do not know anything about him. Let us see, then, what kind of authority we have?

There is one great branch of the Christian Church which claims to be the organized body of God, claims to be inhabited by the Divine Spirit, claims that, when it makes an official utterance of its belief, it is speaking the very words of God with absolute authority, which ought to be binding upon every human being who hears.

I cannot go into any detailed examination of this claim this morning. I wish merely to say that nobody except the members of that Church accepts this claim; and yet these outside students and thinkers have access to all the reasons for it which are open to even the pope himself. It is, then, a matter of faith on the part of its adherents rather than a matter of historic truth that can be adequately established by evidence. A noble Catholic priest in Boston once said to me, Were it not for my faith in the infallibility of the Church, I should occupy your position.

Let me say, in passing, and think the matter out, no man has a right to accept as a matter of faith any historic fact which is open to investigation. It must depend upon the evidence. And there is adequate evidence, as I think, although, as I said, I cannot go into it this morning, to

prove not only the fallibility of this Church in intellectual matters, but its fallibility in moral matters as well. If you wish to pursue the investigation, I refer you to a very remarkable work, "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom." Its author is the some time president of Cornell University, and recently our distinguished ambassador to Germany, the Hon. Andrew D. White. You can find abundant material in that work to substantiate the statements which I have just made.

There is another branch of the Church, the great Anglican Church, which claims that it holds a sacred deposit of divine truth; but it is noteworthy that its adherents, both lay and clerical, differ throughout the widest range of opinion and belief. They are not nearly so much at one in their opinions as are the members of any great scientific organization anywhere in the world.

Then there is the position held by the great Protestant bodies. What is that? That they have an infallible book in their keeping,—the Bible. But here, again, it is to be noted that they do not hold the same opinions about the book, nor about its teaching. Differences of belief as to doctrines, as to practice, as to ceremonial, as to church government,—differences in every direction prove that this infallible guide is not understood in the same way by all the different churches. That means, of course, that it does not practically prove itself an infallible guide.

I ask you, then, to look with me now while I consider what the Bible really is and how it has come to us. I shall have some practical applications at the end, full, it seems to me, of comfort, encouragement, and inspiration, as the result of this somewhat technical inquiry to which I ask your attention.

We have a Bible in our hands. Is it infallible? The English translation certainly is not. Nobody claims that we ever had any infallible translator. What about the original? I will leave one side the Old Testament this morning,

and confine myself to the New. Here we have twenty-seven different books,—gospel, history, letters, apocalypse, or Book of Revelation. These make up the volume. How does it happen to be one volume? It is merely a matter of convenience. These were separate books, written by different people at different times. They are bound together and collected in one volume, as I said, merely as a matter of convenience; so that it is a set of books rather than a book.

Now is this canon of the New Testament settled? That is, is there any authoritative statement as to just how many books belong in the New Testament and how many do not? There never was any official statement made in regard to this matter before the sixteenth century. Then just the books which make up the New Testament were accumulated and fixed upon by an ecclesiastical council. But even here, looking at the whole Bible, the whole church is not at one—the Catholic churches include all the Apocrypha, which Protestants reject.

But the reformers did not consider the canon settled. Luther selected at least two of the books of the New Testament which he declared ought not to be there,—the Book of James and the Epistle to the Hebrews. He did not consider the canon as authoritatively settled by any inspired or infallible delivery.

Now what is the condition of the manuscripts of the New Testament? There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of them in existence in the original Greek. Are they all just alike? Some of them do not contain all the books, some of them contain other books which are not in the present canon. But are they all alike? Every scholar knows that there are thousands of different readings. These differences are generally slight; but sometimes they extend to a verse, two or three verses, a paragraph, or half a chapter.

Now what is the oldest one of these manuscripts? They take us to the fourth century; that is, the nearest that any of these manuscripts come to Jesus is about as far away from him as we are to-day from Shakespeare.

How were these copies preserved? They were transcribed by monks, by writers in monasteries, and in different ways, to supply the small demand that existed in the ancient world. Were there any mistakes made in transcribing? I have already told you that there were thousands; and we know that not only were there changes made through carelessness, but there were mistakes made deliberately and on purpose, under the influence of doctrinal bias.

There is a period of darkness of nearly two hundred years, the first two centuries of the Christian era, during which we know little as to what was taking place or what was being done with the books. We know that these were not all that were written. We have to-day an apocryphal Testament, made up of Gospels and Epistles, nearly as large as the accepted book. Then we know that there were large numbers of Gospels written which have been lost. Out of all those we have then just the four, in the order in which they stand now,—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John

Why do we have just four? As a hint at the state of mind of the early ecclesiastical Fathers, Irenæus, I think it is, tells us that there could not be either more nor less than four. Why? Because there were four corners of the earth, there were four winds, and the cherubim were quatriform. Therefore, it was fitting that there should be just four Gospels, and no other number.

Which of them was written first? Mark, then Matthew, then Luke, then John. When were they written, and by whom? Now note the condition of thought and feeling of the early Church at the time of Jesus himself. Jesus organized no church. Jesus, so far as we know, never wrote a word upon parchment or paper. He never directed anybody to write anything, so far as we know. Nothing was written, so far as we know, during his lifetime.

And note another thing, as I have had occasion to tell you. In the early Church it was universally believed that Jesus was to return in the clouds of heaven within twenty-

five years, and change the entire world order. If we believed to-day that the world was to come to an end in twenty-five years, we should not engage in writing histories, especially of our own time. Nobody thought of writing any record. The world was to come to an end before those who had seen and talked with Jesus had passed away. Why, then, make any record of his life or of his sayings?

But, as that hope was disappointed, one here and another there began to set down notes, memorabilia, their memories of the things which they had seen or heard or that had been told them; and by and by the Gospels came into shape,—Mark somewhere about the year 70, Matthew and Luke toward the end of the first century, John somewhere toward the middle of the second century.

Who wrote them? We do not know with any certainty as to who wrote either of them. The old church tradition is that Mark was a personal friend and companion of Peter, so that the Gospel of Mark is looked upon as that story of Jesus which Peter was accustomed to tell. What about Matthew, the next one who appeared? The only church tradition in regard to Matthew is that he wrote, not a Gospel, but memorabilia, or notes, in the Hebrew tongue. By Hebrew, however, is meant the popular speech of the time, *i.e.*, Aramaic, which stood in about the same relation to Hebrew as Spanish or French or Italian to-day does to Latin.

He wrote, then, in the Hebrew tongue; but every scholar knows that the Gospel of Matthew is not a translation. So what became of the memorabilia written in the Aramaic speech nobody knows; and how it came to pass that the present Gospel came in the Church to hold the position of having been written by Matthew nobody knows. So, for all practical purposes, in the life of a scholar the Gospel of Matthew is anonymous.

Luke was supposed to have been the personal friend of Paul. So his Gospel is regarded the Pauline story of the life and teaching of Jesus.

John's, as I said, has no value as history. It is a beautiful philosophical treatise: in some parts it is a magnificent poem. It was written, by nobody knows whom, somewhere between the years 125 and 150.

So much, then, for the records. Does this mean that we do not know anything about Jesus, that we have no reason to suppose that he said any particular thing, that we have no reason to suppose that the report of his having said some one thing carries with it any more authority than the report that he said some other thing?

What is the position we occupy in regard to it? Is it one of ignorance? Must we give up any historic Jesus because we have no infallible record of his life or his teachings? We have just the same kind of record that, taking human nature for what it is, we might expect to have, the only kind that we have a right to demand.

There are serious differences in the Gospels as to their reports about Jesus. If you will sit down and read carefully the first three Gospels and make your image of Jesus from them, your ideal from them, and then read as carefully the Gospel of John, you will find that you have two entirely different conceptions of Jesus; and it is practically impossible to fuse the two together into one. If the picture that is given us in John is accurate and historical, then we shall be obliged to give up the portrait that is painted for us by the synoptics.

Now let us note some of the practical results of this inquiry. We have no infallible word about the life or the teachings of Jesus. Do we therefore know nothing about him? If you admit that principle, you sweep away at one stroke the entire past history of the world. Nobody claims that we have any infallible record of the life and teaching of Lincoln, the life or the words of Washington, the life or the words of Cromwell, of Julius Cæsar, of Aristotle. Do we, therefore, know nothing about them?

Have we no valid ground for an opinion as to what kind

of men these were? If they were reported to have done a certain thing, have we no right to an opinion as to whether they probably did it? If there is another report concerning which there is some doubt, can we not sift and study the evidence, and make up our minds as to what the probabilities are and come at a fairly accurate settlement of the question? All the entire past of the world lives in our thought merely on the basis of this kind of probability which in the main nobody ever thinks of questioning. We do not consider it a loss: we take it as the natural condition of things, the natural result of man being the kind of creature that he is.

Not only that. I make the statement that it is one of the most fortunate things in the world that we do not have any infallible record. What has been the result of the claim of infallibility in the past? What has been its effect upon the people,— the men and the women who have made it? It has made them presumptuous, it has made them conceited, it has made them supercilious, it has made them hard, it has made them cruel.

When a man feels that he stands for God, that he is to wield the divine thunderbolts, that he is to issue the eternal judgments, that he is to decide what is right and what is wrong, then what is the spectacle? You have human infirmity, human fallibility, human prejudice, human passion, human hatred, assuming to be Divine Power and Divine Justice, and dispensing regards and punishments as though God were doing it.

You have a result like that of Bloody Mary in England. She said, in justification of her bitter and cruel persecutions, Since God is going to burn people — heretics — forever in the next world, it is entirely appropriate that I, in his name and for his sake, should burn them here and now.

That is the kind of logic which springs out of this claim of divine infallibility for your opinions. This has shed more blood, created more bitterness and heartache, carried

more ruin and devastation, been more bitterly cruel, than any other claim or passion or influence that has been known in the history of the world. Nothing has been so inhuman as those men who have claimed to stand and to speak for God. And they have never repented. There is on record nowhere any recantation of those opinions. It simply means that the power has passed away: the claim still stands as sacred and divine, infamous as it has made itself in the history of the world.

Another consideration: Do we lose anything because the words are not stamped with the record of infallibility? A statement is helpful to the world, not because this person or that person or another person said it; but, if it is helpful at all, it is helpful because it carries with it inspiration and is true. If we could prove absolutely that Jesus uttered every single word that is attributed to him, that would not make them true. If we could prove that God spoke a certain sentence, that would not make it true. We should feel perfectly certain, of course, that God would not say anything that was not true; but the truth is something that is eternal, changeless, a part of the nature of things, not something that God makes by fiat, or by mere utterance, this way or that.

God cannot make anything true that is not true, and he cannot make anything untrue that is true, without changing the divine nature; that is, becoming something else than God. The wonderful sentences that have been written by Shakespeare, in "Hamlet" or "Lear," would they be lost to the world if we should prove that Bacon wrote them? Would they be lost to the world if we could prove beyond question that nobody knew anything about their authorship? We should feel a sort of sentimental loss, of course, in giving up our personal feeling toward William Shakespeare; but the sayings would remain just as true, as poetic, beautiful, important, and helpful if anybody said them, or if we could find out who said them or not.

So the wonderful teachings that we find in the New Testament are true or false, not because we can find out whether John wrote them, or Matthew, or Mark, or Luke. They are helpful, they are true or false, not because we have any doubt in regard to the historic character or teaching of Jesus. They help the world because the world finds out, as a result of its experience of living, that they are true, that they reach up to the heights of God's nature, that they go down into the depths of things. They are true.

Therefore they are divine ; therefore they are a word of God ; for everything that is demonstrated as truth is a part of the divine word, the divine revelation, no matter who wrote it, no matter when it was written, no matter where. No matter whether it comes from a Christian nation or a pagan, from a white race or black, that which is demonstrated as true, that is a part of the divine revelation, the real word of God.

And we are getting an infallible Bible by just this process of research, of experiment, of investigation, of living. We are finding out those words which are the bread of life, which are comfort and guidance, inspiration ; and so we are finding out what are the very utterances of God.

There is another source of gladness to us in finding ourselves in this position of uncertainty, as looking at it in one way, you might say. Remember that there is not a single truth that is important or necessary to human life that is in doubt anywhere. If all the questions that are up for vote to-day should not be settled for a thousand years, you and I still have light enough to take the next step in a faithful, loving, helpful, hopeful human life. Whether we will be honest and true, whether we will be friendly, whether we will be faithful in our relations towards each other, whether we will lead brave and noble and helpful lives,— these questions do not depend upon the authenticity or the accuracy of any book or any text. One more consideration. We do not need infallibility in religion any more than anywhere

else, unless God is a being, who will damn his creatures for intellectual mistakes. And if he is, then we could neither love nor worship him; for he would be both unjust and cruel.

And then another point: Jesus is so much nearer to us, as I told you the other day, because he is human like us. He wrought out through human experience that wonderful character of his. He was faithful and true, and so came into intimate relations with the Father. He was faithful and true, and so stood as the helper of his fellow-men. "He was tempted in all points like as we are," — really tempted; and he was brave and strong, and he was not false to his high ideals. The promise of reward did not touch him, the threat of pain did not touch him. And, when he went out of the city that Friday afternoon and faced death, though the cloud and the shadow hung over him and shut out even the face of the Father for a time, still he was true; and being true, and being a man at the same time, he became our example, our guide, our inspirer, our comforter, our personal friend as well as leader.

And no matter what the critics may say, this way or that, how many points may be disputed in the future as they are to-day, the Nazarene stands out beyond any question the grandest, noblest ideal of manhood that the world has ever known,—not, it seems to me, as he has been misrepresented sometimes in ecclesiastical dogma and ecclesiastical art,—not weak, emaciated, sad, weeping,—a strong, glad man, a strong and glad man because he believed in God, because he was not afraid, because he had a word for humanity, because he knew that he had come to give a blessing to the world. A strong, glad, pure, true, loving, tender, consecrated figure he stands out: they cannot hide him. Dogma, mist, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, they cloud him for a little while; but the light from his face shines, and the clouds scatter and break, and he looks upon us, the son of God, the son of man, our brother and our friend again.

And, though he stands down there, nearly two thousand years ago in the past, he also stands up there, away ahead of what the world has yet attained, an ideal unapproached as yet ; and so we reverently accept him as our leader. We will follow him. We will consecrate ourselves to his thoughts, to his service ; and we will believe that he spoke the words that were whispered to him of the Father, and so we can safely tread in his steps until the day comes when the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy shall reign in the hearts of men.

Father, we thank Thee for Jesus, Thy son, our brother. We thank Thee for his life, for his teaching. We thank Thee that we have light enough to follow him, and that we may not doubt that he was true to Thee and true to the noblest ideals of human life. Amen.

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BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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“THE WORKINGMAN.”

“A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.” — 2 TIM. ii. 15.

IN the poem of the creation — the prelude to our Bible — the seer says, “The Creator made a garden eastward in Eden, and put the man he had made in the garden to dress and keep it.” So the first man worth the name to him was a workingman, raised up from the dust by the Most High to be His day’s man, who must see to it that the garden should not fall back again into the wild lands outside the enclosure. We find the man and his helpmeet at work again after they have eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and are naked and ashamed. So they must clothe themselves as he sees them in his vision,—very much after the fashion we used to hear of in the South Sea Islands,—go to work now among the thorns and briers, and in the sweat of their brow earn their bread.

Then the ancient record tells us that their first-born sons are workingmen,—a farmer and a shepherd,—and the first-born again in the new generation is a ranchman, the fore-elder of those that have cattle; but the second born is a new departure. He is the fore-elder of those that handle the harp and the pipes, a man with the gift of music in his soul, of whom an old divine says, “When the one brother had set the world in the way to prosper, the other set it in the way to be merry.” And the third son, as the story comes to us out of the heart of the old time, rises to a new eminence; for he is the instructor of those that work in bronze and iron, and his name was Tubal, which means one who hates confusion, and so he makes good to us the old rune,—

“By hammer and hand
All things do stand.”

This is the fine grain you winnow from the enfolding sheaths and shells in the first chapters of our Bible. The workingman stands in the vanguard, busy over whatever must be done to win the world from the thorns and briers,—as he still stands in the heart of what was done last year to bring forth the harvest for which we held our great Thanksgiving,—at work in the gardens and on the wide green lands. The instructor of those who work in iron and bronze, who also hates confusion, and when he is the man I love to remember, sends music threading through the hard stress of labor to make merry withal. So they were driven out of the garden into a world cursed with thorns and briers, but in the heart of the curse we have found the seed-corn and the harvest of blessing. For they never could have done this in the garden any more than they could in those islands of the sunny seas, because there was no impelling power or purpose, no back-ache or bone-ache, no challenge to put forth the courage and endurance to fight the frustrations of the thorns and briers, or to hide their life in the marvellous inventions which in these last times are lifting so much of the burden from man and beast.

It is the same story of the workingman's worth in the world's whole life, when you pass from the earliest times to the later in these ancient records. The story of the workingman, which makes the saving of so much of the world as was saved from the deluge, rest and turn on a piece of good sound carpenter's work done by a man who was inspired to do it for the saving of himself and his family. And, again, when the great law-giver of Israel would make the sacred symbol after the pattern he had seen in the mount with God,—the Ark of the Covenant,—sacred to his people as the flag of the nation is to you and me. He had seen the pattern in the mount; but now he must find the man to do the work,—a man, as we read, "who was filled with the spirit of wisdom and knowledge in all manner of workmanship," and who could not only make the sacred symbol, but

was able and willing to teach those in the tribes who wanted to learn that the law-giver had rescued from the bondage of the brick-yards on the Nile.

So the story stands, while still, as you turn the venerable pages, you hear the music sounding down the corridors of time. And, as you listen, the words of the wise woman come to you, who says, "The sound of his tools to a good workman are like the sounds in the orchestra to one who must take his part, when the strong fibres of his nature are thrilled, and ambition changes to energy."

And, again, the word pictures of my workingman in the books of the prophets are fresh and true to you as if they were written yesterday. You see the smith in his forge, with his tongs working in the coals and fashioning with his hammer, the carpenter drawing out his rule, marking with his line and compass, and fitting with his plane the cedar, the cypress, and the oak that hath been well seasoned. So we may fairly infer that this is not alone good work they do, but good material they work on; while you never find the honest old book saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," when the workman and his work are a sham and a shame.

They are all busy who are worth the prophet's praise, working with their hands at the thing that is good; and every one sayeth to his neighbor, "Be of good courage." The carpenter encourageth the goldsmith, and the polisher him that smiteth on the anvil; while to the prophet's heart a voice steals through the cheerful clangor, saying, "I have created the smith that bloweth on the coals in the fire and lifteth the hammer for his work," saith the Lord. And "Doth the ploughman plow all day, and sow when he hath made the land ready; and doth he not cast abroad the fine wheat and the selected barley and rye, each in their own place, because God hath endowed him with wisdom, for this also is from the Lord?"

And still, as I turn the pages to find what these old

prophets have to say about the man who worketh with his own hands at the thing which is good, I seem to hear the music of the old workshop, and feel a touch of pride as I note what dignity and worth to their heart's insight clothed the true workingman. It is the golden age of Israel, and the dark days only come when the enemy has the upper hand,—the Philistine,—and there is no smith to be found in all the land; and, again, when the hosts of Babylon invade the land and carry away all the craftsmen and all the smiths, so that none remained save the poorest sort among the people of Israel. So, say what we will about the sheaths and shells, the dust and the draff, here is the fine fruitage within it all touching the workingman as we find him in the grand old book,—the truth that this world had to wait for his advent, or the wilderness and the solitary place could never be glad and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

All the gain begins with the man, with the woman to help him, who must fight the thorns and briers, burn them up or get them under, and slowly, but surely, turn the curse into these great harvests of blessing and benediction,—a manhood which could tend the flocks and the herds, could make the hammer ring true on the anvil, while the harp and Pan's pipe must strike in with the anvil chorus and make good another psalm of life sweet also and true to me:—

“ An honest hand which gets your bread,
 A heart that stays content,—
 These are your wealth; and in their stead
 What better can be sent?
 For think not toil and the stern strife
 Which honest labor brings
 Can mar the beauty of your life
 Or bar out nobler things.
 Nay, rather, can we find a zest
 In any true employ,
 As 'twere a whetstone in the breast
 To give an edge to joy.”

Shall we still linger with the sacred volume? This is the manhood that gave us the great sacred singer who found his sweetest psalm in the shepherd's heart and life,— the manhood from which the apostles sprang, who were fishermen and craftsmen; and the greatest of the band, who still holds us captive by his genius, could weave you a web of tent-cloth workmanlike, and was just a little proud of this,— that for two years or more in the imperial city he sat at the loom and earned his own living, preaching for quite nothing a Sunday, with the headsman's axe shadowing his loom. While the noble story is crowned by the Messiah, Jesus the Christ, who in the years of his preparation, as Saint Clement caught the tradition, was a carpenter and builder, and made ox yokes and ploughs.

Some years ago I was a guest at a feast of the Carpenters' Guild in London, at which a bishop and a fine old orthodox divine of the Puritan strain from which we flowered were called up to speak. They said many things to the honor and glory of the craft, to which we all said Amen; and, when they had done, the president, to my surprise, and I must confess my discomfort, said: "We have a gentleman with us from America. Will he say a word?" I was quite unprepared; but it came to me in a flash to say, after due and deserved praise of the good addresses to which we had listened: "One truth more can be told, and this to my own mind casts the fairest radiance on your honorable craft. Jesus Christ was a carpenter and wrought at the bench, as nearly as we can make out, until he was thirty years of age, before he went forth on his holy mission." I had reason to think it was a welcome word; while the good orthodox divine clasped my hand as we left the hall, and said, "Why should I have forgotten that?" I thought I knew the reason, but must not tell. The carpenter was lost in the Trinity. So runs the story of our workingman in the sacred book simple and sincere as the sunlight through crystal, faithful, and true to his calling, his home, his commonwealth, and therefore to God.

And, again, you have to notice that as it stands in our Bible,— the workingman's true book of heraldry and charter of nobility,— so it is now; for the wealth and worth we create in the workshops and raise from the land on the old terms — the sweat of the brow — lie still in the heart of every true commonwealth. For we might be able to rub along a good while, it may be, and be none the poorer, if we had no more writers of sonnets; but where should we be if there were no more artisans and craftsmen? It is the eternal truth touching your good workman wherever you shall find him. And when the fine old Bishop Jeremy Taylor says, "The good ploughman and shepherd are also workers together with God," I answer, True, *true*; and so is the good millwright, the smith, the carpenter, the builder, and the weaver, all noblemen in their own right when they are *noble men*, while the man who builds a strong, true wall on the week-days stands nearer to the soul of worth than the minister who does not stand true to Paul's caution and command to his young apostle, Timothy, "Study to approve thyself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and so on the Sunday preaches a poor, shiftless sermon.

And, again, we should find it hard to guess what price we should be glad to give for a dozen needles if these were the world's whole treasure in needles and we could have no more; while the Portland vase in such a strait would be gladly exchanged for an iron vessel which would stand the fire and cook the dinner. Yes, and there is more essential worth in your diamond so framed that it will cut the glass for your windows and bar out the winter and rough weather than there can be in your jewels which only flash and flame. Your chisel well made and tempered is worth more in these primitive and essential values than the Medicean Venus, the mills on the Falls of St. Anthony more than all the wheat they can ever grind, and the great ocean steamer more than a full cargo of golden ingots.

Worth more, I say, because away down in the heart of the things that are *made* lies the whole secret of our human striving by hand and brain,—yes, and the purchase price of our most precious blood. They are the fruitage of our human striving through how many millenniums we cannot even guess.

Once I owned a pen-holder I would not have sold for its weight in gold ten times over, but it was lost in the great fire in Chicago that burnt us to the bone. It was made from a rail—no doubt at all about this,—split by the workman and fence-maker who was elected of God to be more truly than any other man in that time the savior of the republic,—our father Abraham, the farm laborer, the flat-boat man and the rail-splitter and fence-maker.

And so Thomas Carlyle, the great apostle of work well done by my good workman, staying at a country house in the setting of a lovely landscape, where in the far distance a tall chimney was pouring out smoke, when his hostess said: "Is it not a shame to see that thing? It mars all the beauty,"—he answered: "My lady, that is the finest thing I can see from the terrace. It shows me somebody is doing *something* over yonder at any rate." And so in his most pregnant book, the "Sartor," he says: "I honor the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implements conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked and coarse, wherein still lies a cunning virtue. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned and besoiled; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Brother, for us thy back was so bent, for us thy straight limbs and fingers are so deformed. For in thee, too, lay a godlike form, but it was not to be unfolded; yet toil on, brother: thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may." But what I mourn over, he continues, is that the lamp of his soul should go out, that no ray of heavenly or even earthly knowledge should visit him. "Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul be so blinded and dwarfed? for there,

too, is a breath of God bestowed from heaven, but on the earth never unfolded,—this I call a Tragedy.”

This was the moan the great man made over the workman in the motherland seventy years ago. My own memory begins to grow clear then, and I know it was true, and not of the man alone, but the women and children, who in the great factories must work seventy-six hours in the week where they now work fifty-six, the women for a dollar and a half a week, all told, and the children anywhere up to a dollar; while my own dear father, as good a smith, I feel proud to say, as you would find, worked at the anvil twenty years for four dollars and a half a week in our tenor, and when he went to work in a great machine shop where the best wages were paid never rose above seven dollars a week.

Pardon the digression. I mind well the hands crooked and the rugged face all besoiled to the moment when he fell down dead at the anvil, and how hard it was for the dear mother to make ends meet. It is far better now in the motherland all along the line; while here in our own land, in these fifty-two years since the voice came to me also, saying, “Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, into a land that I will show thee,” steadily the man who has proven himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed in all the noble crafts and callings, the clear head and the cunning hand, has answered to the bidding, “Come up higher,” so that no better work is done in all the world than his best. Yet still it will come true that,

“As we surpass our fathers’ skill,
Our sons will shame our own.
A thousand things are hidden still,
And but a hundred known.”

This, then, is the truth touching my good workman. We must hold in perfect honor for his work’s sake the man and manhood that answers well to the ideal I have drawn from

our sacred volume ; and I say there is no nobler manhood on the planet than this.

But there is another man and manhood, also, of the most essential and intimate importance in the commonwealth, down at the base line Edmund Burke held in his mind when he said, "It is the law of our life here in England that those who labor most enjoy the fewest things, while those who labor not at all have the greatest number of enjoyments."

And so I must confess that my heart's sympathy went out last summer toward those men who work in the mines, not so much to the licensed miners as to those poor, ignorant, and low-down men in the common estimation, who hardly seem to know their right hand from their left in this strange new world, who must do the hardest work on the scantiest pittance, and, if the report is true, were lured out there in far greater numbers than were needed, so that, when one threw up his hands because he could work no longer or would work no longer on the poor pittance with the broken time, then another, who was hungering for work on any terms, would be ready to take his place.

Now who are these men, and why do they come? They are of those in the old world who saw a star in the west, and followed the star to find a new home wherever the star should guide them. They did not come to waste and plunder, but to make good the old ordination from on high, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." The tidings had come to them that in this new world there was bread enough and to spare for the earning, while scantness had been their lot and would be the lot of their children if they would not follow the star of their hope ; and for this boon they were willing to give their life day by day at the rudest and hardest work we should give them to do, and that *we* will not or cannot do, and this we must never forget.

I said to the president of a great steel corporation in the West some years ago, who was taking me through his mills,

"How many home-born Americans are working at these furnaces and rollers, sir?" and he answered promptly, "So far as I know, not one. No man here below the clerks is American born and nurtured. They are all foreigners." Should I ask the same question touching the men who are digging and delving in the magnificent tunnels we are making under our city, I doubt not for a moment I should find the same answer to my question, and so it would be all the way from this to the other ocean; and, as I see them toiling at their tasks, the words of the apostle and prophet touch me, and I say, Brother, for us thy back is so bent: thou *art our* conscript on whom the lot has fallen, and fighting our battles thou art so marred.

And then I say, Shall we not nourish a true sympathy for this rude and poor manhood which has come here in these last years, or shall we look down on these men from our eminence in anger and disdain?—this manhood in which the lamp of the soul seems to burn so low or has quite gone out,—as we have read and heard of the things they would do in their desperation, or put ourselves in their place and ask what we would have done in such a case. The law they would set at naught must be and will be held sacred; but there they were, and so they have been handled by the corporations at the mines, if the reports stand true. This manhood is down at the base line now of those who must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow in our commonwealth,—these Poles, these Hungarians, these Italians,—this man armed with his crow-bar and shovel; but this is my faith in the man, and my hope, that he will not stay down there, but will hear the word we have heard, "Come up higher," and his home will be established under the star. In the new generation his sons will not be down there: they will have risen; for, low as he is, he is not a waster, but a creator of new worth, and the leaven of our life in the schools, in the neighborhood settlements, and in the countless agencies we know of, will make true Lowell's

grand line, "God is in all that elevates and lifts," and the moan at last will be turned into a song. The lamp of the soul will be lighted, and burn clear from this smoke and stench.

And so when I hear the cry, "We must bar the doors on these new hordes or they will work our ruin," — waiving the question, Where will you find the men then for the furnaces and rollers, the toilers in the mines and the tunnels? — my faith in the manhood, the soul, of the republic, which stands sure, is this: that we shall let such clamor go down the wind. Low-down are they with low ideals, if they have any to their name, and all the rest! I answer that as the great oceans take in the rivers, and the rivers the spume and defilement of the cities, to be cleansed by the saltness, and to rise in pure sweetness, transmuted into the rains that nourished forth our magnificent harvests once more, so by the salted virtue of this republic, our glory and our joy, will this manhood be cleansed and made strong for all nobleness, and this ground-swell from below of forces from which the fearful and unbelieving predict wreck and ruin be transformed, and become as the pillars of beauty and strength in the old temple on Zion. Meanwhile, brethren and friends, one truth *we* stand for and endeavor to make clear is this, that God is our Father, and another blooms forth from this, the fairest of all the flowers that have bloomed from the heart of heaven, that these men also are our brothers; and one divine word stands true forever from Christ, our brother, and God's true spokesman,— "If ye do good unto them that do good to you, what thanks have ye, for sinners do the same?" Do good, hoping for nothing again, and you shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind to the unthankful and the evil.

And I would fain believe that in this word from an old workingman's heart — a man who carried the hod fifty-two years ago last June, because there was no help for it — may be as a thread, if no more, cast over the gulf which divides us from the manhood I have held these moments in my

heart. For this peerless estate bought and paid for by the blood of your fathers is not yours for keeps, as we say, but for the whole world's blessing, and for the growth of a manhood such as the world has never seen; and it is ours that we may blot out the lines of division between the man who works with his hands and the man who works with his fine strong brain, and see to it that the nexus which binds us together does not run from purse to purse, but from heart to heart. For

“We cannot pay with money
 The million sons of toil,—
 The sailor on the ocean,
 The peasant on the soil,
 The laborer in the quarry,
 The hewer of the coal.
 Our money pays the hand,
 But it cannot pay the soul.
 The workshop must be crowded
 That the mansion may be bright;
 If the ploughman did not plough,
 Then the poet could not write.
 So let all toil be hallowed
 That man performs for man,
 And have its share of honor,
 As a part of God's great plan.”

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JESUS AND THE FATHER.

I TAKE as my text two words from the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, and the ninth verse, the two opening words of the Lord's prayer,—“Our Father.”

I shall ask you this morning to consider with me the principal teachings of Jesus as recorded in the various Gospels concerning the relation between himself and the Father. For the purpose I have in mind I shall not raise any critical questions as to the authenticity or the relative authority of this Gospel or that: I shall take them just as they stand. And, of course, this will give whatever advantage there is to those who hold the traditional views concerning Jesus.

As we study his words, one thing that strikes me at the outset is that, so far as any record is made, Jesus never had any doubts about God. And yet, as is said, he was tempted in all points like as we are,—like as we are. If he struggled and fought over the whole ground of human life, he must have had doubts sometimes. I do not believe that the man ever lived who did any thinking who did not find himself sometimes shadowed, sometimes perplexed, sometimes wondering as to the nature, the character, of the power manifested in the universe.

Most men have wondered as to whether they had any right to believe in a personal God, as to whether he was our Father, as to whether he cared, as to whether he knew. I have been acquainted with a great many people who believed in a personal God, believed in his goodness, in his general care of the world, but who found it very difficult to trust that he ever thought about them, had any personal care for them.

So far as we have any record, I say, there is no trace of any doubt of this sort in the mind of Jesus. If he had had his battles, they were over, and he had won; for he comes before us as a teacher, serene, confident, apparently undisturbed.

Now what kind of a God is it that Jesus believes in? I wish to consider that at some little length. I shall not weary you with quoting verbatim passages from this Gospel or that; but you will easily recognize, through your familiarity with the New Testament, the particular ones which I have in mind.

In the first place, he teaches that God is the common, equal Father of all men,—not the Father of the Jews only, but the Father of the Gentiles, too; not the Father of the good only, the Father of the bad as well. He is our Father. And this is worth noting for a moment: Jesus shows a broader outlook than we find ordinarily at his time either in Galilee or Judea, or generally over the world among the people who lived at that time.

God in the past, all the gods, had been localized. They had been the gods of particular peoples or tribes, but the God that Jesus believed in was not only Father, but our Father, the Father of all mankind; for he rebukes the Jewish exclusiveness when he says, You pride yourselves on being the children of Abraham, and so standing in special relations to God; but I say unto you that many shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God, while you, who think you are to be specially favored, will be outside. He is the universal Father, then.

You will note that I am not arguing for the accuracy of Jesus' views: I am merely setting them forth.

He is, then, the Father of good people and bad people alike; he is kind to the unthankful and the evil; he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust.

Here was a remarkable spiritual view for that age and time. We have noted of course since that age, through our study and investigation of the working of the natural world, that the forces of God go on in an unvarying order. The farmer who is profane, who never knows how to pray, who cares neither for God nor man, will raise just as good a crop of wheat as the most pious man in the world, if he complies with the natural conditions — which, mark you, are the divine conditions — for raising wheat. God in this manifestation of himself is impartial; and the good man has no advantage over the evil, except so far as those things are concerned which are the natural result of goodness.

God is not only the Father of all men, good and bad, but he takes account of and cares for the lower forms of life. Jesus tells us that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice and the love and the tender pity of the Father. We may wonder at the mystery of the conflict and suffering and death in the lower world; but the Father of Jesus cares for the birds as well as for men.

And not only that. He cares also for the flowers. "Consider the lilies of the field," says Jesus. I tell you that Solomon in all the glory of his magnificent court was not arrayed in such beauty and wonder as these. If God, then, takes care for the grasses of the field, those things which exist to-day and to-morrow are gone,—his argument is,—how much more shall he care for you,—you that have so little faith in his goodness and his protection!

There is another remarkable feature about this teaching of Jesus concerning the Father. Up to this time — and it is true concerning most of the nations of the world to-day, and it is true inside Christendom and in the Church as well — God had been supposed to be acceptably worshipped here, and not there, in one place, and not in another; by one people, not by another; according to one rite or order of service, and not according to another.

Jesus, you remember, is talking with the Samaritan woman

at the well, and she points to Mount Gerizim as a holy place where God was supposed in old time to have been acceptably worshipped; and Jesus speaks of Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, where the temple was located, and he said to her, The hour cometh, and now is, when neither on Gerizim nor on Moriah shall men exclusively or peculiarly or more acceptably worship the Father. God is not a spirit,— Jesus does not say that,— God is spirit, the universal spirit and life of all the worlds; and this place is no holier to him than any other.

Mark you one important distinction. A place may be very holy to me on account of personal associations. I may find it easier to get into a prayerful or reverential mood there; but that does not mean, teaches Jesus, that it is because God is there peculiarly, and not somewhere else. Jesus' forefathers, the Jews, believed that God could even be shut up in a box, which they called the ark, and wherever that ark was, there God was; and when the Philistines, their enemies, captured the ark, they had captured God and carried him off, away from his people, so that he could no longer be of service to them; he was in the hands of the enemy. That was the conception of God held in old times, and which two-thirds of the world have hardly yet outgrown.

Jesus teaches that God is spirit, that he is in one place just as much, just as completely, as in another. He is to-day in Africa or China or Egypt as truly as he is in Jerusalem or Rome or in the most revered cathedral in the world. God is spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

He sweeps away with a touch of his hand all ritual, all form, all ceremony, all sacrament,— not as absolutely condemning them, mark you, but as being essential to the worship of God. If men — and this is according to the teaching of Jesus — find a holy day or a ritual or a place or a sacrament really helpful to them, to their spiritual life; if

they can use it, and not make it a substitute for God ; if they can use it, and not make it the means of putting up a barrier between them and their brethren ; if they can use it, and not become exclusive and narrow in its use,— well. But never dare to think that the Quaker, without any ritual or service or sacrament, may not as truly come into communion with the Father as he who has the most elaborate service to be found anywhere in the world.

And Jesus would say, Do not dare, you who count yourselves Christians, to think that any one anywhere else in the world, though he uses another name, cannot come into relation with the Father. Many shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south ; and you, who think you are inside, may by that very narrowness be shut out. This is the saying of Jesus.

Jesus teaches that we are not to be bound by any days. When they accused him of working on the Sabbath,—that is, of healing some one, doing some good to some one on the Sabbath,— what does he say ? He said, My Father has been at work from the beginning of the world, on all days, Sabbaths as well as any other,— that is what the passage means, “ My Father worketh hitherto,”— all the time ; and I work. The Sabbath was not made to be a burden to people : it was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath ; that is, the interests, the real necessities of man, are not to be sacrificed to any day. See how free, broad, grand, spiritual, is the conception which Jesus has concerning the Father.

Another phase of this character of God in his relation to men. Consider it in the matter of prayer. At first, as you read the words of Jesus, you might think that he had condemned such prayer as we have as a part of our church service. He forbids public prayer ; he condemns those who pray in synagogues and standing in the corners of the streets. He says, If you want to pray, go into your closet and shut the door, and pray to your Father in secret,— not pray to be seen of men.

But, if we study carefully the customs of that time, we shall see, I think, that he does not mean to condemn this common lifting up of our hearts and thoughts in worship and aspiration, which is the true idea of public prayer in our churches. It is the custom of his age of making a display of their prayers, so that people might see how good they were,—this is what he really condemns.

And what does he mean by prayer,—what kind of prayer? He says there is no need of detailing your wants and needs, cataloguing everything for God; before you open your lips, he knows what you need. It was the custom in old times for people to have certain consecrated phrases: they even believed that these phrases possessed magical power, that they could even compel the gods by the use of those phrases; and so the people said them over and over. But Jesus says: Do not pray with vain repetitions, as the heathen do, who think they are going to be heard for their much speaking. Pray simply: your Father knows, before you begin, what you need.

And he argues against the idea that we need to urge and beseech him, as though we could storm heaven by our petitions and gain things that we desire by our urgency. Jesus condemns all this. You remember the two little stories he tells to illustrate his point. He says:—

Here is a man who has unexpectedly had some people come to him late at night. The shops are closed; and it is too late for him to get any supplies of food. He gets up and goes to his neighbor, and asks him to come to his relief; and the neighbor calls out to him: I do not wish to be disturbed. I am in bed, and my children are in bed: it is too late for me to serve you to-night.

But Jesus says by urgency you can even get a man like that to do things for you, you can get him to rise from his bed and supply your needs.

And then he tells the other story, about the unjust judge. He is one who is not disposed to do right; and a widow,

who has been defrauded, comes to him and pleads for help. Jesus says the judge feared neither God nor regarded men ; but he said to himself, Unless I do something for her, this widow, by her continual coming, will trouble me : so I will help her, to get rid of her. Jesus does not speak of those cases as examples for us to follow. He says, If you can gain your end under such conditions, how much more will your heavenly Father, who is not an unjust judge, and who does not find it troublesome to help those in need, do the things for you that you require !

He even goes so far as to say, You need not plead with him, you need not trouble him : he is already a good deal more ready to give you the things that you need than you are to take them.

If we stop and think a moment, can we not see how profoundly true that is? God would give us the best things, the highest things, the noblest things,—his spirit, his character, patience, sweetness, trust, unselfishness, love,—in other words, he would give us himself ; and we are not ready to take him, because in our selfishness we do not want to be those things.

The Father of Jesus, then, is more ready to help us than we are to be helped, more ready to give us the best things than we are to accept them.

Then there is another quality of the Father, as Jesus sets him forth, of which I must speak. The great classic of the Gospels as touching the relation of the sinner to God and as teaching the divine doctrine of forgiveness is the parable of the Prodigal Son. Here is the place of all others for Jesus to have taught some things which he did not teach, if he wished us to know them.

What does he teach? He tells that beautiful story. The young man demands of his father a share of his inheritance, receives it, and goes away into a far country ; he is tired of his home, of the restrictions and restraints of it ; he does not understand his father's attitude towards him, and he

does not wish to bear it any longer; he wishes to be free. So he goes off, and wastes his substance in riotous living until the inevitable end comes and he is in want.

He wakes up, and finds himself hungry; finds his clothing, which was so fine at the outset, in rags; finds that the friends, who flocked around him while he had money, are not to be found. There is nobody to help him; and his need becomes so extreme that at last he goes to a man who keeps swine, raising them for the market, and begs that he will employ him, and let him have some of the pods which the swine fed on for food.

And, when he has got to this last extremity, he sits down and begins to think: There is my father at home,—my brother. Even the servants there have enough and to spare; and I perish with hunger. I will arise, and go back to my father; I will tell him how ashamed I am; I will tell him what a fool I have made of myself; I will tell him how I misunderstood his goodness and his care. I will not ask him to take me back again as his boy,—perhaps that would be too much to expect: I will ask him to give me a place with the servants. That, at any rate, will prevent my starving in my need.

And so he arises and starts for home. And what does the father do? Does the father say there is a governmental exigency at stake and I cannot forgive you until expiation has been made, until justice has been satisfied? Does his father say it would be setting a bad example to other people if I just took him back into my arms as my boy? Does he say there must be a blood atonement, that somebody has got to suffer? Does he say that he has got to believe some definite thing before he takes him, that he has got to partake of a sacrament, that he has got to go through some form of ritual,—does he say anything about these things?

Not one word. And do you stop and think, Jesus was teaching falsehood and misleading the world, if these other

things were important and he said nothing about them. Did he say anything about them? He said simply that the father, who had been mourning every day that his son had been gone, saw him coming a great way off, and he absolutely did nothing at all except to run and meet him; and, when he got there, he fell on his neck, clasped him in his arms, burst into tears, and rejoiced over the homeward turning of his boy.

And, when the boy who had not been away made complaint about it, the father said, Why, you have been with me all the time, and everything I have is yours; but this my son who was dead is alive again; he has been lost and is found. Do I not well to rejoice, to kill the fatted calf and make merry over his recovery?

This is the kind of Father in heaven that yearns for and reaches out after the wandering and the sinful, if we may trust to the teaching of Jesus.

So much for the nature of the Father, his character and attitude towards the world.

I ask you to turn with me now while we consider a little in detail the personal relation which existed between Jesus and the Father, as he himself represents it. It has been said, of course, it is part of the theology of Christendom, that Jesus is God, that he is the second person in a mysterious trinity. Let us see what he says about his relation to the Father.

And here let me say again, as I said in regard to the doctrine of forgiveness, if Jesus knew that he was the second person in a mysterious trinity, if he knew that he was God, if he knew that thousands of people in the years that were to come would be racked and tortured and burnt because he had not expressed himself plainly, does it seem to you possible that he would have left a matter like that in doubt?

What does he say? God is always his Father, never anything else. He is the son of man: this phrase occurs quite

commonly in the New Testament. It is an Old Testament phrase, and is generally supposed to have had a Messianic meaning ; but, commonly, he is spoken of as the son of the father. He is God's messenger : he has been sent into this world for a specific purpose, to perform a definite work, to teach, to lead, to lift up men. Whatever power he has, he says, is conferred on him by the Father. Whatever he does, he does through the Father. Whenever he delivers a message, he says, This is the Father's message : I am speaking for him. This is the attitude all the way through.

Jesus says in specific terms, " My Father is greater than I." He will not even allow any one to call him good. " Why callest thou me good ? There is none good but one, that is God." This is the attitude that Jesus takes towards the Father all the way through.

I ask you now to consider with me one or two passages which are supposed to bear a stronger meaning than I have allowed, and a higher meaning. I will venture for this once to read you the verses, so that they may be in your mind.

" I and my Father are one." This is in the tenth chapter of John. " Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him. Jesus answered them, Many good works have I shewed you from my Father ; for which of those works do ye stone me ? Then the Jews answered him, saying, For a good work we stone thee not ; but for blasphemy ; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods ?"—men were being addressed in those words. " If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came,—and the scripture cannot be broken,—say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest ; because I said, I am the Son of God ?"

Now they had just charged him with making himself God : they wished to get an occasion against him as a blasphemer. If he was God, if he was the second person

of the trinity, is not that just the place for him to say it? But he does not say it. He does not say anything of the kind. He defends himself, not for calling himself God, but for calling himself the Son of God, by quoting from the Old Testament an illustration of men in that day being called gods, because the spirit of God had come upon them and they had thus partaken of the nature of God. If there is anywhere in the New Testament a place where Jesus should have said he was God, if he thought so, that is the place; but he said nothing of the kind: he simply reiterated over again that he was the Son of God.

And now as to the oneness of Jesus and the Father, let us turn to the seventeenth chapter of John, this same Gospel, and see what light we can get on the interpretation of these words. He has been praying for his disciples, that long prayer recorded in John. He says, "Neither for these alone do I pray, but also for those who believe on me through my word, that they all may be one,"—now notice,— "that they all may be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

Now, you see, he interprets the passage himself. He says that the oneness which he asserts between himself and the Father is precisely the same kind of a oneness that he wishes to exist between the disciples and himself,—May they be one in me as I am one in thee. Is it not perfectly plain that it is a spiritual oneness that he is talking about?

There was a great deal of speculation in those days; and, in order that we may understand the New Testament, we ought, if possible, to understand a little of the thought of the time. There was a great deal of speculation as to the nature of the soul. Many believed—it is common Oriental thought—that all souls were emanations from God, sparks from the central fire, the eternal Father of life; and, if they were, they were of the nature of God, one with God, just as, if I take a candle and light it from another candle which is already aflame, I have a perfect right to say that the

second flame is one with the first. It is the same kind of a light or flame : it is kindled by it, partakes of its nature, in one sense is identical with it.

We need to remember, in studying the New Testament, that Jesus was an Oriental. It is one of the commonest things in the world for Orientals, and mystics in Europe, to speak of God coming into them, possessing them, being in them, so that they are in union with the divine. I commend to you, as an interpreter of the nature of Jesus, that wonderful Oriental, Mozoomdar, the great teacher and preacher and reformer of India. When he was in this country, he said : You do not understand Jesus : he was an Oriental. I am an Oriental : we Orientals understand him. He spoke in the use of Oriental figures of speech, and out of Oriental types and methods of thought. He says, The trouble is you make an Englishman of him.

Such, then, according to the teaching of the New Testament, according to the reported words of Jesus himself, was the character of God and his personal relations towards him.

Now I wish to touch on one other matter. How did Jesus live with God? And I wish that you would suggest to yourself, as I go along, the question as to whether that kind of life is possible for us to-day. What was Jesus' outward life?

It was a commonplace life. It was a failure. Jesus had no home; no home-love, wife or child. He was poor, never had any money; he had nowhere to lay his head. He was dependent on the care and ministry of his friends. He had made himself of no reputation. He did not seek or attain any ordinary worldly end; and at the last even his disciples forsook him and fled, and He died a criminal, out-cast and alone.

But—and this is the point I wish you to notice—his belief about the Father and his love for him and his trust in him were such that his life was serene and peaceful all the way through. He lived this kind of a life I have indicated as

one who sought a definite, distinct, and noble end, the attainment of which could not be thwarted or even disturbed by these incidents of his career.

He sailed over the ocean of life, so to speak, like one of our magnificent ocean greyhounds across the Atlantic, which did not trouble about the currents, the head winds, the buffetings of the waves which thundered against the sides and rushed over the decks, but moved straight on, seeking a port.

So Jesus moved across the face of this human life of ours, undisturbed, serene, untroubled. He was not cast down because of apparent failure, not elated by temporary success, he did not trouble about money; he did not trouble about fame; none of these things moved him. He lived as one who believed that these things might be occasions for service, might be incidents in a career, but something that was one side of the great object which he had in mind.

There existed, at the time when he lived in Palestine, some of the worst poverty and some of the most dishonest wealth that the world has ever known. He recognized this poverty, he recognized the dishonesty; but none of these things shook his faith or disturbed his serenity. He seemed to believe that God was ruling, that he had this world in his hands, and that he knew what the outcome was to be; and so he preached the coming of the kingdom, and he told the poor that they were not to be troubled over their poverty. He even pronounced a blessing upon them if they were only true to themselves.

He taught, in other words, that there was something deeper and higher in human life than either poverty or wealth, than ignorance or education, than social success or social failure. He taught that the man was the principal thing, and the kind of man he made himself in the midst of these experiences was the chief thing for which to care.

When Jesus lived, there were political disturbances. His people were ground down under a heel of tyranny as rough

and heavy as the world has ever known: it looked as though there was no outcome for the people. But did that disturb him? He preached the coming of the kingdom of God as though he knew it was coming, and this condition of things was merely a cloud, a vapor, that, when the sun was up, would vanish away.

There was another thing he had to meet which was discouraging. Some of us have found it discouraging. His friends around him, those that stood closest to him, did not understand him, misrepresented and misinterpreted him. His friends were dull, could not rise to the height of the conception of his wonderful ideas; and so he was alone, even when his disciples were around him.

But this did not make him bitter. He found excuses for them; and at the last, in Gethesemane, after he had said, Could you not have watched with me for one hour? he says, I know,—the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. So he found excuses for them.

And, then, not only friends who could not comprehend or sympathize, but malignant enemies who sought to blacken his character and blast his life,—even those did not disturb him, and at the last he found excuses, too, for them. He said, Father, forgive them, they do not understand what they are doing, they do not know what I am, or what I am here for, or what I am trying to do for them. So forgive them. This did not disturb him.

And at the end he did what, thank God, this humanity of ours is wonderful enough to have done over and over and over again: he met death for his truth. Rather than be false to his convictions, false to his mission, he faced the cross and the tomb. For one minute he shrinks. He says, Father, if it is possible, do not let me have to bear this: do not let me drink this cup if it can be avoided; but, if I must drink it, thy will, not mine, be done.

For one minute, apparently, he loses his vision of the Father, and cries out, Why hast thou forsaken me? Every-

body else forsook him; but why didst thou? But that passes; and he says, Into thy hands I commend my spirit, and bowed his head, and the end had come.

So Jesus lived with the Father,—lived a life superior to conditions, lived a life undisturbed by the exigencies of his career, lived a life that could afford to look down on the questions of poverty and hunger and homelessness and lack of sympathy and the bitterness of his foes, lived a life that seemed to have a meaning running all through it, that the world could not disturb, and that death could not dash to pieces, lived a life of which death itself was the crowning end and the victory that led to the life eternal.

If God is? If God be the kind of God that Jesus thought him; *if* God be our Father, as he was his; *if* our lives here have a meaning, and an outcome,—may we not live as did he, and triumph as did he?

Father, Father of Jesus and our Father, we thank Thee for this word: we thank Thee that we may cherish this great trust, that we may be strong in this confidence, that we may face obstacles, bear burdens, win victories, and enter into peace through our trust in Thee. Amen.



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THE DISCIPLE AND THE WORLD.

THE author of the Fourth Gospel represents Jesus as saying,— this in the eighth chapter and the twenty-third verse,— “Ye are of this world. I am not of this world.”

It is a part of the ritual of some at least of the churches that, when a person presents himself for membership, he shall take as a part of his vow the promise to renounce the world. Worldliness throughout the entire history of Christianity has been supposed to sum up in one word all those things which stand over against the Christian life, as opposed to it. The New Testament in one place speaks of Satan as the “god of this world.”

These two words, “this world,” are supposed to indicate all the organizations, institutions, tendencies, which are evil, which are selfish, which are opposed to the higher Christian life. Nearly all the saints, the traditional saints of the Church, have been men who have given up the world. They have fled from the world. They have taken vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they have renounced the flesh, they have renounced money; and in this way they supposed that they had given themselves more completely to the true service of God.

If a man to-day in some parts of Christendom, and especially as related to the Catholic Church, proposes to become a distinctively religious man, it means that he withdraws himself from the world. If a woman is to become a religious woman in the technical use of that term, she takes the veil, she enters a convent, she joins some association or order, so that her life is supposed to be henceforth an unworldly life.

It seems to me, then, important to our comprehension of the ideal of the true disciple, a follower of Jesus, that we

should understand what worldliness means, what it meant two thousand years ago, what it means to-day, what the disciples' attitude toward the world should really be. In order to come at it understandingly, I shall ask you to consider with me for a little while what attitude Jesus himself took towards the ordinary ongoings of the worldly life about him. Then I shall ask you to note the attitude of Paul, the predominating New Testament attitude outside the Gospels, and then consider what the spirit of Jesus would lead us to do to-day.

In the first place, then, what attitude did Jesus take towards the world of his time? Many of the organizations, institutions, interests, which make up the civilized world of this twentieth century, were not in existence, at least in the immediate environment of Jesus, so that we can only judge from a study of his spirit as expressed in his words and actions what he would have done in regard to them.

For example, Jesus did not come into contact with what to-day we should speak of as a literary life. He had nothing to do with that which seems to absorb so much of the interest of this modern world, and which we class under the name of science. No word of his is recorded which would indicate that what we mean by science had ever entered his mind.

There was little in the way of music or art or any of those things which so interest the æsthetic side of human nature. Yet we can only imagine that Jesus would have cared for beautiful things, because he does note and call our attention to the beauty of the natural world around him. Possibly, he might have felt that for a man to devote himself in any exclusive way to what we call the æsthetic side of life would have been to waste time and thought and care on things relatively of less importance than those he might give himself to; but he certainly showed an appreciation of the beauty of the handiwork of the Father.

There are two or three great phases of life as they pre-

sented themselves to him at that time which are worthy of our attention. What was his attitude towards wealth, towards rich men? If we had only the Gospel of Luke as our guide, we should be obliged to say that it was one of uncompromising hostility and condemnation. Matthew tells us in one of the beatitudes that Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Luke tells us that he said simply, "Blessed are ye poor," saying nothing about the spirit.

And the parable of Dives and Lazarus lets us into the secret of the way in which the author of this Gospel looked at wealth. Dives is in the place of torment: Lazarus is in Abraham's bosom. They are in sight of each other; and Dives prays Abraham that Lazarus may be sent with a drop of water to cool his tongue. Abraham does not say a word to Dives about his having been a wicked man: not a word is said about Lazarus having been a good man. Lazarus had been poor: Dives had been rich. And now things are being evened up; that is all so far as that parable is concerned.

Abraham said to Dives, You in your lifetime received your good things, and Lazarus evil things: now he is comforted, and you are tormented. That is the doctrine of the Gospel of Luke, all the way through consistently taught. Riches are looked upon as evil, and poverty as something which God treats with great compassion and will compensate in some way by and by.

But, if we take a larger survey of the attitude of Jesus, I think we shall have to modify this view. He was a friend of Simon, who was rich: he was a friend of Zaccheus, who was not only rich, but a publican. He does, indeed, do this; and you will see the important distinction between hostility to wealth as such and hostility to that thing which Jesus really opposed. He tells the story of the foolish man, who wonders in his prosperity what he shall do to take care of his goods. He says, I shall have to tear down my barns and build greater. And Jesus said, "Thou fool, this

night thy soul shall be required of thee." Then what shall become of all that man's accumulated wealth? Jesus says, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." And he says, also, that, if a man exchanges his soul, his real life, for any wealth or prosperity, he makes a disastrous bargain.

Considering, then, in the broadest way the teaching of Jesus, considering what he says about the difficulty of a rich man's getting into heaven, what he says to the rich young man whom he loved, but who was not willing to give away his goods for the sake of following the Master,—taking into account all these, I think we shall find it perfectly clear that Jesus simply recognized accumulated wealth as a danger, just as absorption in anything else may be a danger.

The more fascinating, the more desirable a thing is, the greater its temptation and the more difficult it is for a man to use these things "as not abusing them," as Paul has it in his Epistle to the Corinthians. No matter what it may be, if a man loves, and is pursuing, some worldly object, it becomes a source of danger to him; and yet you remember in those parables about the talents Jesus seems to teach almost an opposite doctrine. It is the man who had ten talents given him and the man who had five, who used them well, who received commendation; and it was the man who received only one, and who misused that, who was condemned.

Jesus' attitude, then, towards wealth is precisely the same as his attitude towards any great interest of human life that may distract a man's attention, and take away his thought from something that is in itself more important.

What attitude did Jesus hold towards such society as existed in his day? He was no ascetic. He says, John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking, and you accused him of having a devil. I have come both eating and drinking; and you say, Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, the friend of publicans and sinners.

He was no ascetic. He entered into the life of his time freely, simply, naturally, humanly, accepting the hospitality of the rich and sharing the outcast condition and the privations of the poor with equal sympathy, with equal comprehension of those things that are deeper and higher than either poverty or wealth.

What was his attitude towards that organization of society that we speak of as government? His people, those that regarded themselves as most patriotic, were in a state of seething, restless rebellion, ready to flame out into open opposition at every opportunity. Jesus encouraged nothing of the sort. He said, when they asked him whether it was proper to pay tribute to Cæsar, Let me see one of your coins; and they brought it to him, and he said, Whose is this image and superscription? They said, It is Cæsar's. Then he announced that eternal principle,—“Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's.” That is the attitude which he took in regard to the organized institutions and forces of the world.

We shall see as we go on, when we come to discuss what, it seems to me, is the proper attitude of the Christian disciple in the modern world, somewhat more in particular the carrying out of the principles of the Master.

Let us turn now to consider the Pauline attitude. I do this because Paul is the great representative figure of the early Church after the Master had passed away, and because his teaching has done more to shape Christendom throughout its history than that of any other man. I wish to read you just a few things that he says:—

“The time is shortened, that henceforth both those that have wives may be as though they had none, and those that weep as though they wept not, and those that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and those that buy as though they possessed not, and those that use the world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.”

Paul's teaching in regard to a great many things — in regard to marriage, concerning slavery and many other matters — has been misunderstood, because his point of view was not taken. What was that point of view? It is difficult for us to place ourselves definitely and clearly in his footsteps at the present time. He believed that the present order of things was coming to an end almost any time, possibly within a year, within five years,— at any rate, before that generation passed away. So he said: Suppose you are a slave, what difference does it make? What is the use of struggling against this present political and social order for the sake of abolishing slavery? In a few years this whole constitution of things is to pass away; and you, at any rate if you are a Christian, are a free man of Christ.

Suppose you are free. Do not pride yourself on it: that is not a matter of first-class importance. If you are a free man by right, you are a bondman of Christ. Live for him. Suppose you are married: that is only an incident in life. It is better for you not to be married, he says. Why? Because he that is married will be concerned about pleasing and taking care of his wife. He cannot devote himself entirely to the one thing which, in view of the immediate end of the world that was approaching, was to the mind of Paul of far more importance.

Suppose you are rich: do not let that absorb you. It is only a little while, and all these things will pass away. Buy as though you possessed not, live as though you were not rich; that is, not absorbing yourselves in these things, not using them selfishly. Suppose you are poor: do not worry about it; and do not let the rich look down upon the poor, and do not let the poor look with envy towards the rich. All these things are of slight importance. The kingdom of God is imminent, and may appear at any moment. The one great thing for you to do, then, is to be absorbed in thought and labor that shall prepare you and help prepare the world for this great transformation.

If Paul had known that the world was to exist eighteen or nineteen hundred or two thousand years after his time, that everything was to go on after the orderly fashion which it has followed, there is no sort of question that his teaching would have been very largely modified by these considerations. But I ask you to note one thing for the credit of Paul. Paul taught precisely what you or I would have taught in his condition and with his belief ; and Paul laid his finger in all earnestness and with all emphasis on principles which are eternal, and which are of as much importance to-day as they were at the time when he lived and spoke and wrote and passed from country to country as a messenger of the coming of that kingdom in which he believed.

The spirit of Jesus, the spirit of Paul, has not passed away. The history of the world has not been such as the early Church expected ; but the temper of Jesus, the attitude of Jesus, the unworldliness of Jesus, the unworldliness of Paul, transformed to suit the changing conditions, are as imperative towards the life of to-day as they were towards that of two thousand years ago.

Let us, then, for a little while consider what attitude the real disciple of Jesus ought to maintain towards these great phases of human life which in their entirety make up what Jesus and Paul meant when they spoke of "the world," and what we may speak of still in similar terms.

"The world" as an order exists to-day, and it is in opposition in the main to the kingdom of God ; and the hope of humanity lies in this — that this worldly spirit shall gradually be superseded by the spirit of the Christian disciple.

What in the main is that attitude? What is it to be a disciple of Jesus? It is to care chiefly for the things for which Jesus cared ; that is, for the soul, for the essential human life, for God, for spiritual things, for righteousness, for truth, for love, for tenderness, for pity, for sympathy, for helpfulness,— for these things which make up the spirit of Jesus.

Now, at the risk of apparent repetition, I shall ask you to consider with me what a man's attitude to-day ought to be, if he is a Christian, if he is a follower of Jesus, towards some of these great concerns of the world.

And let me say right here, in passing, that, to my mind, being a follower of Jesus, living out his spirit, being a Christian in the true sense of that word, being a disciple, is nothing else but being an ideal man. For the experience of the world has demonstrated that these which we call the Christian virtues are only the human virtues,—the virtues which help men, the thoughts, the feelings, the conduct, which tend to the welfare and the happiness of mankind.

What would be the attitude, then, of a disciple of Jesus to-day towards money? Would he be hostile to capital, as some who call themselves Socialists, are? Would he oppose the possession or the accumulation of money? Not at all. He would fight, however, for the accumulation of money by such methods, such processes, such ways as should not hurt others, in ways that are honest, ways that are fair, ways that are just, so that, when he has accumulated the money, it shall, so far as anything of that sort can be in this world, be his, righteously his.

But, as Jesus said in his day, the possession of large wealth must be regarded as a danger to the ordinary man. There is such a fascination, such an interest in it, it gives a man such power, that it will be harder for him to devote himself to the high, fine, spiritual, human things of life than as though he had not this great accumulation to care for. But, if he be strong enough, masterful enough, perhaps he may not be a nobler Christian for the possession of this wealth, but he may be a mightier, stronger, more serviceable Christian, because he is possessed of greater power.

For, let a man have power, whether it be physical, mental, moral, spiritual, whether it be power of money or of brain, no matter what it may be,—if he has power, then, of course, he is mightier for the doing of things. But, if he is a con-

sistent disciple of Jesus, he must remember always that the end of life is not the money, the accumulation of the capital, however honestly it may be done; and that all this is only an incident of life, an opportunity, something to be used.

For Browning has touched the very essence of the Christian life when he refers to the "development of a soul" as being the one chief thing that is of value in human life. It is what a man becomes, not what he owns, not what he does, not what he enjoys. It is what, through the experiences of this life, whatever they may be, he trains himself to be, which is important according to the teaching of Jesus.

The man is foolish who sells his essential life, his manhood, his soul, his loyalty to God, his loyalty to his fellow-men, that which makes him what he is,—the man is foolish who sells it for anything, because he is worth more than all the worlds. That is the teaching of Jesus, that is the attitude of a true disciple towards life.

Consider the matter of ambition. There is nothing wrong in a man's being ambitious. If one feels in him the germs and possibilities of power, it is as natural for him to wish to grow, to develop, to expand, as it is for a young oak to become mighty. But when a man, for the sake of office, or power, fame, place, anything that ambition appeals to, sacrifices the welfare of another man, is false to the rights or interests of another man, then what? He becomes false to himself, false to God, and he pays too big a price for the prize that he desires. This is the teaching of Jesus in regard to ambition.

It is said, "He made himself of no reputation"; "he went about doing good,"—went about living for others, letting reputation take care of itself. That is the Christian attitude towards greatness. You remember that Jesus tells the disciples, when two of them express their desire for a place in his coming kingdom, that it has been the custom among the

Gentiles all over the world for great people to exercise authority, to be lords and rulers, to dominate the lives of others ; but in his kingdom it is not to be so. The great in the kingdom of God are the ones who greatly serve.

And the world is finding that out. As we look back down the pathway by which the progress of man has come, it is the men who have served the world that we praise and honor ; and we are coming more and more to execrate, no matter how mighty they may have been, the men who simply served themselves, who have been selfish, who have been ambitious at the expense of the lives, the welfare, the happiness, of even the meanest and the poorest.

What shall be the attitude of a true disciple of Jesus towards the æsthetic side of life ? I think it has been common for us to suppose that it is all right for a man to devote himself utterly to a literary life, or a musical life, or an artistic life. They say, at any rate, he is not a sinner who does this : he is creating beautiful things. But, if a man selfishly devotes himself to literature or music or art, painting or sculpture, or even to science,—if he selfishly devotes himself to these things, he is something less than an ideal disciple of the Master.

A man can be just as unhuman in devoting himself to these things as he can be in devoting himself to money or ambition or any other selfish end. These things are simply opportunities which a man may use for making himself something high and fine and for rendering a great service to mankind. In other words, all these things, no matter how sweet and true they may seem to be in themselves, are to be subordinated, according to the Christian ideal, to the man's life, to his higher aims, to what he is and what he proposes to become.

Shall a man indulge himself in pleasure if he proposes to be a disciple of Jesus ? That depends,—it depends upon what it means. Pleasure-loving of any kind, I know, has ordinarily been classed as antagonistic to the Christian

character and the Christian life ; and, undoubtedly, if a man gives himself to pleasure-seeking as an end, he is not only something less than a Christian, he is something less than a man.

But pleasure, that kind of pleasure which does not hurt in itself, which does not degrade, that is right and well, provided we have earned the right to it, provided we use it as relaxation, provided we use it as recreation in the true meaning of that word,—just pronounce it another way, and call it “re-creation.” That use of these things which rests a man, strengthens him, and makes him better fitted for a life of usefulness to his fellow-men, may be a virtue. That which devotes itself to these ends as a mere selfish indulgence lowers the tone and dignity of the individual life and makes a man unfitted for the service of his fellow-men.

Here, then, it seems to me, is the principle, easy for us to note and understand, if we will. The true Christian life is the life that has for its aim and end the development of the individual soul into the highest and best of which it is capable. And God has so arranged our human affairs that the man who does this is also the man who renders the highest and noblest service to his fellow-men.

There is no possible antagonism between those things which are best for the individual and those which are best for the race. Human experience has demonstrated beyond all question that serving our fellows in any department of life, trying to add to the sum total of their good, trying to make them better, nobler, to add to their happiness, is in itself of necessity cultivating the qualities in our own nature which make us most like God.

The ideal, then, is simply this : We are here in this world. We are surrounded by all the ongoing and activities of life,—literature, science, music, art, commerce,—all the interests that make up civilization : we are in the midst of these. Every phase of this life is a double possibility. Nothing in itself is evil : it simply depends entirely upon the attitude

towards and the use which we make of these different forms and phases of human activity.

We are here not for the sake of the little life that we lead to-day. If we wish to live superior to these temptations and trials that are about us on every hand, then we must have an end, an aim, that reaches out beyond that which we can see. We must have an ideal of what it means to be a man, to be a disciple of Jesus, to be a child of God.

We must remember that this means the building up of our own characters, the becoming all of which we are capable, and that these incidents of life are nothing but opportunities. They are of no value in themselves. We can misuse them, we can use them if we have them, we can turn them to our account. If we do not have them, we can get along without them.

The Christian idea is that you cannot put a man into this world anywhere, in any condition, in the midst of any circumstances, so that he shall of necessity be defeated as to the meaning and outcome of his life. As Paul says, Suppose you are a slave: be a man in your bonds, live superior to that condition, use the opportunities and conditions of your life to develop your manhood.

Suppose you are free: that does not necessarily make you a man. Freedom is only an opportunity. You have a larger capacity, larger possibilities, than another man. Then your responsibility is greater. Suppose you are rich: remember that you are superior to the wealth, and that the power of wealth is only an opportunity which money brings. Suppose you are poor: you need not be poor in soul, you need not be envious, you need not degrade yourselves in your attitude towards others. Be a man, no matter what you are, no matter where you are. There is no power in the universe, except the man himself, which can defeat the purpose and outcome of life. That is the Christian ideal.

Live superior, then, to all these things, and build up your own soul in trust in God and love for man. And, then,

whether the world's fashion passes away or remains, no matter; you have earned and won your victory.

O God, let us indeed be the disciples of him who has taught us how to live the divine life; and let us remember that this divine life is at the same time the high, human life; and let us be grateful to Thee that all of us, whether we can have everything else we desire or not, can have Thee, and so have the sense of triumph at the end. Amen.

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THE DISCIPLE AND THE CHURCH.

I HAVE taken two passages of Scripture for my text, the first from the seventh chapter of Matthew, the twenty-first verse,—“Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.” And the other is from the prophecy of Jeremiah, the thirty-first chapter and the thirty-third verse,—“I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it.”

The progress of the world has illustrated a sort of uneven and shifting balance between two extreme tendencies, one towards tyranny, the other towards anarchy. Men naturally organize themselves for any great purpose which they have in hand. They recognize the natural and necessary fact that together they can accomplish that which they are unable to attain alone.

And yet, as we study carefully the purpose of organization, we find that it is for the sake of the individual: it is not for the sake of the organization. The thing that is desired by all intelligent persons is that the individual shall be protected, shall be guarded, and that opportunity shall be afforded him for developing into the finest and highest of which he is capable.

This development of the individual, then, is the ultimate end and aim. For it all organization exists, or ought to exist; and, when organization forgets this and hinders the life and the growth of the individual, it has forfeited its right to exist, and must be replaced by some other type of association.

For the highest and finest organization, ultimately, is to be reached by the development of the individuals of which

it is composed. Ultimately, do I say? In the end, in that far-off time of which we are able to dream, but which we cannot as yet see, organization may become unnecessary, and the principle of philosophical anarchy may assert itself. People who wish to do right need no law. Those who are desiring the finest and best things do not feel the touch or the pressure of any just statute. They keep within the limits of the right because they have no desire to do otherwise.

But one fact concerning organizations needs to be noted. We may take, for example, by way of illustration, political institutions, any form of government. When the government is established, it has at its head an emperor, king, president, governor,—no matter what,—and it has officials of all kinds; and the difficulty is, the practical difficulty, that these emperors, kings, governors, officials, shall come to imagine that the great thing for them to do is to guard and perfect and maintain the organization as if for its own sake.

As though a man, for example, should have some wonderful machinery, and spend all his time keeping it in order instead of manufacturing the things that it was intended to produce. As if a man who owns an automobile should all the time mend it and tinker it, and watch it and guard it, and ride nowhere.

The tendency always is for the people who are set to oversee an organization to come to think that the organization and its maintenance are the great aims and objects of life. They forget that the organization exists for the sake of the individual, and that individual rights, individual opportunities, individual growth, are not to be sacrificed to the organization.

In more than half the world to-day the pressure of the government is felt to such an extent that the individual finds, if he thinks about it, that practically he has no rights, has little opportunity, almost no chance for personal development, for growth.

This same tendency illustrates itself in every department of life. There have, for example, been ages when there has been some great, overpowering, artistic tendency. It had its own artistic standards; and any departure from those was regarded as of necessity something inferior and wrong; until, by and by, some great genius has appeared who has been able to strike out in some new direction, discarding all the traditions, and, perhaps, founding a school of his own, which in its turn shall by and by become an agent of tyranny to others who wish to depart from the accepted standards.

The same is true in literature. The traditions of Queen Anne, finding their finest and completest expression perhaps in the poetry of Pope, were so regnant in England that, when Wordsworth appeared, there was no place for him. He did not conform to any of the ordinary literary standards of the time. He was misjudged, misrepresented, depreciated, until he forced himself by the power of his genius upon the attention of his age.

Let us see by two or three illustrations how this works in the religious realm. Socrates is, I suppose, admitted to have been the divinest man of his age, the most humane, the noblest specimen of manhood that trod the streets of Athens; and yet there was no place for him to live. Why? Because he had outgrown the religious organizations, the religious ideals, the religious forms and rituals of the time. He was persecuted and put to death by religious organization and religious ritual. It was reverence for the gods on the part of the ignorant and bigoted and those incapable of any larger ideas that put to death the friend of God and the friend of his age, and the promise and prophecy of a new and higher religious development.

In religion, just the same as in any other department of life, this tendency to fixity of organization and stability of ritual appears. If some day you will read a book by a great French writer, DeCoulanges, called "The Ancient

City," you will find a flood of light thrown upon the origin and growth of religious organization and custom. He tells us that in the religion of the ancient city certain fixed forms of prayer and of ritual came to be so established that no one dared to touch or change them. Certain phrases, certain words, for example, had come in some way to be regarded as sacred. They were written down, they were repeated year after year, generation after generation: they were supposed to have power over the gods, to win their favor, to gain their blessing; and it was supposed to be impious to change a single word in these sacred formularies.

Not only that, but the priest, when he was going through his ritual, must stand in a particular posture, he must pronounce his words with certain fixed intonations and inflections, his gestures must be those which had come down from the past. Whatever was old was regarded as sacred; and no one dared to touch or change it. He who was impious enough to do it was supposed to bring down the anger of the gods, not only upon himself, but upon the authorities of the city which permitted such a thing to be done.

And right in here is the root of persecution. People have persecuted in the past because they were afraid of the gods, or afraid of God,— afraid that he would be angry, not only with the one who dared to change the customs, but that he would be angry with the public authorities which allowed him to do it. So everything in the way of change has been rigorously suppressed.

Let us glance back for a moment along the line of our own religious development; that is, the development of the Christian Church. Of course, it is the child of the Hebrew religion; and in this same Hebrew religion there were two classes that we need to note. On the one hand were the priests: on the other were the prophets. The priests were those who developed, organized, and guarded the traditions of the past, the laws of Moses, these laws including not only what were supposed to be moral teachings, but forms, cere-

monies, customs of every kind. The priests devoted themselves to the organization and the ritual as though they were ends in themselves : it was their great business to keep these intact.

Who were the prophets? The prophets were the mouth-pieces of the new life. They protested against the recognized and fixed forms that would keep the country from any new and finer development: they dared to say that they spoke some new word of God, as real, as true, as any that had been spoken to Moses; and so they protested against this fixity, and demanded room for the larger and growing life. And the entire history of the Hebrew people might well be summed up in the continuous conflict between the traditionalists, represented by the priesthood, and the new life, finding utterance through the lips of the prophets.

For, when we come up to the time of Jesus, the great tragedy of his life was brought about as an incident in this age-long conflict. Jesus was put to death by what? Put to death by what at that time represented the Church,—the temple, the organization, the ritual, because he spoke against them. Not that they were necessarily wrong in themselves, but he gave utterance to a larger thought than those old ideals were capable of holding. He said, God is too great, too universal, to be confined to Mount Gerizim or Mount Moriah. God is Spirit, to be worshipped, therefore, by him who cares to worship him, in spirit and in truth.

And it was the rigor of the organization, devotion to the ritual, worship of the past, which hung the Nazarene on the tree outside the city walls. He stood for liberty, for new thought, for a larger life, for a grander conception of God and man, for a nobler ideal and a more universal human hope.

But this same tendency took hold of the traditions concerning Jesus; and by the time we come to the year 1000 or 1200, the Middle Ages, there is one of the hardest and

most fixed and fast organizations on the face of the earth, representing, as it claims, the truth and the life of Him who had broken the old organization for the sake of a growing humanity. So when Savonarola and Huss and Wiclif and Cranmer and Luther appeared at the time of this religious renaissance, the old organization in the name of God and the name of Christ is ready to do all it can to crush them out, to prevent the religious life of the world from coming to anything finer, larger, higher.

Luther represented the extreme of Protestantism. He defended the right of private judgment not only, but declared it to be a duty. He was no enemy of conformity in the sense of wishing to brush away all ceremonial, all custom. The principle for which he stood may well be illustrated by the attitude which he held towards Sunday. He said, I advise you to keep Sunday; but, if anybody tells you you must keep it, placing the command on any Jewish foundation, then I order you to break it in the assertion of your Christian liberty.

In other words, he placed the man before the organization, the ritual, tradition, custom, and made these what they ought to be, servants of the life. But the followers of Luther have denied his spirit; and we have to-day in some parts of the world a Lutheranism which is as hard and fixed and fast and as anti-Luther as one could well imagine.

So by and by there comes the new development of liberalism, of which we Unitarians are representatives. But this same old tendency of human nature has always been at work, and I suppose always will be; and there are certain knots of Unitarians here and there, aided by certain outside critics, who wish to stand in the way of further growth, who have organized what they call a "Channing Unitarianism." Channing, of all men! If they will only read and study the man, they will find that he stood ever facing the light, accepting, welcoming all new and higher and nobler growth.

Such, then, are the two tendencies; and such are some

of their results. With these now in mind, let us a little more particularly consider the attitude which a true disciple of Jesus ought to maintain towards the Church, the Church as an organization, the Church with its ceremonies and its forms. For all churches must have at least some organization, must have at least some ceremonies, some forms. The Quakers, the Friends, in spite of all their effort, do not quite escape this tendency. The attitude of the disciple towards the Church, then.

First, he must believe in the Church, it seems to me. It is true that Jesus organized no church, he left no word or command in regard to organizing any church; but those who partook of the new spirit and life which he had brought into the world naturally came together; they organized as necessarily as the grass grows in the spring.

I believe that every man and every woman in the world ought to belong to some religious organization, ought to be affiliated with it so as to help it on in some way. Why? Because there is any Bible command to that effect? No, I care nothing about that at all. Because by joining together we can accomplish more; and it is our highest and most sacred duty to accomplish the most we can, because the Church is the one organization on the face of the earth, so far as I know, which has for its one only end the development of the religious life, the bringing men into right relations to God and right relations with each other, the holding together mutually to build up the religious life within its own membership and to spread the contagion of this life far and wide in the world. And, because in this way we can do more for this grandest and noblest work in all the world, therefore we ought to organize, that we may have more power and accomplish greater results.

But, if the Church ever gets to be regarded as an end in itself, if it stands in the way of that for which it was organized, then it must be opposed, then it must be modified. I believe in forms, ceremonies, rituals,— I care not how elabo-

rate or how extensive they are,— provided they are vital expressions of life, provided they are real, provided they represent something, provided they help expand and develop the religious nature. But, when these forms and ceremonies get to be ends in themselves, then they are to be opposed, they are to be broken, they are to be changed.

There is nothing sacred in any form or ceremony that exists anywhere in all the world. Jesus ordered none of them. If you wish to regard his attitude towards it, there is hardly one of them, Baptism, the Lord's Supper,— I speak of these as illustrations,— that originated in Christianity, or originated even among the Hebrews. They are as old as the religious history of the world, and sprang out of certain natural tendencies in human nature.

They are well if they serve. If they stand in the way, if they become hindrances, if they become substitutes for life, then they are to be brushed one side. And we know perfectly well that there are those in different churches over the world who hold these in higher esteem than they do the qualities of human nature that they are intended to develop.

For who have been the heretics of the world? They have been like the traitors, or those guilty of *lèse majesté*, as applied to the civil government. They have been men who have offended the organization. They have been men who have neglected the ritual. But, do you know, no man who is an earnest seeker for truth, no matter what his present conviction or where to-day he may stand, can, by any possibility, be a heretic in the presence of the Nazarene, who died because he was a heretic both in belief and in practice, who died for the sake of the newer, larger thought, and the wider, nobler life of the world.

A man who in cowardliness conforms, a man who dare not in public speak the thing which he whispers to his friend in private, a man who knows, but never tells, a man who is unfaithful in his life,— these are the only real heretics in the presence of the great life and truth and love of Jesus.

Phillips Brooks is regarded as a good Churchman. In a volume of his called "Essays and Addresses" there is an article on Orthodoxy, in which he takes the ground that there can be no fixed and final statement of truth. I refer to him merely because he represents a Churchman's position.

Of course there can be no fixed or final statement of truth. In an infinite universe, in which man began in weakness and ignorance, and in which age after age he is growing and expanding a little and learning new truth, how can there be a fixed and final statement? There can be no infallible revelation of God except as fragment by fragment we are able to demonstrate that in this direction or that such or such a thing is true. The only revelation of God is truth; and, just as fast and as far as we can see the truth and write it down, just so fast and so far does the real word of God get itself recorded.

As putting this into fine poetic shape, I wish to read you a brief word from Lowell: —

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

There can be, then, no heretic who is an earnest, simple seeker after God's truth, no matter which way he may be facing, nor where he may be to-day. If he is trying to find and follow the footsteps of God, who must be accepted of him, blessed by him. And, if he is in the fellowship that

God recognizes, what right has any human organization to put him beyond its pale?

Church organizers are sometimes like a man who should have developed some beautiful specimens of the rose, and should prepare the soil for its growth, and build a fence around a large tract of this prepared soil and plant the seeds and rejoice in the opening of the flowers. But by and by the wind comes and catches some of the seeds, and carries them out into the wide fields. And the next year the man sees them growing there; and what does he do? Does he welcome them? Is he glad? No. When asked about it, he says: They look just like those that I planted. They have the same tint, they have the same fragrance. In fact, I cannot tell the difference myself; but they must be evil because they did not grow inside the limits of the fence which I have set up.

This has been the historic and popular attitude of the Church towards all fine and beautiful facts in what is sometimes sneeringly called "all out of doors," — as though there were any all out of doors that could get beyond the limits of the power and the love and the care of God.

The only heresy, then, ought to be dishonest thinking or dishonest living; for the Church exists, if it is true to its mission, to make people true in thought and in life. Truth is the one great end, so far as the intellect is concerned. Love and service are the great ends, so far as practical life is concerned. The great danger in any particular age of the world is that we shall get to taking our religion at second hand, that it shall become an echo, or an echo of an echo.

I think it was Mr. Beecher, some years ago, who said that no live, earnest, sensitive man would wish to go courting with his father's love-letters. If a little child sits in its mother's lap, and really loves the mother and feels the touch of her care, he will find some way, naturally and simply, to express himself. And that expression, however formless, is

better than any most beautiful form of a past generation which the child is taught to memorize, and which is placed upon its lips, while, after all, it is not the living expression of the child's immediate love.

The times when the world has been most vital with religious life have been the times of its non-conformity. This is what the Reformation means, the breaking away from old standards and forms and ideals because the life was larger than they, and could no more be confined within the old-time limits. This is what the movement of Wesley meant in the Church of England. It is what the development of the Puritan and Pilgrim ideals means, and which drew them across the ocean to establish themselves on these new shores. And, when the Puritans tried to fix an orthodoxy here, the Pilgrims protested, and made a place of refuge for all earnest and honest thinkers, no matter how widely they might differ from each other. As Lowell has put it in one of his letters, Whenever religion loses its real spirit and life, then it "begins to bedizen its exterior."

The times in the history of the world when the greatest emphasis has been placed on organization, forms, and ceremonies, have been the times of comparative dearth and deadness. When things are alive, they grow, and break over barriers, and assume the form that is the expression of their own inner power.

We need, then, to cultivate this first-hand thought about religion. God is not a God who was alive once, two thousand years ago, or who spoke to Moses, or who appeared to Abraham. God is alive now. He is not a figure who appeared in certain places in the world ages ago, so that those spots have become consecrated shrines. I am amazed at the blindness and traditionalism of people who will go to Palestine and hunt for sacred spots which to-day it is practically impossible for anybody accurately to identify, thinking they get close to God by so doing.

I have no objection, of course, to reverence for these

places: I would like to visit them myself for the sake of old-time memories; but the thing I do object to is the idea that by doing this you can get close to God, when God is here, and you are close to him, if you will only open your eyes and see, if you will listen and hear, if you will only cultivate spiritual sensibility and feel.

God is here, in the growth, the development, the new life of the time. There is not a discovery, there is not an invention, there is not any one of the wonderful things that characterize this modern age, which is not a manifestation of the present life and thought and power and love of the God who is nearer to us than the breath we breathe. Let us come to him, then, first-hand.

Remember the truth — which I had meant to read, but I fear there is not time — which Walt Whitman voices so finely when he represents the child coming with handfuls of grass and asking what it is; and he tells him that it is a token of God, dropped so that we may pick it up and search for the initials, and ask, Whose? And he says, Why should I try to find God any more than I find him to-day? God is leaving tokens of himself as I pass, everywhere, in the street. I do not pick them up, I do not keep them; for other tokens come to me at every turn; I face them on every hand.

We need this kind of religion, that recognizes the present, living God, and that he is speaking to us to-day. Where are his utterances? I love to believe that they are, some of them, in the writings of Paul, some of them in the Gospels, in the prophets, in the Psalms, in the old books of the Bible; but, they are also in Ruskin, in Emerson, in Lowell, in Whitman,—they are in any of these writers who are inspired to voice the highest religious thought and feeling of the age. God is speaking to us through these men just as truly as he spoke in the days of old.

We need, then, to cultivate this first-hand religion, and to remember that the Church as a religious organization exists

for the sake of developing this first-hand religion, leading us to God. I do not believe it is enough when the Church leads us to a shrine or to a saint or to Mary or even to Jesus. Jesus himself came to show us the Father, not that we should end in looking simply at him. The Father, the infinite, present, living, loving, speaking, leading God, is the one object of worship, the one end and aim of all our endeavor.

So, as the years go by, if we must build ourselves new structures, new organizations, as I suppose, human nature being what it is, we must, let us remember that they exist for the sake of the individual life, and let us, as fast as we can, outgrow them, leave them one side, and, if it must be, construct others that are more adequate.

This lesson is put in such beautiful poetry in the "Chambered Nautilus" of Holmes that I wish to read you a few of its lines : —

" Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

" Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings : —

" Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea ! "

The ideal, then, is a time when there will be no need of external law, or external form of any kind; when the law will be written in the heart, and when we shall live out the divine life as naturally as we breathe, or as the blood flows in our veins.

That Church which has the least organization, and is the least bound by its creed, is not necessarily the farthest away from God. If it be true to its liberty, it ought to be nearer to God; for, when the scaffolding has done its work, then it may be taken down, leaving the beauty of the structure undefaced, unhidden by that which was only a means to an end.

Father, we thank Thee for these visions of the better things. We thank Thee for the good fortune of this age, that we have outgrown and escaped the bitter, bloody tyrannies of the past. We ask Thee that we may not dare to condemn any, whether they follow our way or not, who are trying to find Thee. Let us remember that finding Thee is the consummation and the end, and that they who find Thee, no matter by what means, have found all. Amen.

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LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON AS GUIDES FOR TO-DAY.

As a text, I have chosen the words to be found in the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the first half of the fifteenth verse,—“For I have given you an example.”

Lincoln's birthday was last Thursday. Next Sunday will be Washington's. As we stand here, then, between the two, with the memories overshadowing and inspiring us of the two greatest men the republic has produced, it seemed to me that nothing could be more fitting than that we should consider a few of the practical problems in the country which face us at the present time.

I shall deal with the personality of Lincoln and Washington only by reference and suggestion. I would like to have you think how they would deal with the questions that are before us. They lived in different times, surrounded by different conditions. But if with the same integrity, the same honesty, the same humanity, the same tenderness, patience, perseverance, we front our problems with which they fronted theirs, then we shall indeed be worthy of their memories.

Do you wonder that I take a theme like this for such a place as this and such a day? There are two theories of the relation of God to the world which have been held in the past and which prevail still. One is that which makes a hard-and-fast distinction between what is called “sacred” and what is called “secular.” One holds to the thought that God revealed himself once and for all, completely, in one Book; and those who believe that would think that it is perfectly proper on Sunday morning and in any church to

preach a sermon that deals with any character whose name is mentioned in the Bible. But perhaps they would think that, if we are to deal with modern men and those whose names are not recorded in the sacred Book, we ought to do it at some other time and in some other place.

There is, however, another theory of the relation of God to the world. According to this all ages and all places and all times are sacred. God is living now, God is speaking now, God is working in present history as well as in that of the Jews. God lifts up and inspires and teaches certain men, and they stand as his representatives and spokesmen to-day as much as others did at any time in the history of the world.

If we can hold that theory, there is even a certain advantage in taking modern men, people of our own race and our own time, because they come close to us. I believe, indeed, that this is the theory which we should hold, and, holding it, we may say, here and now, how grateful we are that God has given this nation great men.

Do you see the significance of it? It means that the fibre of the stuff of which we are made is capable of producing such characters. And do you see next what that means? It means that we have a right to take them as inspirations and examples, as indicating what in our degree we may be and may become.

We may not be able to attain the height which they so easily reached; but we can follow after them and set our feet in their footsteps. And it means also that we have a right to use these names and memories for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness. They are of our people, of our blood, of our traditions, of our times. We then can follow them, though it be afar off; and, if we propose to be worthy of the great country which one of them did so much to found, and the other so much to save, then we must meet the questions of this hour in their spirit, and try to be as true and faithful in our day as they were in theirs.

Without any more preliminary, then, I shall suggest for your consideration certain practical problems that face us to-day. I shall not have time to deal with them adequately. Each one of them ought to take one discourse at least. So I can only point out some outline considerations, and perhaps set you to thinking, so that, when the practical solution of these questions comes, you may be ready to face them worthily and in the spirit of our great and noble examples.

People tell us — Secretary Root told us in his address the other day,— that there was apparently a growing gulf of misunderstanding and irritation between the rich and the poor in this country. There are those who say that the rich are not only getting richer, but that the poor are growing poorer. I believe the first of these propositions; but I do not a bit believe the second.

But that there is this sort of feeling is enough to give us a practical problem for solution. We have taught our young men too much in newspapers, in lectures, in books dealing with the opportunities of life here on this continent, dealing with ideals of success, that the one great thing to be aimed at is money.

Take the suggestions of the lives of Washington and Lincoln as bearing on this matter. Washington was rich, one of the richest men in the colonies: Lincoln was poor, one of the poorest men of his time. But note this significant and important fact for us to consider, and remember forever,— when you think of Washington, that he was rich is not the first thing to think of; when you think of Lincoln, your attention is not fastened on the fact that he was poor.

The two men illustrate the great truth that here in this republic manhood is supreme, and that manhood may be attained by both the rich and the poor, by the rich and the poor equally and alike.

Washington used his wealth merely as an opportunity, something setting him free and giving him advantage in the matter of devoting himself to the service of his country

and his time; and Lincoln never dreamed of being overwhelmed or oppressed by the consideration that he was poor. He showed what is still true in this republic,—that any man who has it in him, and who cares, can brush one side the obstacle of poverty, and rise to the highest and best of which he is capable.

Here is the practical solution, then, of the problem of wealth and poverty in this republic. Let us cease fastening our attention on them to this extent. Let us remember that what we are is the chief thing, and that there are open opportunities for any man who will seek the highest heights of manly attainment,—any man, I say.

Another point: for, as I said, I can only suggest some of these matters for consideration. It is very significant, in view of the public discussions that are all the time going on as to our universities and the length of time that a young man should spend at a university before he is permitted to graduate and take his degree, for us to note that neither Washington nor Lincoln ever had any university education at all.

In the technical sense of the word, they were not educated. And yet they were educated as nobly and grandly as any man that has ever trod the soil of our land,—educated in the sense of having their powers and faculties developed so that they could take hold of and deal with the great questions that confronted them; educated in the sense that they knew enough so that this knowledge might cast a light on the pathway along which they would advance to the highest ends of attainment.

They were educated; and no man in America to-day need to be in this essential sense uneducated, whether he ever sees the inside of a university or not. We must broaden our conception of what it means to be educated.

These men became masters of English writing and English speech, Lincoln particularly having produced phrases, passages, orations, which will stand as classics to all time,

which even to-day by the scholar are being compared with the finest products of the finest period of ancient Grecian culture.

There is another point I must speak of very briefly. I would not speak of it at all, did it not seem to me to be my duty. I ask that I may not be misunderstood or my motive misinterpreted. I speak of it, not through any antipathy to the Catholics as such; I speak of it because the Roman Catholic Church to-day illustrates this great, this imminent danger to the welfare of the Republic; and it happens to be represented by the claims which it is making.

Archbishop Farley the other day put in a plea for the city's money to support and endow a Catholic library. That is one point I wish you to note. And the other is kindred to it,—that the Catholic Church is earnestly, patiently, persistently, determinedly making an attack on our public school system. It is endeavoring to do one of two things,—either to get the public schools open to distinctively Catholic teaching or else get public money for the support of distinctively Catholic schools.

And, if the time ever comes when either of these aims is accomplished, it will be a sad day for the future of the republic. England has recently been convulsed from one end to the other over a similar question,—the endeavor of the Established Church of England to get control, or to keep control, of public education.

It seems to me that the principle is so clear that no man who devotes five minutes to careful consideration of it can possibly go astray. Why should Archbishop Farley ask the money of New York for the support of a Catholic library? Why should he ask it for the support of Catholic schools? The principle is here: public money for public uses and public uses alone! I should fight against this just as vigorously if the proposition was to ask for public money to support a Unitarian library or a library of any other sort whatsoever.

You and I are not interested in the fostering and maintenance and spread of a kind of religion in which we do not believe. Let those who are interested in it have all liberty to work for it, to give for it, to build it up in every conceivable way. But what right have they to tax a Jew, a Buddhist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Unitarian, an agnostic, to teach and spread the Catholic faith? Why should money be taken out of my pocket to accomplish ends which I not only do not believe in, but which I do not approve, and which I believe to be detrimental to the public welfare? It is injustice, it is robbery, it is outrage.

I warn you to think of these things; for it has been a surprise to me here in New York to note that movements of this sort are being made every little while. And the result of them is not the rising of the people in defence of the republic: it is hardly more than a paragraph in the newspapers; and just because of this apathy and lack of attention we shall wake up some day to find that certain irretrievable steps have been taken, and that the mischief has been accomplished.

There is one other evil that I wish you to consider in the light of the spirit and temper and example of Lincoln and Washington; and that is what seems to me undoubtedly the growing tendency towards violence, North and South, East and West, in the relations between the whites and the colored people not only, but in the relations between workmen and their employers, not only among grown people, but even among the children.

If the matter has been accurately reported, there was a strike the other day in Albany on the part of the messenger boys. They have a perfect right to strike, they have a perfect right to devote themselves to arguing with and persuading other boys not to interfere with the success of the strike, they have a right by every peaceable method to carry out their purpose; but even the boys have taken to violence of late. They stoned the police. They interfered in every way with other boys who proposed to take their places.

The point is this. When a group of men wishes to have its way, they who constitute the group are getting less and less inclined to take the peaceable method of persuasion or of appealing to law or of trying by the ballot to accomplish their end, and are reverting to barbarism; for that is simply what it means.

If half the stories of what occurred in the mines in Pennsylvania during the last year be true, there was violence there that should not be permitted for an hour. If half the stories that come to us from the South be true, there is mob violence there that should not be permitted for an hour. If half the stories that come to us from the West be true, there is mob violence there,—violence as between the whites and the colored people in the Northern States as well as in the South. In other words, when you reproduce the conditions, the same old qualities of this human nature of ours are likely to make themselves apparent and felt.

I can understand violence in Turkey, in Russia, in a good many other parts of the world; for there the people have no rights which are allowed and respected. They have no voice in the government, they have no peaceable method of redress or change. But there is not the shadow of a shade of an excuse for violence under ordinary conditions in a republic like ours.

Who rules this republic? Who rules this city? Who rules the State of Indiana, the State of South Carolina? You do: I do. Each man has a share in it. He is at liberty to write and print: he is at liberty to talk in private and to preach in public. He is at liberty to do everything he possibly can to change public opinion, to get new laws passed, new ideals accepted, new methods established. Anything is open and is possible in a republic where all the people have a vote; and under such conditions as these there is absolutely no possible excuse for violence.

And we shall not be civilized, we shall not have a right to claim that we are civilized, until mob violence anywhere

and for any cause is immediately, ruthlessly, stamped out. Had I the power, I would repress it by the quickest and most forcible means I could control anywhere, everywhere, instantly. For it is barbarism, pure and simple.

And yet, if the stories that come to us are true, it is increasing; and the danger is that the people will get accustomed to it, become tolerant of it; and, when they do, they share in the barbarous nature of that which they permit and condone.

I come now at the end to speak of one of the gravest questions that faces and threatens the future of the republic. I refer to what has come to be called the Race Problem. What are we going to do with the colored people in this republic? What are they going to do to us?

It is thirty-seven years since the war closed; a little more than that since the Proclamation of Emancipation which set between four and five millions of slaves free. Those four or five millions now, I suppose, are at least ten millions. We had the impression — I know I had — that, when we had given them the ballot,—when we had adopted the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, it was only a matter of time when the thing would work itself out.

We had a sort of belief in the magical power of the ballot. We thought it was going to be an instrument by which the colored man would become civilized, educated, prosperous; and we imagined that he and the whites of the South were going to be able to live together in harmony and good will.

But thirty-seven years have gone by; and the problem, so far as we can see, is not much nearer solution than it was at the beginning. Indeed, there are certain developments of the question which seem more discouraging to us than they did then.

I wish to make my attitude clear to you,— not because I suppose my attitude is specially important; but the attitude

which I hold will determine what I shall say; and you need to understand my attitude, in order to see whether what I have to say is of any practical value.

I do not hold the men of the South responsible for the existence of slavery. They were no more responsible than were the men of the North. All the thirteen colonies had a hand in it at the outset. Merchants and shipmasters sailing from New York and Boston probably did more in the way of bringing slaves from their native jungles to this country and selling them to those who wished their labor than did those of any other part of the country.

Slavery would have continued to exist in the North as it did in the South, had it been equally profitable here. The simple matter of fact was that our industrial conditions were not such as to make it worth while to keep slaves, while the slave labor was just what was needed to carry on the peculiar industries of the Southern States.

We are not then to take a position of superior virtue when we face the condition of things in the South to-day, and hold them responsible. For it is worth our while to note that, even if their fathers were responsible in an even greater degree than were we, the sons are not responsible. Those who are facing this terrible problem and trying to settle it to-day, they certainly are not responsible for its existence.

I had the instruction last night of hearing a dead earnest address on this subject by Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. He spoke before the New York Press Club. He did not change or alter any of my convictions; but I was intensely interested to get his point of view. And, remember, we can never be just to a man until we can get his point of view and look at the problem as it appears to him.

He said with the greatest emphasis that he was thankful that slavery was gone, and if by a stroke of a pen he could bring it back again he would not do it; and yet he is one of the most powerful agencies in the State of South Carolina

in the work of practically disfranchising the negroes, and fighting for the dominance of the white man. This I state neither to approve nor to condemn, but merely to note a matter of fact.

The South is not responsible, then, for the existence of slavery nor of the problem as it exists to-day, whatever you may think of the past. But there this terrible problem is. And let us remember also that the negroes are not responsible for being here, and that we must recognize that fact and their rights as well as those of the white man.

What is it that the people in South Carolina are afraid of? I wonder how many of the people of the North really comprehend the situation. There are a certain number of hundreds of thousands more colored people in the State of South Carolina than there are white people. That means, if the free ballot is allowed to everybody, the rule of the whites by the blacks. And these blacks, no matter what may be said of some of them, are, in the main, unfit to govern themselves, much less to govern anybody else.

What would you do if you were in a State where there were more negroes than whites, and where they were ignorant and coarse and rough and brutal, and where they proposed to control things entirely and have them all their own way? Would you be a great deal better than you think the people of South Carolina are?

I merely put the question for you in the privacy of your own homes to think over and answer; and I ask you to have that side of the problem in your mind when you are about to deal practically with the matter.

What is it that the people in South Carolina are afraid of? I do not know; but I know what Senator Tillman is afraid of, for he told us last night. He says that, if social and political equality are allowed to the colored people, it means, in his judgment, within the next fifty years a gradual mixing, mongrelizing, degrading, of the entire people. And he is ready, in the spirit of dead earnest conviction, to fight against it to the last breath.

It is not a mere matter that we are going to settle by passing laws in Congress, by legislating, by lectures, by newspaper articles : it is a situation, not a theory ; and the attitude of the whites in South Carolina and in other Southern States is a part of the problem, must be faced, must be met, must be dealt with. And we desire the education and the civilization and uplifting of the great mass of white people in the South, do we not, as much as we do that of the blacks ?

I am not sure that Senator Tillman's fear is well grounded. I merely mention it to you as being a part of the problem with which we have got to deal ; and we have got to deal with it, and that speedily. Secretary Root told us the other night that the hopes of the men of thirty-seven years ago had proved futile. The ballot, he said, has been a failure. What did he mean by that ? He meant that the ballot had not changed the character, socially, of the colored man ; that it had not necessarily educated him ; that it had not civilized him ; that it had not lifted him up to the level of the whites ; that it had not healed the breach between the races ; that it had not been the means of making the whites any more ready to associate with him than they were before. Why should we have expected any such result as that from the ballot ? Do you know, friends, one thing we have overlooked ; and we never shall deal with this problem rationally until we take it into most serious account. That is the difference between the white man and the black. The black man is not simply a white man with a colored skin, and who can be made just like anybody else by sending him to school. We have learned the truth of the great science of evolution ; and what light does it cast on this problem ? It tells us that there are centuries of natural development between the position which the white man occupies and that occupied by the black.

Why should we expect a thousand years of natural growth to be leaped over in a generation ? We did ex-

pect it, thousands of us expected it; but we have learned that the expectation was a foolish one.

And we have got to front another fact. We are learning gradually that merely educating people does not necessarily make them good, whether they are white or black. I think it has been one of the pet theories of this republic that the common school contained in it the solution for every sort of problem; that, if we could only send everybody and anybody to school, we should have the millenium.

But we have found out that an educated scoundrel may be only a sharper and more irresponsible kind of scoundrel. We have found out that habits, customs, traditions, having breathed the atmosphere of a certain kind of civilization, are quite as important as merely knowing how to read and write.

I make a little confession here now. I do not mean in making it to claim any superior wisdom. Those who have been familiar with my ideas for twenty-five years know that I have never been in favor of the kind of suffrage which is conferred upon people in this country, either white or black. Why should a man from Poland or Hungary, the next day after he steps off an immigrant steamer, be made a citizen of the United States?

Perhaps he has been trained in other forms of government until the ideas connected with them are ingrained; and it is almost impossible for him to comprehend what our system means. And, then, in a great many cases, he cannot write his name, and could not read it if you wrote it for him. Why should he be intrusted with a share of the destinies of this great republic? Surely, the negroes, even the worst, poorest, and most ignorant of them, are as capable of voting as are men like these.

I have said for years that, if I had had my way at the outset, I would have made the ballot a prize, to be attained. I would have had it depend, not upon money, not upon color, not upon creed, not upon race, not even upon sex.

I would give it to those persons who have character and intelligence enough to make good citizens.

But it is too late now for that. I suppose we cannot go back on the history of the last fifty years. The question is as to what we shall do to-day. And I frankly confess to you that I come here with no panacea. I do not know what we are going to do. I do not see the way out of it.

There are certain things, which are probably utterly impracticable, which I should like to see tried. I would like to have the colored people scattered over the country in groups, if you please, here and there. Let them have control of towns or small cities; and let them learn self-government, with the example of our methods and our inspiration all around them. In this way let them gradually grow up into self-control, into fitness to take care of themselves.

But, as I said, I have no panacea to-day. And I wish to say again, so that we may be humble and enter upon this great task with a proper spirit, that I do not believe the most of us would have done much better than they have done down South if the conditions had been reversed. We were very bitter against the men who went into the Confederate Army; but we know perfectly well, if we think of it calmly two minutes, that, if we had been born and trained as they were, we should have gone into the Confederate Army just as they did.

We cannot, therefore, plume ourselves on superior virtue. The thing that we need to do is to help the country out of this great difficulty; and, in order to do that, we need sympathy and comprehension of the problem. We need tenderness towards those who are struggling with it, bitterly, fiercely perhaps, sometimes, in the South. We need to know what it means to them, what their hopes and fears are. And we need to remember what I said a moment ago, that the colored man did not come here himself; and we, having brought him here, are under the highest of all conceivable obligations to do for him the very best thing we can discover.

We need his labor. Let us do all we can to educate, to develop him, to give him a free opportunity to become the best and highest possible. And at the same time let us deal with the problems so that there may be no bitterness, antagonism, so that there may be no degradation of the white people as they stand face to face with these masses of the black.

I offer no solution this morning. It is too large a subject to enter upon. I do not doubt for a moment that we shall find one. I have faith in God. I have faith in the calm sense of the people. I have faith in their humanity and in their ability to find a way. But, as we take each new step, I beg of you, remember Washington, remember Lincoln, remember the spirit and temper with which they met the difficulties of their time. Remember their integrity, their humanity, their tenderness, their honesty, their truth, their consecration. Remember their devotion to the republic, their devotion to God, their devotion to their fellow-men.

And, as we remember, let us hear the voice of the Spirit saying to us in the words of our text, "For I have given you an example."

Dear Father, let us love this republic, which means so much to us and which carries not only our destiny, but the hope of liberty and equality for manhood up the future. Let us love it. Let us give to it not only our passionate devotion, but our calm attempt to understand its problems and needs. Let us give our patience and our loving service.

AMEN.

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

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THE WAY OF JESUS.

My text you may find in the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, the thirty-fourth verse,— “And he called unto him the multitude with his disciples, and said unto them, If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.”

The method of the religious life is frequently spoken of as the “path,” or the “way,” the way out of evil into good, the way from self to God, the way from destruction to salvation, the way from sin to righteousness.

In the Acts of the Apostles Paul is represented as starting out on his persecuting tour, seeking after those of the “way,” who followed the way of Jesus. In the Old Testament we are told of a highway cast up, made so plain “that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.” Bunyan in his wonderful “Pilgrim’s Progress” represents Christian as walking a road which leads from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

My purpose this morning is to consider with you some of the principal steps that any man must naturally and necessarily take if he decides to follow Jesus; that is, to become one of his disciples. If we shall find out by the time we are through that this way of Jesus, which he taught, which he illustrated, is the natural way for a true man, a true woman, to live, why so much the better.

Religion is essentially a life, not a feeling, not a ritual, not a belief: it is a life. “Conduct is three-fourths of life,” says Matthew Arnold.

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight :
His can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

So says Pope in his “Essay on Man.”

And yet we must not overlook two or three considerations. Religion is essentially life; but it is also feeling and ritual and creed, and none of these can be escaped. The point for you to note, however, is that feeling and the ritual and the creed are for the life,—not the life for them. If one does anything, he must have some form, some method of doing it, however simple; and, if one ever acts, it is under the impulse of feeling. Feeling, then, is the motive force of action, and so is of the most immediate and greatest importance. And the kind of feeling will naturally determine the kind of action.

So concerning the matter of belief. It is the fashion at the present time to decry belief, creeds, as being of no importance. "He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,"—true; but he whose beliefs are wrong will be likely to be found acting wrongly before a great while, because ultimately it is the belief which determines the action,—not necessarily the belief which we formally profess, but the belief we really hold.

If I wish to get on the other side of a river in winter, my belief as to whether the ice is strong enough to hold me may become in the trial one of even vital importance. If I wish to take a train, and it is a matter of life or death that I reach a certain station at a certain time, my belief in the time table, as to the question of when the train starts, may be a very vital matter, indeed. If I am ill, the belief of the physician as to what is the matter with me and as to what is the best method of treatment to follow may be of the utmost consequence.

If a man believes in religion,—that connection with a certain organization is more important than honesty, than conduct, than purity of life,—it may make a great deal of difference in the outcome. If a man holds that accepting a certain creed is the condition of salvation, and that, if he hold to the "form of sound words," the method of his life is of slight consequence,—will it make any difference?

Belief in the truth of things is of the utmost importance ; and yet, as I said, it is a matter of emphasis : the belief is for the sake of action. And so it holds true that true religion is a light, a right life, that is a righteous life, a life in accord with the truth of God and the real relations in which we ought to stand to our fellow-men.

Now let us consider some of the steps that we ought to follow in leading this practical life. Prerequisite to the very first step, unless you choose to call it the first step, is faith. Faith is one of the best-abused words in the language. By faith I do not mean a definite kind of belief in a doctrine.

Faith is one of the most simple and practical things in the world. The Bible says, "The just shall live by faith." I say it is equally true that the unjust live by faith. All men live by faith : they must perforce. Nine-tenths at least of the actions of every day on the part of all of us are taken on faith, a certain amount of trust.

We are very rarely certain of the outcome of anything we undertake. We consider the whole matter in all its bearings, and we cast ourselves in practice upon a certain venture, determine to follow a certain way ; and we do it on faith.

We take a steamer for Europe. We have faith in the company, faith in the men who built the ship, faith in the captain and his crew, faith in the stability and general order of things. We do not know that we shall ever arrive at our port. We start out on faith. So every railway train we take ; so everything we do. And no matter whether it is a good thing or a bad thing, no matter what our course of conduct may be, we have to take a thousand things for granted, and test the matter by trial.

So, if a man decides to follow Jesus, to walk in his way, to lead the practical life of a disciple, it means simply that he makes up his mind that, on the whole, that is the wiser, the better thing, for him to do. He may not feel sure of the

result of following Jesus; and, so far as the practical outcome of it is concerned, it does not necessarily mean that you are settled in your mind as to his infallibility.

Suppose you are in the Adirondack wilderness: you do not know anything about it, its devious pathways, its mountains, its woods, its lakes. You put yourself by faith into the hands of a guide: you are not sure that he knows his business, not certain as to his honesty; but you must be led by somebody and you trust him. And, though he may seem bewildered sometimes, you know he knows more of woodcraft than you do; and you trust that he will lead you to a place of safety.

So we must make up our minds if we have any definite object in life to follow. We must make up our minds as to what that shall be. Are we after money? Do we care chiefly for pleasure? Do we desire literary fame? Do we very much desire political or social position or place? No matter what we want, we make up our mind to follow a certain definite line of action through life in the endeavor to attain the one thing which we chiefly desire; and we must do it by faith,—faith in ourselves, faith in the possibility of attainment, faith in the guidance and good advice of those who have been over the way before us.

Now the faith that we are required to have in Jesus in order to become his disciples is just as simple, just as rational, just as natural, just as human as any of these other faiths which I have spoken of.

People misuse this word "faith." It has nothing whatever to do with determining as to the nature of Jesus, or how he was born, or when he was born; as to any historic fact in the past; as to who wrote a book in the Bible; as to when it was written; as to whether it is infallible or not.

People generally speak of taking all these things "on faith"; but it is merely to talk nonsense to use language in that fashion. Questions of history or tradition, questions

of criticism, are questions of fact, to be decided on the evidence, if we are honest and true with ourselves. But these practical matters of living are matters of faith, and must be. We determine to start out along this way ; and we trust in the outcome.

Now what is the first step in the way of Jesus after this practical decision of faith ? It is a word which perhaps we do not hear very much of in our Unitarian churches, perhaps not so much as we ought to : it is repentance. When John the Baptist came preaching, the first thing he said was, "Repent." When Jesus took up his message, the first thing he said was, "Repent."

What did they mean ? If we put into this word the natural, human meaning, we shall find that it has an application to us as real as it ever had among any religionists in the past. The Catholic Bible — that is, that English translation of the Bible which Catholics most affect — translates the Greek word "do penance." That is not what it means. Neither John the Baptist nor Jesus, nor any New Testament writer, ever said anything about anybody's doing penance, making themselves voluntarily miserable in some way for the sake of a good supposed to result from it. That is not what repentance means.

As a boy, I was taught to believe that the essential thing in repentance was feeling badly, sorry, even to tears, if possible. And I remember, when I was trying to find the way of Jesus, that it grieved me more than anything else that I could not feel badly, as badly as I supposed I ought to, over my sins. But I have learned, in careful study of the New Testament, that the essential thing in repentance is not feeling badly at all. You may or may not feel badly. That depends upon your sensitiveness, the way you look upon your past life.

What is it to repent ? It means *change your purpose*.

You have been walking one way, going in one road, — in a road inconsistent with the way of Jesus, the way of truth.

the way of love, the way of God, the way of unselfishness, the way of right. Change your purpose, and set your feet in this way : that is what repentance means.

If a man is very sensitive in his temperament, and if, as he looks back, he is conscious that he has been guilty of wrongs to his fellow-men, of wrongs to himself ; if he has wasted and thrown away the better and nobler things in his life,— why, of course he will feel badly about it. But, if he feels ever so badly about it and does not do anything, that is not repentance ; and, if he changes his purpose in accordance with the high and right and fine things, no matter about his feeling ; that is repentance.

Let me illustrate by the Prodigal Son. What was the essential thing with him ? I should think from reading the story that he must have felt badly. It does not say anything about his having shed any tears ; but, as he remembered that he had wronged his father, how foolish he had been, how he had wasted his property, thrown away his time, degraded himself by his vile associations,— as he thought over all that, it would have been very strange, indeed, if he had not felt badly.

But, if he had sat down in this far country, and simply felt badly to the end of his life, and simply repented in that way, it would not have done him any good. The essential thing was that he arose and went to his father. How he felt about it can be left to take care of itself.

Repentance, then, is this practical thing, a perfectly natural thing, a perfectly human thing. If, as you think it over, you are conscious that you have been leading just the right kind of life, that you do not need to change your purpose, to set your feet in any other way, then I do not ask you to repent. You do not need it : you do not need to be born again if you were born all right in the first place. But, if your life has been like mine, like that of most people, then if you simply, and in a manly way, make up your mind that henceforth you are going to follow in the way of Jesus,

then you will begin by repenting, by changing the purpose of your life and bringing it into accord with the divine.

The next step after repentance is what? It is forgiveness. And here, again, we need to clear away misconceptions as to the nature of forgiveness. One trouble I find with the accepted beliefs of the old churches is — at any rate, as it is popularly interpreted — that the past can be all wiped away by forgiveness. The impression frequently made on unthinking people by the story of the penitent thief on the cross is that he was forgiven, and ushered straight into Paradise, and that being there, on the right side of the gate when it was closed, he was as well off as anybody.

But does forgiveness do anything of the kind? Forgiveness never changed a past fact. Forgiveness never intercepted the working out of a natural and necessary result of any broken law. The past remains, however much you are forgiven. The injury you have done other people is there. It stands. You cannot touch it. You may possibly make partial reparation; but, if you have led somebody out of the right way into the wrong, your repenting does not touch the fact that that person is still walking this wrong way, and may walk it, so far as we can see, to the end.

You have injured some person so that his life is broken. It is a failure, practically. It is ruined. Because God forgives you, is that wiped out? No. It stands.

You have wounded your own life: you have injured yourself, as every man must who does wrong. Does being forgiven change that? No. The past is past, and irreparable.

You can begin over again. In the light of the past you can make the future what it ought to be. You may even climb

“on stepping-stones
Of our dead selves to higher things”;

but the stepping-stones of the dead selves are there, and so much is thrown away. Forgiveness does not mean wiping

out the past and making things just as though they had never been.

And follow the penitent thief, if you will, into paradise. Where does he start? He starts where he begins, as a penitent thief. He is the result of all the years of his wasted and criminal life. He is so much behind what he might have been; and it may take him ages to catch up again. This let us never forget.

Forgiveness does not wipe out the past; but it brings us into tender, trustful, personal relationship with God so that we have new heart and new courage, and may begin where we are and henceforth climb along the heights that lead up to the best and the noblest.

But there are two sides to forgiveness; and we need to note the other side for a moment. Did you ever consider the significance of that phrase in the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors"? And Jesus comments on this idea after the prayer is finished, and says, "If you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will forgive you; but, if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

Now I wish you to note that this is not an arbitrary thing. God does not withhold forgiveness to a man because he wants to. So long as he is unforgiving himself God cannot forgive a man. Forgiveness is two-sided. One side reaches from you to God, and the other side reaches from you to your fellows; and the two go together. This is a condition of the heart and life.

A forgiven unforgiving man is as necessarily a contradiction in terms as is cold fire, or hot ice, or white blackness. It is not a matter for power. It is not a matter for love even. God cannot forgive you except as along with that goes forgiveness on your part for all who you think have wronged you.

In another place, Jesus touches this same great truth,—I

have referred to it a good many times,—when he says, “If you bring your gift to the altar, and there remember that your brother has anything against you, leave your gift, go and be reconciled to your brother, and then come and offer your gift.” In other words, you simply cannot approach God except through right relations to your fellow-men, because approaching God is a moral and spiritual thing; and you must be in this moral and spiritual attitude towards your fellow-men before you can be conscious of the love and life of God.

You can be forgiven then, not in the sense of having the past wiped out, but in being reconciled to God, having atonement—at-one-ment—wrought, so that henceforth you do not carry the burden of feeling that you are struggling against the Infinite, who must of necessity be opposed to you. The Father becomes a loving friend, and all the more loving, you may say, because of your sin and your need. Just as a father or mother loves with peculiar tenderness a crippled or perhaps half mentally developed child, loves with a yearning tenderness and pity, so I believe God loves us when we have been astray, loves us with that power, that sweetness that would win us back again, loves us not so much because we are lovable as because our need is great.

Now the next characteristic of this life is that which Jesus had in mind when, in his figurative language, he said we were not to lay up our treasures on earth, but in heaven. What here did Jesus mean? He meant, it seems to me, the most reasonable, human, beautiful thing in all the world. The one who will follow Jesus must make the spiritual life, the mental, the moral life, the one great thing; and all others must be subordinated to it. He must lay the emphasis on this.

Now to illustrate. Suppose a man is rich? If he is walking in the way of Jesus, the end and aim of his life will not be his riches: they will be raw material, which he can

transmute into spiritual wealth ; that is, into love, tenderness, pity, service, help.

Suppose a man is poor. He will not spend his life bemoaning that fact. Because his means are limited, he will make this life of struggle and deprivation again raw material, that he can transmute into sympathy, pity, tenderness, spiritual life. It is this which Browning had in mind,—and I have referred to it several times, and probably shall several times more,—when he said that the great thing is the “development of a soul.” All life is for this, if you see clearly and are trying to walk in the way of Jesus.

Suppose you are lifted into some high position because you have shown marked ability. Jesus said the way of the Gentiles has been that people holding these positions use them as means for personal gratification. They use this power to exploit their fellows ; but he says, “It is not to be so among you.” The great man becomes greatest of all because he serves, because he devotes himself to the highest and best things.

This is Washington's birthday. As I said last Sunday, when you think of Washington, you do not think chiefly of his being a rich man, though he was ; or of his being merely a great man, though he was. Washington used his money and his ability, all of his powers of every kind, for service, transmuted them into spiritual qualities. In the figurative language of Jesus, he laid up his treasure, not where moth and rust can corrupt, where thieves can break through and steal, but in heaven, beyond the reach of time and change. The wealth, the power, the character, of Washington, was not perishable. There is nothing in it that can ever pass away.

Suppose you are obscure : instead of having ten talents or even five, you have only one. Use your obscurity as a means of cultivating your spiritual nature, making yourself noble and true, patient, simple, able to sympathize with others who are obscure. That is, be a man, be divine in

being a man, wherever you are, whatever you are. And that is the way of Jesus. Is it not the rational way for a man, for a woman, to live?

Suppose you love art: do not let art dominate you. Use art as a man; make it minister to the world's beauty, the world's joy, the world's good. Suppose you have literary power: do not let it turn you into a book. Be a man, and use books; transmute the literature of the world into spiritual qualities, into character. Suppose you love music: do not be merely a musician. Be a man first, and use the magic of music to delight the world and to minister to the highest and finest things in the world.

This is the way of Jesus. Be a man, be a woman; and wherever you are, whatever your conditions, whatever your possessions, let them all be secondary, and make them build up your manhood or your womanhood. This is a thing that this age needs to learn, with its extremes of poverty and of wealth, with its jealousies, its bitterness, its heartaches, its longings. It needs to learn that there is no power in the universe, except in the man himself, that can make his life a failure. That is absolutely true. God is on your side: the laws, the forces of the universe, are on your side; and, if you choose, you can make them your servants, make them help you.

No man need to let conditions make him sour and narrow and bitter and mean because he cannot have his way. Be of the essential qualities of sweetness yourself, and like the rose, or an apple in its ripening, whatever your conditions, you will extract beauty and sweetness from them, and grow ripe, and not rotten. This is the power which God has enthroned in every soul.

This leads me to consider the next step; and that is sacrifice. Jesus said: If you wish to follow me, take up the cross daily, sacrifice yourself for my sake. He that gains his life will lose it; and he that loses his life for my sake will find it.

Lowell, in his poem of "Sir Launfal," has sung: —

"At the devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
 No price is set on the lavish summer;
 June may be had by the poorest comer."

I agree with a part of Lowell's teaching: with the other part I disagree. At the devil's booth all things are sold. At God's booth, too, all things are sold. The Christian leads a life of sacrifice. The sinner leads a life of sacrifice. Every man leads a life of sacrifice. Every man must. In other words, we cannot do everything, we cannot have everything, we cannot enjoy everything. We must choose, and, for the sake of that choice, pay the price of the rest; that is, sacrifice the rest. That is the universal law. The law of sacrifice is a law of life, that is all; and there is no more sacrifice about a Christian life than there is about any other: only in other lives you sacrifice a good deal better things, and in the Christian life you never have to sacrifice anything that is really worth anything.

If a boy grows up to be a man, he must sacrifice the freedom and delights and joys of his boyhood in the process. If you take a wild Indian of the plains and ask him to become civilized, he must give up his free and irresponsible life. If a young man is to go into business and win success he must sacrifice a good many amusements, whatever stands in the way of that success. As Milton sang a good many years ago, he who will win any great height must

"Scorn delights and live laborious days."

If a man is to make a financial success in the world, he must give up certain other things. If he is to gain a literary success, the same is true. No matter what kind of a life you

decide to lead, you must pay the price of it. If you decide to lead a good life, the only things you pay are bad things. But, if you decide to lead a bad life, you have got to pay a lot of good things. So it is a life of sacrifice, whichever way you take.

I do not believe in people's voluntarily assuming burdens. A great many people when the season of Lent comes around, while they have been living a life perhaps of pure self-indulgence all the rest of the year, determine, as though it were a merit, to go without eating certain things for forty days, to do without going to places of amusement for forty days, doing this or refraining from that for forty days. All this seems to me pure artifice, trying to fool ourselves with superficial matters while we fail to see the essential, pure, open, eternal truths of life.

God does not ask us voluntarily to make ourselves miserable. We shall have all the occasion we need, if we are true to ourselves, when the hour of temptation comes and the stress of life faces us. I do not believe we need to go out of our way to invent things with which to torment our souls. Let us be true to the highest things in us, and sacrifice whatever stands in the way of that: that is the Christian law of sacrifice.

Walk this road, and give up the joy of wandering off into side paths that lead nowhere in particular; give up rest and leisure that you might have if you did not lead this life of help and service; give yourselves to God; be a man, and pay the price of it: that is the Christian law of sacrifice.

Now one other point only, and this is not so much the last step (it is the last if you look at the order of values and consider it the climax),—not so much the last as it is that which ought to permeate and cover and clothe the life all the way through,—the essential thing in following Jesus is that we should love.

What does love mean? Love is not merely a passion: it

is not merely an emotion. Perhaps you get the finest interpretation when you remember that the New Testament says that "God is love."

What constitutes the sun what it is? The fact of its universal, eternal, spontaneous, generous giving of itself, to good, to bad, to beauty, to ugliness, to sweetness, to filth, to mountain peaks, to gutters. The sun gives itself, beautifies, glorifies, cleanses, transmutes all.

In this sense God is love; and the essential thing in his nature is that God is the universal giver of himself, pouring out his infinite nature upon all things that are, not upon the good people only, but upon the bad people, as he sends his rain on the just and on the unjust. God includes all things in this love.

So if we love, try to be like the Father, try to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, we shall love God first, as the infinite ideal of all that is beautiful and good and fair; we shall love our friends, those that love us; we shall love kindred spirits, those that we delight to have as our companions; we shall love people that are not lovely, love them with a yearning tenderness that seeks to serve, that pities them because they are not lovely.

You remember that prayer, one of the sweetest and finest things I know of, "God bless the wicked: the good thou hast already sufficiently blessed in making them good." That is the spirit we should cultivate as we look out over the world,—love the unlovely, believing that God has not created one soul without placing in the centre of it somewhere the germ of infinitely divine possibilities; love it for the sake of that, surround it with love, as the sun surrounds a dead tree, or one apparently dead, in the spring, bathing it with its light and its warmth, until the hard, rough bark bursts and the buds appear, and leaves and flowers follow, covering it with beauty and glory.

So love the unlovely, the rugged, the gnarled, the ugly, the coarse human beings; be like the Father in loving; love

for the sake of developing and unfolding all these divine and sweet and high possibilities in their nature.

Love your enemies. Is that a hard saying? If you have an enemy, it is because you have done something to create that enmity, or he thinks you have. If you have, love him as one you have injured, and try to make reparation. If he thinks you have, do not hate him for it; he is more to be pitied than you are. You pity a man with a broken arm, or a twisted leg, or with an imperfect development of the brain, or who is deaf, or who is blind. Cannot you pity morally twisted, broken, and deformed lives? cannot you pity morally deaf and blind people? can you not pity them just because they are so unhappy, because they need so much to find out the truth and the way, and to be delivered from these evil conditions?

This is the divine way of loving: love all souls that exist. Love them until you become so divine that you cannot believe in the possibility of any single soul in all the universe being forgotten, or finally left marred and broken when, as Tennyson says,—

“God hath made the pile complete.”

One of the sweetest bits of religion that I know of in any literature or Bible of all the world is this sentence which I hold in my hand. I feared I could not repeat it accurately to you from memory; and so I wish to read it. It is Buddhist, from a Chinese liturgy: “Never will I seek or receive private, individual salvation, never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever and ever and everywhere I will live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all the worlds.”

That is divine love, that is divine pity: that it is which heals, which saves, which redeems, which lifts up even to the uttermost.

If we walk the way of Jesus, we shall love them as he loved, praying for our enemies if need be with our last

breath, as he prayed for his, loving until we compel all things to take on the character and drink in the spirit of that love.

Our God, we thank Thee that we can dream such sweet dreams of goodness; that we can see that they are not divine only, but human; that we can see that they are reasonable and practicable. So let us give ourselves to making these visions real. Amen.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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No. 22.

The Voices of the Dead

GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
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1903

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NOTE.

"The Voices of the Dead" was preached at Boston in June, 1884. Though published at that time in *Unity Pulpit*, it is being continually called for. But it has long been out of print, and we take advantage of Dr. Savage's absence from the pulpit last Sunday to reprint it. Mr. Collyer preached but did not wish his sermon published.

THE PUBLISHERS.

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.

I HAVE rarely preached what could properly be called a funeral sermon. But, toward the close of almost every year since I have been with you, I have taken up some topic the pursuit of which would lead our common meditation along the pathway that is bordered with cypress and immortelles. That pathway we all of us have trodden; for it is because the fact of death is so very familiar that the words of Longfellow are so often on our lips,—

"There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

I am sure, then, of your sympathetic listening when I try to speak to you of those who have gone over into the silence.

I come with no formal offering of consolation. The words of another mean so little when the lips of the one we love are white and still that talk then seems to me almost an impertinence. I can perfectly understand what Lowell must have meant when he wrote:—

"Console, if you will: I can bear it.
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Hath made death other than death.

"Immortal? I feel it, I know it:
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal away from me!

"Communion in spirit? Forgive me;
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my income from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

"That little shoe in the corner,
 So worn and wrinkled and brown,
 With its emptiness confutes you,
 And argues your wisdom down."

And so, since no words can touch or change the fact, I have always felt that a silent handclasp beside a grave was more eloquent than any formal speech. But when the grasses are green upon the grave; when the flowers are teaching us that life and beauty still reign though the dust goes back to dust; when the thickest clouds of sorrow are dissolved in tears; when time and distance have at least taught us to be patient,—then we may be in a mood to think calmly, and listen to what the voices of the dead may have to say.

The first questions that press upon us are the common ones,—old, but forever new. From that far-off day when the first friend bent anxiously over the first white, silent face, and wondered what this new, strange thing meant, until the whispered "Good-bye" that this moment somewhere trembles on the air, this human race of ours has been asking the same old questions. Do they still live? Do they remember us, and love us? Shall we find them and know them again? Even if they live, will they not have grown away from us? What kind of life do they lead? Can they communicate with us in any way? Would not their seeing our sorrows interfere with their happiness?

These, and a hundred other questions, press upon our hearts. To all of them many are the answers that have been offered us. But so many have they been, and so contradictory, that they cannot all be true. What ones, then, are true? There are not wanting many in the modern world who doubt them all. I hope for another life; and I trust that some day I shall exchange that hope for a certainty. But, beyond that, I do not much expect to go. If that life is different from and higher than this, then we must wait before we can know it. Knowledge is the result of experience. We know the way

we have trodden ; but that part of our path that lies before us we can only know as, step by step, we make it our own.

But all these many inviting themes I propose to leave one side this morning. Whatever the future may be, the thing of chief importance for us is to-day. Though the lips of death do not open to let out the secrets of that land that our earthly sunshine conceals, yet their very silence breaks into voice with lessons of living importance for the present hour. A few of these lessons, then, I wish to interpret for you, if I may. What have the dead, as dead, to say to us, the living ?

From these closed eyes and these white lips,
Where loving smiles no longer play,
What, to the ear that silence hears,
Does Death to us, the living, say ?

1. The silent lips that mark the close of a sweet, a fortunate, or a noble life, always speak to me first of gratitude. I know the first feeling of most is that of an irreparable loss. But what does the great loss mean but that you have been in possession of a great treasure ? And so my first feeling is one of thanks for the sweet years of friendship, of association, of love. We have had these years of joy and of good together. That fact and the blessed memories of it cannot be taken away from us.

On this point, let us listen to the words of one that our narrow, ordinary Christian teaching has accustomed us to think of as a heathen. The old Roman, Seneca, writes : " The comfort of having a friend may be taken away from you, but not that of having had one. In some respects, I have lost what I have had ; in others, I still retain what I have lost. It is an ill construction of Providence to reflect only upon my friend's being taken away without any regard to the benefit of his being once given to me. He that has lost a friend has more cause of joy that he once had him than of grief that he is taken away. That which is past we are sure of. It is impossible to make it not to have been."

And another so-called heathen, the Greek Plutarch, after the death of their little girl, writes thus to his wife: "Should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when she was alive only afflict us now, when she is dead? Since she gave us so much pleasure while we had her, so ought we to cherish her memory, and make that memory a glad rather than a sorrowful one. Let us not ungratefully accuse fortune for what was given us, because we could not also have all that we desired. What we had, and while we had it, was good, though now we have it no longer."

What reason have we not to be glad and thankful for the imperishable memories of father, mother, wife, husband, child, brother, sister, friend! In the midst of the din and weariness of some discouraged afternoon, is not the bird-song at our window that waked us to the first life of the dewy morning still ours, its remembered sweetness still giving us back that fragrant hour that will not return again!

How much of the beauty and joy of life is made up of memories! How small a part of the world we really live in is made of that which day by day passes before our eyes! Our real world is the remembered one. The rare landscape, the mountain outlook, the ruin whose crumbling stones and clinging ivy were redolent of romantic history, the sun-lit reach of laughing sea, or the night-scene of moonlight on the waters, the forest walk or the crowds of distant cities,—these make up the world we love to live in, when a little leisure releases us from present toil. And these are all of things that we remember.

And, as it is of places, so also is it of persons. Those we meet and talk with every day are few as compared with those who come to us from out the past. And these remembered forms are present companions.

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

However keen the still lingering grief over the death of some one who made so large a part of your life, is there one who hears me who would give up the memory of that life for the sake of escaping the present pain? Would you make that all a blank for the sake of that peace which is only the absence of sorrow? Give me rather the pressed flower, the faded ribbon, the half-worn shoe, and even the tears shall not make me sorry I had the love.

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

"I shall have had my rapture, come what may."

And not only are the lost ones ours still in memory: they are with us in another way that is quite as real. Their love, their deeds, their association, the influence of their characters,—these have largely helped to make us what we are. How much of the best that is in us are we not conscious that we owe to them!

The graves of loved ones far away
Up the dim track of years
Still nerve the purpose of to-day
To rise above our fears.

Oh, many a tender word is said
And gentle deed is wrought,
In memory of the cherished dead
That live still in our thought.

And many a man, whose noble fight
For truth has lifted men,
Knows some dead loved one's deathless might
His motive power has been.

And so, as I listen, the first voice of the dead that I seem to hear is one that bids us be grateful for all the positive good of the years when they were ours, and for the no less positive good of the present memories that still make them ours for inspiration and comfort.

2. But there is another voice that we ought to hear and

heed. And this bids us beware that, through devotion to the dead, we do not cloud the lives of the living. Piety toward the lost is to be commended ; but there is a kind of piety to the dead that is impiety to the living. For example, I have known such cases as this. A mother loses one of her children. This child was no more remarkable and no more loved than any of the rest. But, during sickness, this one called specially for the mother's care and for the lavish outpouring of all her devotion. And, when at last death comes, the virtues of this lost one are all exaggerated by the mist of tears through which they are seen, until the mourning is such as makes all the living feel that they count for almost nothing. We cannot but mourn for the dead ; and we would not have it otherwise.

“ Let grief be her own mistress still :
 She loveth her own anguish deep
 More than much pleasure. Let her will
 Be done.”

I'd have you do all you can for the dead. Make beautiful the place where they sleep. Set apart a sacred chamber in the heart that shall be a shrine for them forever. But do not give all your thought and love and care to the dead. Remember it is well with them. And the living need you more than they. But let one of the lost ones speak as if in his own person : —

Weep for me tenderly ; for I,
 Were you here lying in my place,
 Would press my warm lips on your brow,
 And rain the hot tears on your face.

And, when this body's laid away,
 I'd have you my low earth-bed make
 All fresh with grass and sweet with flowers,
 And sacred for the old time's sake.

But then, sweet friends, look up and on !
 Let sunshine all the clouds break through ;
 And do not for my sake forget
 What *for the living* you should do !

Let not the shadow of my loss
 Darken the path the living tread;
 But let the memories of my past
 Still cheer and help, though I am dead.

In the early days of the world, among the lower barbaric tribes, the death of any at all prominent member of a tribe was nothing less than a general calamity. For it was looked upon as a religious duty to see to it that everything the dead one owned was destroyed. House, furniture, food, clothing, weapons, horses, all were burned on one funeral pile or buried in one grave. Even his wives and servants were frequently sent to bear him company in the other world. The comfort, the well-being, and sometimes the very lives of the living were thus sacrificed to the dead. We all think such things to be barbaric and cruel.

But the taint of that barbarism is not all eliminated from the modern world. Our cemeteries still witness to the wasting of thousands and thousands of dollars on what is nothing but the ostentatious pride or the wasteful recklessness of sorrow. The dead are not helped, while the living that need help are forgotten. And many a home is made dark and dreary for the living by what is nothing better — when carried so far — than a selfish indulgence in what is a very intemperance of grief. It seems to me nothing less than a serious wrong for us still, though in our modern fashion, to sacrifice the living for the dead. It denies, by implication, all our professed faith in the future. At the very worst, the dead are in peace, while the living still thrill and throb with either pain or pleasure; and it lies with us very largely as to which it shall be.

3. The next voice of the dead tells us something we can do for them and for the living as well, at the same time. Continue the work for the world that the dead ones loved, and so see to it that earth loses as little as possible by their departure.

Almost all lives, however old, are incomplete. They cher-

ished plans that had lured them on for years, and that yet they leave as fragments. Finish the work then that they have left you to do. Thus, you may feel that you are building their monuments. Thus, you may help the living world, and at the same time gladden their hearts, if they can look back, and prove to them that you truly love and remember.

To illustrate what I mean. I know a father who has lost his only son, for whom he had intended the wealth, that his years of labor had accumulated. This loss he carries, as a life-long sorrow, in his heart; but he does not do as did that New York gentleman, whose daughter is buried in Greenwood, pile his whole fortune in useless marble over the grave. He is planning to-day to establish a school, munificently endowed, dedicated to the memory of his son. Thus, he can feel that his son, though lost, is still living in and helping on the world. Such a son is not dead, but is one of the living forces to lift the present and mould the future. Thus can we all, if we will, knowing what our dead would have done for mankind, seek to carry out their will. How much nobler this, how much truer honor to the dead, than to bury ourselves in useless grief or to bury what would have been their fortunes in useless, unproductive stone!*

Let our ideal dead one again speak for himself:—

These ears can hear your words no more,
 However fondly you may speak;
 For my sake, then, with words of love,
 The living cheer, and help the weak.

My heart, now still, no longer aches;
 But weary thousands watch and wake
 Through dreary nights and hopeless days;
 Help them before their sad hearts break!

Cherish my memory in your heart;
 But, lest it grow a selfish thing,

* These words were spoken while Senator Stanford was still living.

Make channels for a thousand streams,
Of which my love shall be the spring.

So, from the grave, I still may speak,
Still help the sorrowing world to bless,
Still live, though dead, and swell the tide
Of human hope and happiness.

4. But another voice I hear, as important to be heeded as any of these. Since death must come some day to us all, Seneca says, "Let us, therefore, make the best of our friends while we have them." Let me illustrate, and lead the way toward what I mean by an example of what frequently happens this side of death. I once knew a clergyman — not myself — who had been with a parish for a good many years. Everybody loved him, and nobody told him of it. They had come to take his staying with them for granted. Meantime, he had begun to question whether they were not wearying of him. A call came from another city; and, naturally, in his then state of mind, he accepted it. Then, when it was too late, the whole of his old parish went into mourning. They protested how much they cared for him, and begged him to stay. But he had committed himself to going. Then, he let them understand that only a fraction of what they were saying now would have kept him, if only it had been said before.

I have known children whose fathers and mothers never kissed them, never told them they loved them. And yet, had one of these same children died, both father and mother would have rained their tears over the dead face, and kissed the lips that could give back no response.

Many a life is lonely with longing for the expression of an affection which really exists, but never utters itself in words. Like Tantalus in Hades, they live for years close beside refreshing waters to which they can never touch their lips.

How frequently is it true that, when our friends are dead, we say: "Oh, I wish I had done such or such a thing for

them! I wish I had told him so or so." What is this strange barrier of apparent indifference that keeps us from making cheery and bright the lives of those we really and deeply love? In a recent magazine appeared the following, entitled "An Old, Old Question":—

"A spirit that from earth had just departed
Lingered a moment on its upward way;
And, looking back, saw, as though broken-hearted,
Its friends and kindred weeping o'er its clay.

'It seems they loved me dearly. Had I known it,
My life had been much happier,' it said.

'Why only at our parting have they shown it,
Their fondest kisses keeping for the dead?'"

If there is any one voice of the dead that we need to hear and regard, it is this. We let a thousand little unimportant personal peculiarities — that are no real part of ourselves — irritate us and keep us apart. We are forgetful and self-absorbed. Or we foolishly think the expression of our most genuine feelings a weakness, and so keep down that which is really noblest in us. And then, when ears can no longer hear, we storm them with an unavailing flood of words. And the lips that can no longer feel get the kisses that would have made life's burden so much lighter, and would have charmed away the clouds of many a cheerless day.

Let us then try to live with the living as we shall wish we had, when we call them living no longer. Let us try to make each day finished, so that we need not be compelled to say, "Had I known that this was coming, I should have said, I should have done, O so differently!"

5. And, of one voice more, I must try to be the echo. Learn that the thing to fear is not death, but life.

The old theology has for ages been warning us, "Prepare to meet thy God." As though we were not living face to face with him every day! The idea has been that we were in some far country, away from him; and that some special,

peculiar preparation were needed to be made just before being summoned into his presence. And men have grown careless in the thought that a prayer, a speedy repentance, extreme unction, or some kind of priestly aid, could, at the last, wipe off the dust and soil of earth, and clothe their souls with the "wedding garment," that should make them presentable in the presence of the King. And all the while they were living right under the immediate eye of this same eternal King, and making up their clear-read record day by day.

It is some years now since I have had any, even the slightest, fear of death. Let us look at it for a moment. I find people afraid of death, because of a certain shrinking from the idea of burial. Let such consider the significance of that old saying of Socrates. Just before taking the hemlock, one of his disciples asked as to how he would be buried. He replied: "Is it not strange, my friends, that, after all I have said, you still think this body to be Socrates? Bury me as you will, *if you can find me.*" He had no idea of being buried. No one of us will ever know anything about a grave. To think otherwise is only a foolish trick of the imagination that deludes us with the fancy that an unconscious body still can feel and care.

Then, others fear death because of a dread as to some possible final suffering. I have stood by many death-beds, and never yet have I seen one where, at the last, it was not a willing falling asleep. It is just as natural as the detachment of a leaf from its bough and its slow falling to the earth through the October air. Even where there is the appearance of pain and struggle, it is generally mere unconscious muscular and nervous movement. The most of those who die are as unconscious of it as they were of their birth. And most of the apparent pain means no more than the first automatic cry of the new-born child.

And what else is there to fear? Let Socrates again be heard, while he tells us how, ages ago, it looked even to him. "One of two things," he says: "either death is a state of

utter unconsciousness, or there is a migration of the soul from this world to another. Now, if there is no consciousness, eternity is then but a single night; but, if death is a journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what good, O my friends, can be greater than this?"

At the worst, it is only sleep. While at the best, it is going into another room of the vast universe-house of the one Father, in whose presence we have lived here, and under the guidance of whose hand we shall be forever. This last I more and more firmly believe.

Life is the real thing of which, if of anything, to be afraid. For it is life, and not death, which determines character, and creates for us our heavens or our hells. Death has no more to do with the future than the sleep of to-night has to do with to-morrow. It is to-day that makes to-morrow, and to-night's sleep is only the gateway that leads to it.

Such, then, as it seems to me, are some of the things that we, the living, ought to hear spoken to us by the silent lips of the dead.

And now, in closing, let me tell you what I think about death. I claim to know but very little. I wish I knew more; and I hope I shall know more, even before the great transition comes.

Death, we say, is the common lot. It comes to us all. Our little lives begin in a cradle, rocked by love. There are a few years,—a little labor, some clouds shot through by sunshine, a little love, some dropping tears, brief successes and as brief disappointments,—and then a grassy mound, another cradle for another sleep. Is that watched over by love, too? Or is it the end? I cannot believe it is the end. And I cannot doubt that love still lives and guards.

In short, I believe that death is only another birth. And, as our coming here is expected and prepared for, so I doubt not we enter there not as uninvited or unexpected. It is only the beginning of another home. So, at any rate, I love to trust; and all the wisdom of those who doubt or deny is

not enough to entitle any one to tell me that my hope is an irrational one.

It is only a horrible and a false theology that has clouded over this second cradle with horror, and filled the shadow with scowling faces and threatening forms. The same Power that governs and shapes this life, that gave us love and light and beauty, that surrounded our pathway with friends and bordered it with flowers,—this same Power rules in all the worlds. We can go into no strange country then, nor beyond the reach of loving care.

As we fall asleep, so we wake up again. Five minutes after death we are what we were five minutes before. Day by day here we are making ourselves what we shall be there. Only in new conditions we shall go on under similar laws, to live out the life already begun and so achieve our destiny.

Those we love will not outgrow us. They who have preceded us may have become much wiser than we are now ; but the wisest are ever the tenderest and the least conceited about their wisdom. So their wisdom, instead of being a barrier to separate them from us, will only bring them closer in sympathetic help.

The only change that I can imagine will be that conventional and artificial bonds will be broken, and people there may be freer than we are now to associate according to the attractions of their deeper and truer sympathies. But this, though it change our relationships, will be no loss ; for each will follow the bent of his real desires.

The only things we need fear, then, are the natural and necessary results of the thoughts we think and the deeds we do to-day. They go before us, and become our angels, good or bad, that will welcome us to regret or gladness. Let us, then, make the present as fair and sweet as may be, holding our loved and lost in our hearts until the veil is lifted, and we learn — what I can but trust is true — that life and death are but different names for two departments of what is really the one eternal life.

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RELIGION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I HAVE taken two texts. The first you may find in the sixth chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy and the seventh verse,—“Thou shalt teach them unto thy children.” And the next is from the Talmud,—“The world is saved only by the breath of the school children.”

To recur now to the words in Deuteronomy, “Thou shalt teach them to thy children.” Teach what? The precepts of truth, the words of God, the fundamental principles of religious thought and life.

If a man is convinced that he is in possession of divine truth, next to obeying it himself the first and most important of all duties is that he teach it to his children. But when, where, how? The answer to these questions depends, it seems to me, upon the conditions of every age and of every country.

If we go back for a little while to the conditions of early society, we find that what we are accustomed to think of to-day as secular truth was practically unknown. Beyond the simple, domestic arts and the preparation for hunting and war, all that there was to teach the children was religion. Religion has always existed in the world; and in the early world it made up the larger part of life.

The people then believed that everything they did was dependent upon the relations in which they stood to the invisible powers, so that religious teaching was the main part of the instruction and training which was imparted to the children.

It is only in the modern world that there has been any division between the secular and the sacred. In ancient

Rome, for example, the king or the emperor was at the same time the Pontifex Maximus. He was at the head of the State: he was at the head of the religious life of his people.

In the Roman Catholic Church, which has preserved the traditions of the Roman Empire, the same thing has been true. The pope claims absolute dominion over this world, and an equal dominion over the other, so far as his subjects here are concerned. In England the Church is a State establishment; and it claims the right to-day to dictate as to the conduct of the public schools of the kingdom.

When the Puritans, driven by persecution, came to this country, they did not escape the ideas which were at the basis of the persecution from which they fled. They brought with them the thought of the practical identity of the Church and the State. The town was taxed for the support of the Church; and only church members were allowed to vote.

For the first time in the history of the world,—unless an exception be found in Holland,—for the first time in the history of this continent at any rate, we find another principle recognized at Plymouth. The Pilgrims established a civil government which claimed only to control the affairs of this world: all the religionists of every kind were free at Plymouth. You need to note this immense distinction between the Puritans and the Pilgrims: the Pilgrims never persecuted for religion's sake. Roger Williams, the Quakers, Anne Hutchinson,—any one was free at Plymouth to believe what he would and practise his religion as he pleased.

And, when the thirteen colonies achieved their independence and the United States was formed, this government—the first great instance in history—planted itself purely on a secular ground. The United States as a nation is not a religious nation, it is not a Christian nation, it is not a Catholic nation, it is not a Protestant nation: it is a secular nation.

It, with clear eye and deliberate purpose, refused to have

anything to do with the establishment of anybody's religion. It took the ground that its business was to look after the affairs of this world; and it left everybody free to believe as they pleased, and exercise their religion in any way they chose. That is one fundamental principle of our government.

But the government recognized, and rightly, that it was not to give up the work of teaching the children. Teaching remained as a matter for the State to look after. It only distinguished as to the things which it had a right to teach.

Did you ever ask yourselves why it is that the government claims a right to teach the children at all? or that it regards it as its duty? Why, for example, should I be compelled by law to put myself to the trouble and the expense of training and educating my children? Why should I have a right to take from you a certain proportion of your money for the sake of educating my child? Why should you have a right to take money out of my pocket to help educate your child?

I ask you again, Have you ever clearly recognized the principle which is here at stake? If you will get it in mind, you will find it a thread of light running through all the controversies on this subject, and which will keep you from being confused or led astray.

What is the principle? The ruler of a people needs to be trained and intelligent, in order that the government may be just and good. That is the fundamental principle of all. Who is the ruler? Under a despotism, if the despot is wise, well trained, and if his assistants and administrators are competent to carry out his will, you may have a just and good government, no matter whether the people are educated or not.

In an aristocracy, if those who arrogate to themselves the title of aristocrats, those who govern, are trained, educated, wise, you may have a good and just government, no matter

whether the rest of the people are educated or not. The point is, and perfectly clear as you will see, that the ruler, whoever he is, must be trained, must be educated.

Who is the ruler in this country? The moment you answer that question, you see why it is that the State claims the right to educate the children. Every adult male in the United States is a sovereign. He is the ruler; and, therefore, he needs to be trained, educated, made competent to look after the interests of the people. Unless at least a working majority of the voters are trained, educated, intelligent, there can be no wise or just or good government; for the government cannot be better than the ruler. There, you see, is the principle; there is an answer to the question as to why the State has a right to demand that the voters at least shall be educated, trained for their office.

But,—and here is an important matter now for you to take account of—the world finds it very hard to outgrow its traditions, to clarify its thought and be consistent and logical in the working out of its accepted principles. I said that the children, those who are to become citizens and rulers, should be educated for their office, trained into fitness for this power of administration.

Now you will note, if you will give it a little clear consideration, that right in there is the rule that is to guide us in settling the question as to what ought to be the aim and scope of the public schools. I am a heretic in regard to our system of public education,—quite a serious one, I fear,—as I am from the accepted standards of the popular religion. The schools do not seem to me at the present time to be doing the work which is essential, and that largely for the reason that they are engaged in trying to do a hundred things which are not essential.

Let us see if we can get at the principle which is involved here, so as to make our position so clear as to be self-evident. The principle is this (I enunciated it two or three Sundays ago in another connection),—public money is to be used for public ends, and only for public ends.

You can see clearly enough, if I should propose to use some of the money raised by public taxation to buy my boy in the winter a fur overcoat, or a pair of skates, or a bicycle, the absurdity of it. You would say at once, Why, you are using public money for private and personal ends. From the point of view of your boy, from the point of view which you occupy, it may be very desirable, indeed, that in the cold winter he have a fur overcoat, or that he have a pair of skates, or a bicycle ; but it is not important to me that your boy have these things. It certainly is not important to you that my boy have these things. Why, then, should you pay for these things for my boy, or why should I pay for them for your boy? You have a right to take my money for only those things which concern the public welfare. I have a right to take yours only for the same reason.

Now let us look at the public schools for a moment, and see what they are trying to do. I have not made a detailed and careful study of them here in New York as I did at one time in Massachusetts. I imagine, however, that the conditions are very much the same. At any rate, I shall assume that the statements which I am about to make are substantially true.

The most of our public schools are organized on the theory that the boy is to start with the kindergarten and end with the university. What is the result? A great majority of the boys, a very large majority, never get through the grammar school: they are obliged to leave, to go to work. In what sense, then, are they educated into fitness for citizenship?

I am told that many boys who apply for a business position cannot write well, are not able to spell correctly, are not competent to compose a good business letter, are not familiar enough with the fundamental principles of mathematics so that they can be trusted in that department without guidance and oversight.

And yet these things stand right at the threshold. Why

are these things so? Merely because the curriculum of our schools is such that the average pupil gets the beginning, a disconnected smattering, of a large number of things, and gets nothing complete, so that he is in any true sense fitted, equipped, for practical life.

Now can you not see? I am no more concerned in the question as to whether or not your boy shall learn to sing, or shall learn astronomy, or shall learn the higher mathematics, or shall learn Latin or Greek, or French or German, than I am in his having a fur overcoat or a pair of skates. It would be a very fine thing if every boy could know everything, and be trained to his utmost in every faculty and in every direction; but, so far as the public is interested in fitting him for citizenship, all these matters are one side of the main issue.

I ask you now to concentrate your attention for a few moments on those things which are essential to citizenship. I have no objection, if everybody is agreed about it, and there is time and money enough, to your teaching the children everything; but teach these things which are essential and important first, and do not sacrifice these to an attempt to accomplish the impossible.

What is my interest in the training of another boy? I want your boys and you want my boys — it works both ways you see — in the first place to be trained so that they can earn an honest living: that is the very first condition of good, honest, just citizenship. Every boy ought to be trained so that he will not in a little while come back on the community for the mere matter of support. It is the first interest, or ought to be, of the public schools to train the boy's mind and eye and ear and hand — all his faculties — according to the boy's aptitude, in such a way that all possible shall be accomplished in the way of fitting him to take care of himself when he goes out into the world. That ought to be the first aim of the public schools.

What the second? He is to be a citizen. He is to vote.

He is to have his share in determining the destiny of this country. This is the next thing that is important,— that he should be taught so much of history, of other countries and of his own, so much of the history of men's attempts in the way of government, as shall enable him to understand at least the principles of this government which he is to help to manage.

It is wicked that any man, born here or born anywhere, should be permitted to undertake the work of guiding the destinies of this country while he knows absolutely nothing about its fundamental principles or methods. He should be taught to know what a republic means, what liberty means, what are the possibilities of self-government, the cost of this freedom which we have attained. He ought to understand these things, so that he may enter upon his duties intelligently, soberly, and with the ability to determine what is best and what is impossible, what ought to be done and how it ought to be attempted.

Then there is a third thing that every boy ought to be taught. If any of you think I am confining my attention too much to the boys, it is because I am talking about the voters. As yet the women are not voters. If they were, the same principle would apply to them as to the boys.

What is the third thing? Every boy ought to be taught the fundamental principles of right and wrong. Can this be done without teaching religion? Some religionists tell you it cannot; but let us see a moment. How is it that men have learned that it is not right to kill; that it is not right to steal; that it is not right to lie; that it is not right to covet, not right to envy, to hate? How is it that men have discovered the fundamental principles of ethics, of right and wrong? Has it been by any revelation, or has it rather been as the result of human experience?

Men have learned the fundamental principles of right and wrong by trying to live and get along together, just as naturally as they have learned what articles are wholesome

to eat and what are not. This is proved beyond any sort of question in the face of any religious controversy by this fact:—that all over the world, in every land where you find people arrived at a certain stage of social and political progress, you find substantially the same ethical principles recognized and acted upon.

If you require a revelation, supernatural revelation, to teach people the principles of right and wrong, then you must concede not only that there has been a supernatural revelation accorded to the Christians and the Jews, but to the Chinese, the Persians, the Hindus, the Mohammedans, and all the other great religions of the world.

Just as, for example, when you reach a certain altitude above the level of the sea, whether in North America or South, in Europe, Asia, or Africa, you find substantially the same kind of trees and shrubs and growths of one kind or another,—not identical, but substantially the same kind,—so, wherever you reach a certain altitude of social and political experience on the part of men, you find substantially the same ideas of right and wrong.

These, then, have been wrought out as the result of human experience; and they can be taught without reference to any particular religion or any sect in Christendom, just as well as the fundamental principles of astronomy or geology can be taught. And these ought to be taught in the public schools.

You cannot control the development, possibly, of a pupil's character; but you can teach him the principles of right and wrong, so that after he goes out into society and begins to play his part as a man, if he goes wrong, he shall do it with his eyes open and be responsible for it. That is all that the State can do in the matter.

Three things, then, the public school ought to concentrate its attention upon,—training the child so far as possible into an ability to earn his own living honestly; training him in such a way that he can be an intelligent citizen of the re-

public and cast an intelligent vote ; training him in regard to the fundamental principles of right and wrong, so that he may know the right way, whether he chooses to walk in it or not.

Now, as I said a moment ago, I have no objection to every boy's knowing everything, and being trained into the possibility of doing everything, if he can ; but the interest of the State is simply in having the child trained into fitness for good citizenship. That first, middle, last, all ; and that anyhow, whatever else goes by the board. That first : other things, so far as you can, after that.

But, as I said, it is very difficult for people to get free of their traditions ; and the religious tradition, the religious prejudice, is the last one ever to be overcome. Why ? Because it is held as the most sacred and the most important ; and so people feel bound by it after they are willing to surrender almost anything else.

And so people demand,— they demand to-day, it is the popular demand in one way or another— that religion shall still be taught in the public schools. It is taught in a fragmentary way, in a poor and inefficient way ; but the majority of the people of this country seem to be in favor of some attempt in that direction.

I wish now to ask you to consider the principles involved, and see what we ought to do. Note now what I said a moment ago, that this country for the first time in the history of the world on the part of a great nation, has abandoned any claim to dictate in the matter of religion. All religions here are free. All sects are free. All should have equal opportunity before the law, none of them any special favor before the law.

Why ? In the first place, to put it baldly,— and you will see that that carries the whole principle,— all the religions have had it as their great aim in the past to prepare people for another world, to see to it that people's souls were saved after death.

Now let us put it with perfect frankness and freedom. It is none of the State's business whether my soul is saved in the next world or not. The only concern that the State has with me is to see that I make a good citizen in this world. What becomes of me after I pass the border is my business, and not the business of the State.

Governor Odell has a perfect right, as a man, to join any church and to do anything he can to persuade other people to join it, to engage earnestly in trying to save people's souls; but, as *Governor* Odell, he has no concern in this matter and has no right to interfere in it. The State has jurisdiction over this world, and not over the next. There is the fundamental principle.

Now note what the present condition of affairs is. When I was a boy, the New Testament was read the first thing in the morning after the school session began. We read around in turn, each of us reading a verse. I never thought that the effect was one in favor of reverence or the cultivation of religion. It was not done with any great seriousness. The children, half the time, did not know what they were reading about; and it rather tended to flippancy and disrespect towards religion.

I understand that in this State to-day the law is that the Bible may be read in the school, but without note or comment on the part of the teacher. Is that law obeyed? I do not know to what extent the matter is carried; but I do happen to know that in some cases the teachers do comment, and do teach, not religion only, but theology.

And do you not know perfectly well that it is practically impossible for a teacher to conduct the reading of the Bible in the schools without its being apparent as to what his own standing and beliefs are, without his having, not a religious, necessarily, but a sectarian influence of one kind or another? I believe — and this is what I am coming to now, practically — that the only just, fair, righteous thing is that the Bible should never be read at all in the public schools; and I will tell you why.

Before coming to that, let me touch on one point that I am willing to concede as an exception, though I do not think it would be satisfactory to anybody. Every little while somebody tells us how valuable the Bible is as a masterpiece of English. I grant it. President Butler of Columbia has been making a point of it recently, and saying that the Bible ought to be more read and studied by scholars, if for nothing else than that it is such a masterpiece of noble English.

Does anybody believe, however, that the way the Bible is ordinarily read in the public schools teaches any child a noble use of English, that they get any impression in that direction? If you wish to use the Bible for that, let us have a text-book prepared, the finest specimens of the Bible selected, and let it be used as a reading book. I should have no objection. Those, however, who look upon the Bible as an absolutely infallible, divine revelation would think that a degradation of the book: it would not satisfy them; and for that reason, in my judgment, it is not a practical solution of the problem.

Let us come back then to the point of having the Bible out of the schools. Why? Years ago I fought for this in Massachusetts, for the sake of justice to the Catholic Church: that is what I was fighting for then. The Catholics have always objected to the reading of our translation of the Bible with Protestant comment or with no comment at all; and their contention is right and just.

If a Catholic is sincere, he believes that the teaching his child his religion means the eternal welfare of that child. Can you expect him to sit down then patiently and calmly while you, without any warrant in justice, compel his children to submit themselves to an influence that threatens the eternal welfare of their souls? Is that fair? Would you like it yourselves?

Here in this city now are thousands and thousands of Jewish children attending the public schools. They are

among our best scholars. Their parents object, and they have a right to object, to having thrust upon their children the consideration, the teaching of a religion which has stood as the symbol of persecution and horror for them for fifteen hundred years. Would you like it yourselves? Is it fair to the Jews?

There are in the city — not a great many of them, I suppose — Buddhists, Mohammedans ; there are followers of Confucius ; there are representatives of many of those faiths which we call Pagan. They are taxed to help support the public schools. Have we a right to thrust upon their children the teaching of that which they distinctly and definitely repudiate?

There are agnostics, there are atheists, I suppose, a few ; but nobody doubts that the son of an atheist, the son of an agnostic, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Parsee, Hindu, Jew, can be a good citizen. And the only interest of the State is that he shall be a good citizen ; and we have no business to thrust upon them as a part of their education that which has nothing to do with the matter of their being good citizens, and which at the same time violates the most sacred convictions of their souls.

If we could all agree on some religion ; if everybody believed alike, worshipped the same God and in the same way, and had the same ideas of this world and the next,—then of course nobody would complain ; and, while it would not be the business of the State any more than it is now to teach religion, it might be taught without marked injustice. But it cannot be so taught to-day.

I believe then that, when the matter comes up for discussion and settlement,—as come up it will,—we ought to be ready to treat it from the broadest point of view in the interest of justice and right.

I would carry the matter further if I had my way. I believe that all strictly church property ought to be taxed. Why not? As it is to-day, there are millions of money

invested in property dedicated simply to some particular form of religion and millions which are not taxed. You and I, who do not believe that religion at all, have to make up by our over-taxation for the deficit caused by this exemption.

I would have all strictly charitable institutions free. But I do not know why a Jew should be taxed to help support the Church of the Messiah; I do not know why I should be taxed to support the cathedral; I do not know why the Catholics should be taxed to support the Brick Church.

Let the people who believe, believe enough and care for their religious belief enough to pay for it, or else go without it. That seems to me the fundamental principle of justice and right in the whole matter.

I believe in religion with all my soul. I am ready to say that I believe it is the very highest and deepest concern of man. The relation in which we stand to God, to each other what our destiny shall be over yonder,—these are the greatest questions that we can ask or answer. But the State, as State, has no business to touch them with the tip of its finger: let the State keep to its own affairs. Let the church and the home, let the fathers and the mothers,—if they are honest and if they believe anything,—find ways of looking after these, the highest concerns of life.

And let us remember that equal justice is the basis of all good government.

I wish at the close to read you a word which I read as part of my lesson. It is remarkable when we remember when it was spoken and by whom. It is by King Asoka, a great Buddhist sovereign, who lived two hundred and fifty years before Christ. This is what he says: "A king who is beloved of the gods honors every form of religious faith. He considers no gift or honor so much as increase in the substance of religion. The root of religion is to reverence one's own faith, and never to revile that of others. The king's purpose is to increase the mercy, charity, truth, kindness, and piety of all mankind."

Let us as citizens, and filled by a spirit like this, look after the affairs of government as it concerns this world. Let us as churches, as fathers, as mothers, look after the higher and deeper things of the religious life.

Father, we consecrate ourselves to Thee ; and that means to truth, to service, to love. Let us be just and helpful to all men, and remember that Thou art the equal Father of all. Amen.

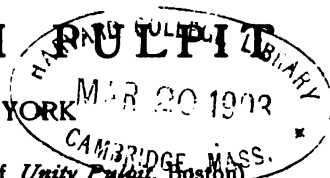
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THE LIBERAL THE TRUE CONSERVATIVE.

My text you may find in the Second Epistle to Timothy, the fourth chapter and the seventh verse: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

During the last two or three weeks there has been a flurry in the newspapers, and some public discussion calling out sermons here and there from the pulpit, caused by the fact that the great German scholar Delitzsch gave a lecture in Berlin before the emperor and a select number of interested people. The subject of this lecture was "Babel and Bible."

There was nothing new in it to scholars. I mean by that that the points which the lecturer brought out have been the common property of the scholarship of the world for at least a short time. He showed that many things which have been regarded by the Church as a part of an infallible revelation contained in the Old Testament were only Babylonian traditions and myths.

He showed, for example,— what I have had occasion to tell you more than once,— that the Sabbath did not originate in the Bible nor among the Jews, but that it traces itself back to planet worship in the Euphrates valley. He told the people who listened to him that the flood was an old Babylonian legend, a good deal older than any part of the Bible. He told them also that the story of the Garden of Eden and of the temptation of the woman by a serpent were also Babylonian stories.

These things, I say, have been known by competent scholars for at least several years. But he seems to have

stirred up the staid and contented orthodoxy of Germany by these plain statements; and many were very much exercised and troubled because the emperor appeared to give countenance to these heresies by listening to them.

This produced such an effect that the Kaiser has tried, apparently, to counteract it, to offset it, by making a statement which, on the surface, would appear to show him sound in the faith. He makes confessions, however, even in this defence, which are fatal to the extreme claims which have been made for the authority of the Old Testament.

I refer to this simply to introduce my theme. Religion is the most conservative thing on the face of the earth. It is right and natural that it should be. I am not going to attack that statement: I am going to indorse it. Religion is the most precious possession of man. Nothing else is of importance as compared with it.

For what does it mean? It is man's best attempt to answer the questions, What am I? what is my duty? what hopes look out towards the future? It is man's best solution up to the present time of the problem of life. And what is the deepest thing in life? It is not the brain. It is not knowledge. What is the profoundest thing in a human being? It is consciousness, feeling, love, fear, hope, tenderness, devotion, worship, aspiration. It is these things which are the qualities of what we mean when we say "the soul."

And, as much as I care for and believe in science, as much as I am ready to defend the intellectual activities of life, I am ready to say that science, the brain, the intellect, are of value only as guides for the life. The life is the first thing; and we want light only that we may know which way to go.

Suppose you are on a big steamer in mid-ocean. What is the important thing about it? Is it the chart? Is it the compass? Is it the helm? What are chart and

compass and helm worth? They are of value only that they may help the persons on board, the passengers, with their loves and their fears and their hopes and their aspirations,—that they may help them to their desired haven. That is all.

The one precious thing, then, on the ship is its passengers; and the one precious thing about us is that which makes us what we are,—the soul, the I, the personality. And religion, as I said, is felt to be the one solution of this problem which concerns the nature and destiny of the soul.

No wonder, then, that men have regarded it as a precious possession; no wonder that they are timid when something appears to them to threaten it; no wonder they are conservative in regard to its interests. They ought to be. I shall show, however, before I get through, or try to, that this conservatism is frequently misunderstood, and that it leads to practical errors; but the conservatism itself is right. We ought to do everything we possibly can to protect and conserve this, which is the most precious possession of the world.

It is this instinctive feeling which makes people shrink from the investigation of those things which they regard as sacred. People are willing, comparatively, that almost anything else shall be improved. The last thing on earth which they are willing to have improved is their religion. And this unwillingness springs out of this jealous regard for it, however misdirected that regard may be.

I ask you now to go with me while I raise the inquiry as to who have been the great conservators of religion, and as to how it has been preserved; who, in a word, have been the conservatives in the world's religious life.

Come to our text, as standing on the threshold of my answer. Paul towards the last of his life chants this song of triumph: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." The crown,

the culmination of it all, lies in the fact that he has done what he could to keep the faith.

Now who was Paul, and what had he done, and how had he done it? Paul says in one place, when he is called upon to defend himself against his accusers, "After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." What was the attitude of Paul towards his inherited religion? It was one of outright hostility. Paul broke with the religion of his fathers. He opposed it at almost every turn.

In other words, Paul was the greatest heretic and the most outright and downright radical of his century. The old orthodox first church at Jerusalem looked upon him with suspicion. They sent out their emissaries to follow him during his missionary labors, and to try to bring back to what they regarded as the true faith the people whom Paul had led astray. This whole Epistle to the Galatians, from which I read this morning, is an earnest protest against the attitude of the old orthodox church in Jerusalem and a defence of his own course. Read it in the light of that thought.

Paul says to his converts, Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has set us free, and be not entangled again with the old yoke of bondage from which you have escaped. Those of you who pay attention any more to the rudiments of the old religion in which you were born are false to the new religion, the higher and better thought that has come to this particular time through the teaching and ministry of the Christ.

That was the attitude of Paul, the great heretic, the great radical leader of his time. That is what he meant by keeping the faith. He freed the faith from its accretions, from the things that had clustered around it, which were no part of it, and so fitted it to go forth on a new and grander era of conquest and deliverance.

I want you to note with me now a similar fact concern-

ing two or three other of the crisis epochs in the history of the religious life of the world. Suppose we go back to the time of the temple of Solomon, among the Hebrews. There were two classes of religious people at that time. There were the priests, the Levites, those who served the temple, those who protected and extended and defended the ritual service; and then outside these were the prophets. Those who called themselves the conservatives were the priests, those who ministered to the established order of the religious life of the time. Those who were the real conservatives in the light of our knowledge to-day were the prophets.

But what were the prophets as judged by the people of their time? They were heretics again, they were radicals: they protested against this exclusive devotion to the established religion. They represented God as saying: You are consecrating yourselves to the temple worship, to the sacrifices, to the altar, to the ritual; and I am weary of all these things. What I want is a religion of the heart. Wash you, make you clean. To do right, to be just, to be tender, to be true,—this is the religion I care for, and not this of outward form and service.

And the old religion in course of time, the old forms, passed away; and it is the religion of the prophets, the forelooking, anticipating religion, which dominated the after-time, and which proved itself the true conservator of the real religious life of the world.

Come up the ages, and take an illustration from what is comparatively a modern time. Go back until you reach the time of the Reformation under Luther and Calvin. What attitude did they hold towards the religious thought of their age? They stand indeed to us as types of extreme reaction and conservatism; but, again, Savonarola, Huss, Wyclif, Luther, Calvin, and their coworkers were the arch heretics, the out-and-out radicals of their century.

They turned their backs on the old. They fought

against it as standing in the way of the new and higher life in which they believed. They fought against the old order. They did what they could to free people from the bondage of the olden time, and stood looking with their faces towards the coming. What attitude did they really hold in the evolution of the religious life of the world? They were the real conservatives. They freed religion from that which threatened its life, and started it out on a new career of conquest.

Now let us look for a moment at the great typical example of all the ages. Go back to the first century. What was Jesus? People sometimes say: Is not your father's religion good enough for you? Is not your mother's religion good enough for you? Suppose it had been good enough for the great leaders at the different epochs of the world's advance. That advance never would have taken place; and the world to-day would be back in the jungle, in the periods of barbarism from which these real conservatives of the religious life of the world have set us free.

What was Jesus? Jesus was the arch heretic, the great radical leader of his age. Hardly one single point in the old religion concerning which he did not differ from the leaders of his time. They believed you must worship in Jerusalem, in the temple. He said, You can worship God anywhere. They said, You must bring sacrifices. He did not say anything against the sacrifices; but he said these were less important; that the one great thing was the attitude of the heart, the relation in which people stood to God and their fellow-men. They said, You must keep the Sabbath. Jesus said, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; and, whenever any human need conflicts with the Sabbath, the Sabbath must give way, and the need must be regarded as supreme.

And so he taught a religion of the heart. They said, You must go through the Mosaic ritual. He said, Here are you who go through the Mosaic ritual; and you

are untrue to the claims that your father and mother, your friends and neighbors have on you, and you are wrong. It is love, tenderness, truth, that is important. Giving a cup of cold water is more than sacrifice. Feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, comforting those in trouble, this is what religion means.

This was the attitude of Jesus in his age; and so again, as I said, holding this attitude, he was the great heretic and radical of his century. And yet was he not at the same time the true conservative? Did he not preserve and guard that which was deep and high, that which was essential in the religious thought and life of the world? and did he not, by setting religion free, give it more power over the hearts and lives of men?

It has always seemed to me very strange that people can see so little way beneath the surface. This earth is young yet. Humanity is only beginning to be partially civilized here and there. Instead of its being afternoon, towards the sunset of the world's civilization, I rather believe that the sun is hardly up as yet: it is early morning. By and by the world will be developed and educated into a comprehension of these principles, and will not play over and over again the farce tragedy which has so often disgraced the progress of civilization.

Let us take an illustration of what I mean from another department of human life than the religious. People feel that government is of great importance. It means social order, individual protection, individual rights, individual opportunity. And so they value it; and they are right in this. But for centuries—indeed, in certain parts of the world we are not beyond that yet—men identified the idea of government with the divine right of kings; and they said, If you attack the doctrine of the divine right of kings, you are attacking society, you are going to overthrow the government, you are an enemy of your race.

Again, people have said, We cannot have a conservative social order without a nobility. So they have identified this progressive order with the preservation of the nobility. I suppose in England to-day, if a popular movement were started to take away the rights of the nobles, the majority of Englishmen would feel that the social order itself was threatened.

And yet here in this country we have a government without any doctrine of the divine right, without any king, without any nobles, without any of those things which for thousands of years were looked upon as absolutely essential to the preservation of government at all; and we are reaching a point where the philosophic anarchist is able to say that government is a matter that pertains to the thought and habits and feelings of the people, and that, the more people are developed, the less government they need, and that we may look forward to the time when government itself may pass away, so far as any external machinery is concerned; and the world take care of itself, because government has become an inner thing of the thought and heart.

It is government, it is order, that is important, not the machinery that is supposed to preserve it; and, if you can have the government, then the less machinery the better.

And the same thing is true in regard to religion. It is religion that is important and that we wish to preserve; but, over and over again in the history of the world, people have identified religion with some mere accompaniment of it, and so have prepared the world for disaster and devastation. Nearly all the tragedies that have come in the development of the religious life of the world can be understood only by a reference to this principle.

Let me give you a few illustrations, so as to make the matter perfectly clear. In the early history of the world the cult, the ceremony, the forms, were considered the

essential thing. What the people's character might be was of slight importance if they only maintained the external order. And they placed such an emphasis on this that, when by and by men who looked towards the future questioned the importance of this, and proposed to do away with some of these things, society was ready to turn and rend them.

And right in here have been some of the saddest martyrdoms of history. Anaxagoras in ancient Athens was sentenced to death—for what? Because he dared to speculate, anticipate modern science by supposing that the sun might be a globe of fire. Socrates was compelled to drink the hemlock,—why? Because he questioned some of the external forms and rites and rituals of his country's religion, and taught that it was a matter of conduct, of heart.

And what was the result? By and by the people lost faith in Olympus, lost faith in their country's gods; and a wide-spread, devastating unbelief spread all over the ancient world. The external religion on which they had relied, and which they had identified with religion itself, could not endure; and the people thought that religion itself was dead; and there was a long period of devastation, of sorrow, of heartache, of wandering, of unbelief, before they could recover themselves from the results of that needless disaster.

That man is not a friend of religion who identifies it with anything that is open to intellectual attack, anything that may be shown to have a weak and insecure foundation.

There are thousands and thousands of people to-day in the world who think that religion depends upon belief in an infallible institution, an organization; but it takes only a little careful historical inquiry to find that there is no infallible institution on the face of the earth. The one that claims to be to-day has committed itself over

and over and over in the past to positions which we know now were not true. It has made mistake after mistake, as well as been cruel and tyrannous. Its hands are bloody, and it cannot endure the impeachment which is made in the light of the intelligence of the modern world.

And this is being discovered in Spain, in Italy, in different countries in Europe, in this country; and thousands of those who have been its adherents and who have been taught to identify religion with this organization are losing faith in God, losing faith in the fundamental ideas of morality, losing faith in the future, because, as I said, they have been taught to identify these things with that which cannot bear investigation.

Let me illustrate the same thing in one other direction. There are thousands of people who have been accustomed for the last two or three hundred years to believe that the security of religion depended upon the infallibility of a book; and we have been told over and over again that the men who questioned about the Book—as to who wrote it, as to when it was written, as to where, as to whether it was historically and scientifically accurate—were enemies of God, that they were enemies of religion.

But we know now perfectly well that there is no infallible book in the world; and we must find some other basis for our religious belief and life.

There is one other point I would note in connection with this, and then draw the one conclusion from them both. There are thousands of people in all the churches who have been taught to identify the reality of religion with the infallibility of a creed, whether that creed be the Nicene, the Athanasian, the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, or what not. The people have been taught that, if they questioned this creed, they were injuring religion.

Now no man in the world has greater respect for

a creed than I. These creeds, when they were formed, were white-hot and molten. They were the heart and brain convictions of earnest men. They were run into these moulds of sentence and phrase and word according to the best light of some of the noblest men that ever lived, the best light of the age in which they were framed.

But the mistake has been in supposing that the world had got through, that there was to be no more growth, no more learning, no more light coming out of God's heaven for the guidance of men. And by and by they found that these creeds were outgrown, that they no longer represented the truth of the time.

And what has been the result? I was talking with one of the best-known clergymen in this country the other night, still in the orthodox church; and he agreed with me when I said that one of the greatest troubles in the modern world is right here. Thousands and thousands of people have been taught to identify religion with certain theological beliefs. The churches have taught this, the ministers have preached it, the reviews and newspapers have argued for it; and the people have taken these teachers at their word, and they have found out that the creeds were not true, that the Bible was not infallible, that these positions were not sound.

And the result is what? They have lost all faith in religion, lost belief in God, lost hope for the future,—the inevitable natural result of identifying religion with something which can be intellectually attacked and outgrown.

Here is one of the great difficulties of the world. This stream of human advance must go on. If men obstruct, if they dam this great current, and keep it back for a while, what is the result? By and by the pressure of waters from above gets too great, and everything gives way: the country is flooded and devastated, the fields are destroyed, and homes are swept away.

Those who care for human life will keep the stream open, unobstructed, and guide its flow. The true friends, then, of religion, the conservators of religion, are the ones who do not identify it with anything which the progress of human civilization may antique or leave behind.

I wish now to outline for you in what time remains to me the main position of the liberal religious men of the time, so that you may see that they, as I really believe, are the conservators of the religious life of the world.

When God created this solar system of ours, he did not say, In order to keep the planets in their places, I must fence them in or build a wall around them. What did he do? He placed a great luminous orb at the centre, and trusted to its power of attraction to keep all the various planets and asteroids swinging and singing around it in their appropriate order, free, and bound only by the natural laws of such an attraction.

That is the attitude of the liberal religious world. We hold what? We hold first that religion is not a theory, is not an institution, is not a ritual, is not a sacrament, is not a book.

We have no objection to any of these, rightly used; but we hold that religion is primarily the life. It is the life of the soul, lived in free and loving relation with God and with our fellow-men. Religion is life, it is love, tenderness, worship, aspiration, reverence, service, hope; and all the external affairs of the religious life are good, if they help the life. If they hinder it, they are not good. If they stand in the way of its enlargement, its growth, they should be swept out of the way. If they are identified with it, they only lead to disaster. If they are substituted for it, they destroy religion itself.

So the liberals of the world hold that religion is first, and above all things, the life. What do they hold about God? They do not believe that he spoke to somebody

two thousand years ago, left it as a tradition in the keeping of a church, or had it written down in a book. They do not hold that idea. They believe that God is alive to-day; that he can be seen to-day by the pure in heart; that he can be heard to-day by those whose spiritual ears are sensitive and attent; that he comes into personal relation with all true and noble souls to-day; that he is the guiding, helpful Father of men now just as much as he was in Galilee two thousand years ago.

And just as some spots are sacred in the memory of men because they are associated with some grand religious thought of the time, just so the spot where we meet God now is sacred, — as sacred as the holy sepulchre, as sacred as the holy hill, as sacred as spots that were trodden by the weary feet of the Nazarene.

God is alive now, and talking now, and leading now, and loving now, and helping now. That is the position of the liberal in religion.

And what about Jesus? It is the real historical Jesus the liberal cares for. He is not specially interested in trying to find out just what was the internal constitution of his nature, just what was his relation to God. We care for the man who walked wearily among his fellows, who went about doing good, who loved and who helped.

We do not believe any longer that we must hold our faith in Jesus on the basis of the story that he wrought miracles. Even in the orthodox church there is a right-about-face as to this position. People who find they can still believe in the miracles believe in them because they believe in Jesus. They do not believe in Jesus any longer because they believe in the miracles. The miracles are a burden for Jesus to carry. Many they have dropped entirely. They do not believe in Jesus any longer on account of a written record about him, and because this record is claimed to be infallible.

It is the real human Jesus who is the power in the religious life of to-day.

And then, once more, the liberals believe in a larger and grander kind of revelation than has been held in the past. It would not trouble us to have any part of this Book impeached or disproved. The things that are true in the Book we gladly accept as a part of divine revelation; but all truth is a part of divine revelation; and we believe that this real word of God is being written to-day just as fast and as far as anywhere we discover something that is true, something we can prove to be true. Just so far are we writing down a sentence of God's revelation.

There is work being done on this book of God in Africa, in India, in China, in the isles of the sea, in Europe, in America. Astronomers, geologists, chemists, are at work at it, as well as preachers and philosophers and religious students and thinkers. All earnest people who are finding God's truth are at work writing down God's revelation. And this revelation grows year by year, and is coming to be more and more the one practical guide for the life of man.

Do you not see, then, that it is the liberal who believes that religion does not depend upon any claimed fact in the past, or any institution, or any ritual, or any book, but who believes that it inheres forever in the internal and universal relation between the soul of man and God,—that it is he who is the conservative, the preserver of the religious life and faith and hope of the world?

It is a very striking fact—and I call your attention to it now at the close—that every one of the great religious names of the world who are looked upon to-day as the defenders of the faith, as the leaders of the religious life of man,—every single one of them was a heretic in his own age.

And why? Because they believed in the future. They were ahead of their time. They stood facing the coming. And so it is true as Lowell has written it down in those wonderful words in his poem "The Present Crisis":—

" By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
 And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
 One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath
 burned
 Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven up-
 turned."

Father, we thank Thee, that we not only find Thee in the past, but that Thou art here in the present. We thank Thee that, as we look forward, Thou art the star of guidance and the inspiration of leadership. We thank Thee that, trusting Thee and taking Thee by the hand, we may start out on new ways towards the finer and better things that are to be. Amen.



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"THE SON OF MAN."

"Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses, and of Juda and Simon?" — MARK vi. 3.

I LOVE to note the worth of these words, "the Son of Man," that fall so often from the lips of Jesus, and are familiar to him as his life, and then to ask, What better reason can be given for their familiar use than this,— that he was one with our human family, one and indivisible, and was never looking *down* on us from the awful eminence of the Godhead, but was looking right *at* us with purely human eyes, and holding us in his strong and tender human heart? This Son of Man who, as Jeremy Taylor, the good bishop, says, "had a stable for his chamber and a manger for his cradle, and was cold and hungry and unprovided for when he came to be one with us."

I love to ask, also, if we weigh at their real worth the years which lie between his infancy and manhood until he went forth on his divine mission,—the years of preparation, the most momentous in a sound and true human life,—and then to ask again whether we may not find some clew to the man in these years of preparation for the work his Father and our Father had given him to do, while in the home, the workshop, and the commune his life was blended through and through with that of his human kind; for a fine thinker says, "The childhood is happy which has furnished few records, but has been made happy by early thoughtfulness and by great ideas of his origin and destination, which settle with a dome-like brooding upon the mind of childhood more than

upon our mature life,—the childhood which has expressed itself not in distinct records, but rather in deep affections and in abiding love.”

Still, the Gospels do hold one record of the earlier years in the time when he went up to Jerusalem with his father and mother, being then twelve years of age. Here, I think, we find the child and the boy who had been brooding over the great ideas of his origin and destination, troubling his simple old father with the questions for which he would fain find the answer, so that the old man must have said to him in sheer despair, and, it may be, with a touch of temper, “My son, these are questions I cannot answer; but we shall go up to the holy city to the feast when the time comes, where the wise men are who can answer them, no doubt. So you must wait until we find them in the temple.”

So they went up to the city; and the old father forgot his promise, but not the boy. They had lost him; and “it came to pass that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the wise men, hearing and asking them questions, and all that heard him were astonished at his questions and answers”; and, when his mother said, “My son, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing,” he said unto them, “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” Was it of the old man and his promise he was speaking, or the Father in heaven, or a blending of both? We cannot tell. And were they amazed — those wise men — at his questions and answers? Well they might be. amazed. Here was the child who was haunted by the great ideas of his origin and destination; and here were the masters learned in the traditions of the elders, that we may liken to the flowers we press and treasure, while this young soul brought to them the bloom and beauty of the springtide borne by the breath of God.

This is the sole record in the Gospels of his youth time.

Then some eighteen years come and go before we find him again, when he leaves the carpenter's workshop to enter on the holy mission,—years in which there is no word or whisper of what he has *said*, but a clear record of what he has *done*, in these words: "When the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue; and many, hearing him, were astonished, saying, Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" While you may remember the tradition I cited from one of the early fathers, that he worked with his father as a carpenter and builder and at making ox-yokes and ploughs.

And these are by no means lost years, when you trace them by the light of his discourses and parables, full as they are of pictures drawn from the life which was blended through and through with his own, while he must work for his bread,—take the stroke oar when his old father was past work, and for the household when he had passed away.

So it is the master-builder who tells us of the man who built his house on the rock that stood safe and sure when the house built on the sand went shuddering down in the storm,—a picture so vivid that my dear Father Furness told me, when he heard Dr. Channing read the passage at the close of the Sermon on the Mount, he saw the wreck going down on the water-floods, and trembled.

Did he know the secret of wise building, this son of man, as Adam Bede would know it in the noble story? He also knew the secret of good ploughing and sowing and of all that was done in the quiet green lands, just as you do who were raised on the farms, and for the same reason,—that all this was blended with his life on the land. And he has seen his mother make the bread times past remembering, when in the home she would dole out so carefully the three measures of meal, where waste meant want, as I would watch my mother in the old time put in so much leaven, no less and no more; and his father store

the vintage, when the grapes were ripe, careful not to put the new wine in the old frail leathern bottles, lest they should burst, as it may be they had in some former year, and the wine be lost. He had seen the shepherd go after the sheep that was lost, full of concern, and bring it home on his shoulders with a joy in which the neighbors and friends must share; and the poor housemother sweep the earthen floor to find her lost piece of silver,—not your big round disc of a dollar, but some small, thin sixpence.

The Gospels are replete with these human pictures that tell the story of the unrecorded years. They are as natural as the turn of your hand and as true, because he was the Son of Man by his birth and upbringing, and must learn in this simple human fashion what he poured out of his heart in the matchless discourses and parables through the pregnant three years,—the years of preparation through which dear to him, among all the sons of men, would be the shining of the sun and the fair and sweet succession of the seasons, dear the sound of human voices and the clasp of human hands, dear the homes all about him and the children playing about the doors; the mothers within doors, busy about their work, with the men in the fields and workshops earning the daily bread; the sunlight rippling over the waters, and the boatmen coming home with the fare of fish; the wild lilies in the meadows; the wheat springing forth, growing to ripeness in the full time, and swaying ready for the harvest in the soft summer air; while the birds sweep through the azure, and alight to sing their song to the Son of Man, so human and therefore so divine.

Once more, when I glance at what we may call his limitations, as these lie in his life and upbringing, I have to note how he never estrays from the small world, fenced in and held apart from the world outside, and conclude that this world, so rich in history, in letters, and in art, had no

part or lot in his education and training in the home, the school, or the synagogue.

His knowledge of this kind is always drawn from the sacred books of his own nation,— their history, biography, law, prophets, and psalms, with no trace of what we have come to call the higher criticism, beyond his stern condemnation of the tradition of the elders. There is no word in his discourses that I remember which holds the suggestion that, if he could read, he had ever read any other books than the Scriptures to the end of his life.

And, again, I have to notice in pure reverence what we may call the limitation of his sympathy for the life outside his church and nation, when he left the carpenter's bench and went forth on his divine errand,— this Son of Man who must rise to the eminence of the Christ we love. He must still be within these lines when he said to the woman of Samaria, when he sat by the well, "Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews"; but already, I think, the vision of his large free gospel has caught his heart when he says to her, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in the spirit and in truth"; and still within the lines when he said to the woman who also stood outside the pale, the mother who begs him to have mercy on her for her child's sake, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs." But, when she cries in her mother agony of love, "Yea, Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs," then the barriers are burned, as my faith stands, once and forever; and he says to her, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." And the child was healed. The time had come to him then which comes to all the great leaders, reformers, and Immanuels in the kingdom of heaven on the earth, when the Son of Man must break through the barriers or outgrow them, as Paul outgrew them, and Wyclif, Luther, and Latimer,

Wesley, Channing, and Parker, with more besides than I can name, and rise to the eminence of the elected sons of God.

So I love to believe it was after this new birth that he tells the story of the good Samaritan; and, when his disciples would have him call down fire from heaven because, as they passed through Samaria, they found no welcome, he answered: "Ye know not of what spirit ye are. I have not come to destroy, but to fulfil, not to destroy life, but to save; and he that is not against us is for us."

And, again, when I am bidden to believe that he was not only the Son of Man, but also "very God of very God," I want to answer: Then, for this reason, if what you say is true, he must have held in his nature the precious secrets of help and healing through which we are now tided over the direst agonies that can smite us, and can meet the shocks they bring with a steadfast heart. And we can think of no agony he ever stayed, or hurt he ever healed, so fearful as that he must himself have endured as the Son of Man, with that tender and pitiful heart so purely human, if, knowing all we know now, and doing what they do who are working the miracles of help and healing in our homes and hospitals, he was helpless to reveal them.

The thing is not to be imagined. The secrets of the ages which are solved by Heaven's blessing and our human striving, these we must leave with the eternal Providence; but, given this tender, pitiful, human heart, true to the last beat on the cross to our suffering human kind, then we know what we may surely look for in the Son of Man. The humanity locks in with the responsibility; and so you may tell me my Christ knew all these secrets as very God of very God, but must not reveal them. Then I cannot give him reverence or love. All he knew he told us. All he could do was done,—all the help, all the healing, all the heartening, and then his

own life on the cross, when it pleased Him in whom all fulness dwells to make him perfect through suffering.

And once more, believing as we do in his pure and proper humanity as the son of Joseph and Mary, we should be at no loss to understand the perfect fitness of this term as we find it in the Gospels from his own lips and from the lips of his friends and followers, always true to the same human chord through the perpetual variations,—the Son of Man who would reach downward to the lowest, that he might help them upward by one step, if no more, toward the highest on earth as the first toward heaven also.

He will not be called "good master," lest this, as it seems to me, should exalt him too high, and make him more than the Son of Man and the human brother of some poor creature who might be saying: I can never be good: it is no use trying. I will be what I am, and who held his life in perpetual peril from those who counted themselves the pattern of all goodness, so that he might come the nearer to those who were outcast, the publicans and sinners they held in perpetual scorn and contempt. Therefore, the publican touches him with a deeper and sweeter concern than the high priest in the most holy place, and the Magdalene than the maid or matron safeguarded by the sanctities of the home and temple, sweet and good by birthright.

He seems to be saying to these lost ones: God help you! There must have been something sadly out of true in your birth or your fortune, something most precious you have lost or never found, before you could come to this *via mala* in which you are wandering; and I must seek and save that which was lost, for you also are the children of our Father in heaven.

It is all human, this divine concern to his human heart, and therefore most God-like; and the thinnest veil never falls to hide them from the human sympathy and succor. The one lost sheep is more to him than the ninety-and-nine

safe in the fold, nor will he allow the poor waif to be driven home over the thorns and briers. He will have the good shepherd bring it home on his shoulders, rejoicing, and saying, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost"; while this joy, he tells us, is only the earthward echo and intimation of the joy in heaven over these lost ones he would save.

And now may I say to those who wonder why we cleave to this Son of Man and his pure humanity: We have no option. The reasons I have tried to touch are to me self-evident as others are on which I cannot dwell. A great saint of the old time says we need a revelation of the true man, or we can never have a revelation of the true God; and Jesus meets the demand and the need. So we cling to his humanity as the first grand truth we must accept. And, to my own faith in him, we want the limitations I have touched for the true starting-point—and the evolution, shall I say, from these limitations—as surely as we want the divine perfection into which he grew in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, because, if he was quite other than I am, than you are, the one singular and separate person in our human family, I should be compelled to believe that his life cannot be one and the same with yours and mine, either in its temptations or its victories, if we have any to our name.

But, if, indeed, he was human as we are, this strong Son of Man and Son of God, and must face the same questions and the same trials of our existence on his way through the world, then he draws us to him by the cords of a man,—wept by graves as we do, shrank back from the shadows as we do, and the agony when we also cry, "Let this cup pass from me," or, with a still deeper pathos, "Let it pass from *mine*," and doubted as we do in some dire moments, crying in our heart, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me!" but through all these fires of human suffering won his way to the throne to which

he has been lifted,—then I want just this divine leader and captain, this Son of Man, as the way, the truth, and the life for me; and in the measure of my own manhood will be my loyalty to him who was first of all so human, and through his humanity became so divine, and who

“ Because he loves us so,
Because he was most noble and a king,
Can well prevail against our fears, and fling
His purple round us, till our hearts do cling
So close against his heart as not to know
How weak we are alone.”

We want him to help us meet these shocks and surprises that seem sometimes to shake the throne of the eternal God,— these storms and earthquakes, these fearful volcanic fatalities, these pestilences that still walk in darkness, these arrows that fly at noonday on land and sea, these things that slip in between our very prayers and set a question-mark against Milton's cry,—

“ I will assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.”

I want my Son of Man who did not know what these question-marks mean, who never made one, and who said to the listeners what he says to me, “Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the will of your Father,”— the Son of Man and the Son of God who fought his battle with the powers of darkness, death, and long despair, and won the day out of the mirk midnight,— I want him to be my leader and the captain of my salvation from my very self, that the worst may become the best.

Is this hunger in me to grow into the likeness of the Son of God in all things? I want to be sure that my own loyalty to what is most human is the first step to whatever is most divine. Do I want also to be a son of God? I must first be a true son of my human family in my home, my church, my nation, and in the great wide world.

My dear friend James Freeman Clarke told me once that, when he was preaching in a Western city on our faith as it lies in the truth of the one God, our Father, he said to those who were persuaded that the doctrine of the Trinity was alone true, "You say your God dies," when a very eminent man cried suddenly, "That is false"; and then Dr. Clarke told me he took up the book from which they had been singing, and said to the gentleman, "Will you kindly read this verse,—

'Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.'

The man was astonished, and said, "I never noticed that in our hymn-book, and do not believe it"; and not long after he became a member of the infant church.

This is Jesus, "the most exalted religious genius," a fine thinker says, "God ever sent upon the earth, humanity in its divinest revelation."

And now, when I ask where lay the secret of the power and grace through which he became the divinest man who was also the most human, this is the answer, that he rested utterly and without debate in the Fatherhood of God, and, as I heard a good Presbyterian say a few years ago in a sermon, the Motherhood of God, also.

So the Gospels tell us that he said, "I and my Father are one," not in equality, as we must understand him, but in identity, and "The words I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the Father which sent me," and "All things which I have heard of my Father declare I unto you." These, with more I need not cite, are the words he said touching the central secret of his power and grace. Human as we are in his nature and life, bound as we are, I say, to bear our burdens, to face our sorrows, to find his way through the temptations which come to us all,

and to be aware that the heavens, radiant with glory yesterday, were black to-day as a starless night, when death drew near on those dreadful wings, and he feared for the moment God had forsaken him, never for a moment thinking he could forsake God, I want to take his secret to my heart, and be one with him, because this world is mine, also, and I love him and would follow him, the Messiah of God, all the more and forevermore because he *was* the carpenter, a man of the people, and a democrat, the noblest to me the world has ever seen, standing by the people and for the people from the workshop to the cross,— the Son of Man who hated the tyrants and the tyranny, the bigots and the bigotry, and held in his heart the most tender concern for those who did not weigh well in this world's ruthless scales, who had not even the one talent to their share, but only some very vulgar fraction, while some strong hand or cunning stole the worth of that poor chance. Men like these and women who had lost their way, or, it may be, God help them, had never found it,— the dreadful brand was burnt on them when they lay in their cradle,— he durst look into their eyes. He pitied them, but could not despise. It may be I cannot quite do this. I am not man enough. I take his ensample to my heart, and then I would try. He gives me heart to seek and to save that which was lost, to see some gleam from God in the most hapless, most hopeless, and, to my poor seeing, the most utterly depraved. And I need him, finally, because he saw right into the heart of heaven through his own divine heart. This was no surmise to him, any more than was the shining of the sun, but the most sacred and impregnable truth he could tell us after the eternal love of God, our Father. And there are moments when I may doubt and fear, when the shadows fall heavy about my life. Then I listen to his voice, so full of good cheer, so full of faith in the "immortal life in never-failing worlds, for mortal creatures

conquered and secured," and the shadows flee away, the springs of faith flow again, the withered hand is restored. He is the sacred seer for me of this immortal life. I ask no questions. I trust in the great divine seer. I rest where he rested, and am one with him as he was who sang, — sang this sweet rustic strain: —

"Isn't this Joseph's son? — Ay, it is he,
 Joseph the carpenter, same trade as me.
 I thought as I'd find it, I knew it was here;
 But my sight's getting queer.
 I don't know right where his shed must 'a' stood;
 But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
 I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
 At the same work as me.
 He wasn't that set up that he couldn't stoop down
 And work in the country for folks in the town.
 And I'll warrant He felt a bit proud like I've done
 At a good job begun.
 The parson he knows that I'll not make too free.
 But on Sunday I feel as pleased as can be
 When I wears my clean smock and sits in a pew,
 And has thoughts not a few
 I think of,— as how the parson hissen,
 As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
 Not *he* knows as much as the Lord in that shed
 Where he earned his own bread.
 So I comes right away by myself with the book,
 And I turns the old pages and has a good look
 For the text as I've found, where He tells me as He
 Were the same trade as me.
 Why don't I mark it? Ah, many says so,
 But I think I'd as lief with your leave let it go:
 It do seem that nice when I falls on it sudden,
 Unexpected, you know."

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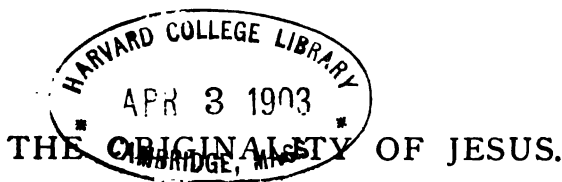
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My text you may find in the seventh chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth verses: "And it came to pass, when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as their scribes."

From the point of view of the old orthodoxy, our present subject would have no relevancy. According to that, it is of no special consequence as to whether Jesus taught anything new, as to whether he made any remarkable intellectual or even moral contribution to the thought or the life of the world; for he did not come into the world to teach, primarily. He came to suffer and to die. He came to be a sacrifice, so that he might fulfil some great exigency, and be the means of saving souls from eternal punishment in the next world. That has been the predominant teaching, as you are well aware.

There has, however, been no consensus of opinion during the last eighteen or nineteen hundred years as to the special meaning of this suffering and death. For a long time in the early Church it was believed that, through the fall of man, all souls had come to be the lawful subjects of Satan; that they were his; that he was their king, and had a right to dispose of them as he would. It was supposed, therefore, that Jesus suffered and died that he might purchase a certain number of human souls from the authority of the evil one, and bring them under his own kingship, redeem and save them.

Though not taught clearly anywhere in the Bible, it was traditionally held that Jesus had been the great

rival of Satan in heaven before the world was created, and that it was through the agency of Jesus that he and his followers had been cast out. The enmity, then, of Satan was special and peculiar against him; and he was willing to accept his sufferings and death as a price for the redemption of a certain number of human souls. This for a long time was supposed to be the meaning of the sufferings and the death of the Nazarene.

At a later time it was believed that there was some sort of exigency in the government of God that needed to be met in this way. Law had been broken. The authority of law must be maintained. Somebody must suffer. Jesus comes forward as a voluntary victim, suffers in the stead of men, and so meets this great governmental difficulty, and enables God to be just and at the same time the justifier of those that believe in Jesus. This was another theory.

Another was that Jesus was an expiation, that he suffered to appease the wrath of the Almighty, to deliver men from God's anger.

Still another, which has been very popular until within the last century, and is in many quarters still, has been called the substitution theory. Jesus' sufferings and death were substituted for the sufferings and the death of men; and those who believed on him could have so much as was necessary of the pain of Christ credited, so to speak, to them, transferred to their account, and so they go free.

The most popular theory at present in those orthodoxies which are being touched by the spirit of the modern world is what has come to be called the moral view of the atonement. Its most distinguished champion was Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford. According to this, Satan has nothing to do with it. It is not to appease God's anger, it is not to meet any governmental exigency, it is not for any of these old reasons; but Jesus comes into

the world willing to suffer and die, and so manifest to men the eternal and changeless love of the Father. And by this manifestation he is supposed to win men away from their sin and their rebellion, and bring them back in loving loyalty to the government of the Father.

These modern views would consist to a certain extent with a discussion as to the question of the originality of Jesus. The older views, as I have said, would not. There is a great change passing over all the different branches of the Church at the present time: even those that are hardly conscious of it are feeling it. To see how thoroughly humanitarian, how like our own, are some of the utterances to be found, I have brought with me this morning an editorial which I cut from a copy of the *Sun* the other day. I trust to the accuracy of its report as to what certain prominent men have said.

There was a large meeting at Stanford University in California just a little while ago, under the management of our old New York friend, Dr. Heber Newton, who is now the minister of the chapel at Stanford. He is represented on this occasion as having said that Christianity is not exclusive, but inclusive, of all religions, and as holding that all men who are true and fine and noble anywhere on the face of the earth are complying with the essential things which are necessary for one to become a Christian.

A few days ago in this city, speaking, I believe, to a Sunday night audience at Cooper Union, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is reported to have said that a Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Christian, so long as he does justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly with God, will be sure to be saved.

You see, according to this, any man anywhere in the world who loves God, walks humbly before him, and tries to do justly, is a Christian.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presby-

terian Church, is reported to have said that a Christian is simply a pure, honest, unselfish man. The writer of this article goes on to say that, if that is true, then a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, a Confucian, or an atheist, may be a Christian.

I speak of these as indicating the broader drift of thought in those churches that do not take the name of Liberal.

On the contrary, to show that these men are not having it all their own way, Bishop Huntington, of the Episcopal Church, has recently preached, reasserting the old doctrines of eternal hell and claiming that they are taught by the words and maintained by the authority of Jesus. And Captain A. T. Mahan, in addressing the Church Club a few days ago, thought that the churches were departing from their original, essential purpose by becoming so thoroughly humanitarian. The great thing, he said, which they were in existence for was to save souls, to bring individual souls to be laid as a sacrifice at the foot of him who came into the world to suffer and die to save them. I am not, of course, now quoting his words. I am only trying to represent the position which he took.

I have a good deal of sympathy with a certain aspect of his teaching. I think myself that, while humanitarianism in its practical sense as helping people in this world, is one of the magnificent fruits of Christianity, and ought to be one of the grandest activities of every Christian church, yet the church does exist primarily for something deeper and higher than that. That something else is the root, however much of the flower and fruitage of human service the tree may produce when the root is properly fed and cultivated.

Of course, those who are taking the broader and more humane outlook over the world are intensely interested in the practical question which I bring before you this

morning,—the originality of Jesus. Did he come into the world merely to suffer and die, and is it of no consequence what he contributed in the way of thinking or living to our life here, or are we right when we believe that he died under the influence of the same natural law which has been illustrated in the martyrdoms of all true and noble men who have devoted themselves to truth and the higher life of the world? Believing that, we are ready to raise the question as to what Jesus taught and gave the world which was peculiar to himself.

In the first place, I shall glance negatively at two or three matters which are sometimes thought of as special contributions of Jesus, but which can be traced far back of his time. The method of Jesus' teaching, the method of his living,—these were not new. It was common in Oriental lands for a man to gather a group of friends or disciples unto him, to travel from place to place, to depend for support upon the sympathy and kindness of friends by the way, to teach his doctrines sitting upon the edge of a well, or in a boat by the lake border, or on the side of a mountain, or passing along the country roads,—wherever he found some one interested and caring.

Neither was the method of teaching by parable, which is so conspicuous in the life of Jesus, peculiar to him. Gautama, the Buddha, taught by parable five hundred years before his time.

The great saying of Jesus as to that which is the central idea of the law was not original with him. Frequently people are found who suppose that he was the first one who said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength: this is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

I say, I think it is quite commonly supposed that Jesus was the first one to give utterance to this sublime condensation of the meaning of the law. A few years before Jesus was born, however, there were two great teachers in Jerusalem. One was Gamaliel, who afterwards was the master of Paul, at whose feet he sat and learned the law. He believed in and laid great stress upon the traditions as well as the actual teachings of the Mosaic law.

There was at the same time another teacher, by the name of Hillel, who was more like Jesus himself, caring less for form, ritual, concentrating his thought on those things which he deemed essential.

The story goes that a visitor in Jerusalem, on a certain occasion, went to Gamaliel and asked him if he could teach him the whole law while he stood on one foot. Gamaliel was indignant at what he regarded as a preposterous request, and turned the stranger from his door. Then he went over to the school of Hillel, and asked the master there the same question. Hillel replied: "Certainly, nothing is easier. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself. This," he added, "is the whole law: all the rest is mere commentary."

So you see that this grand truth was not original, in the ordinary sense of the word, with Jesus. Neither was Jesus the first one who said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." I know a great many Hebrews who think that the Christian world has misrepresented them in saying that they taught, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy." Whatever may have been the predominant feeling of the ancient world, this is not true. It is indeed true that, until a comparatively modern time, it has been considered a virtue to hate beyond the limits of your own neighborhood, your own family, or, at any rate, your own people or race.

Plato could commend an Athenian because he hated Sparta; and, even as late as the time of the naval hero Nelson, in England it was regarded as the prime virtue of an Englishman that he hated a Frenchman as he did the evil one.

So it is true that this divided state of mind has been a common one, not only in the ancient world, but in the modern; and yet I love to remember that, away back in the time when the Book of Leviticus was written (you will find it in the nineteenth chapter and thirty-fourth verse), there was a command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor,"—love him as thyself.

One other point negatively: neither was Jesus the author of the Golden Rule. Sometimes we say that sums up and contains in itself the essence of Christianity. In one sense this is true; and yet, hundreds of years before Jesus, Confucius taught it. When some one asked him if there was any one word in which he could convey the great lesson of life, he said, Is not "reciprocity" such a word? What you would not have anybody do to you, do not you do to them. In many parts of the world substantially the same teaching can be found. And yet do not understand me as meaning that anything is to be taken away from the glory, the power, the beauty of Jesus, either as to his teaching, his character, or his influence. Is it not true that all the great men of the world have summed up in themselves all the attainments of humanity up to their time, and then have taken some grand step forward, so that the world has been greater for their having lived in it than it ever was before? There were evolutionists before Darwin and Spencer. To those two men, and to Spencer first, we owe the great modern movement which is revolutionizing human thought; but others caught glimpses of the same idea, such men as Geoffry St. Hilaire, Goethe, Swedenborg and Erasmus Darwin. What Darwin and

Spencer did was to put their fingers on true, real causes which were at work bringing about these transitions and transformations. That was their glory.

So it is never derogatory to Jesus that there may have been glimpses and gleams here and there of the morning of religious civilization, which he at last ushered in with such glory, such brightness, and such power.

I ask you now to notice with me a few specific things which Jesus has contributed to the life of the world. And, first, he has put new and deeper and higher and finer and sweeter meaning into a belief which in some form existed before,—the Fatherhood of God.

I am glad to remember—and it takes nothing away from Jesus—that Father in heaven, or Heaven-Father, is one of the oldest names for God to be found anywhere in the history of human thought. Away far in the East, at the beginning of those wonderful religions of India, we find certain Sanskrit hymns. We can see the religions growing, taking shape. There the name, or one of the names, for God is *Dyaus-Pitar*, Heaven-Father. It is the same name which in Latin took on the shape Jupiter; and the old Latins said that Jupiter was the father of gods and of men; but then it did not mean what it has meant since the time of Jesus.

There were sweeter things than could be found in India or in Rome among those wonderful old prophetic writers who gave us foregleams and far-off glimpses of what we now call Christianity. In the Old Testament God is sometimes represented in the most tender way in the world as our Father; and he asks pathetically, or is represented as doing it, "If I be a father, where is my honor?"—why do you not treat me as a father? And, then, "Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." He will not be too exacting with us, he knows how weak we are.

So those old prophets felt and said. But, since Jesus lived and spoke of his Father in heaven, it has had a newer and tenderer meaning for all human hearts that have sat at his feet and learned the lessons that he was fitted to teach them. He is not merely now the Author of our being, not merely the Creator of the world and the Creator of animals and of man, the Father of races or of humanity. If we catch the true meaning of the teaching of Jesus, then he is my Father. I have a right to feel that he thinks of and cares for just me,—not for the whole family in the mass, but he knows my life, and all my peculiarities and weaknesses and burdens and sorrows and troubles; and I can go to him with them, not expecting him to change his world on my account, but expecting that I can feel under me his hand and folded around me the everlasting arms.

So Jesus contributed to the world a new, grander, deeper, higher, tenderer conception of human childhood and divine Fatherhood.

In the next place, he was not the first one who talked about human brotherhood. An old Roman playwright has said, "I am a man, and whatever is human concerns me." But that was not the ordinary attitude of the antique world. The proud Greek, standing in the midst of the marvellous civilization which he had created, looked out over the rest of the world, and called them all Barbarians. They were not the equals of the Greek.

So the average attitude of the Hebrew was one of Hebrew superiority and Hebrew condescension as he looked over the world upon those that he called the Gentiles. Indeed, we have not yet anywhere reached the height and the breadth of the teaching of Jesus.

He taught that one is your Father in heaven, and all ye are brethren. He taught that we were not to be high and low, superior and inferior, but all equally children of the one Father. And, when Christianity started out on its

career of conquest, it did more than had ever been done in the history of the world up to that time to realize this ideal.

Paul taught that there was one humanity in Christ,—that whether you were rich or poor made no difference, whether you were a slave or free made no difference, whether you were Barbarian or Greek or Parthian made no difference, whether man or woman, no difference. All are one in Christ. That was the teaching of Paul. I do not mean to say that his followers lived it out.

And the Catholic Church has always held up before the world one grand assertion and illustration of this fundamental truth that Jesus so grandly taught. I know that the Church has a thousand times allied itself with the great. It has been tyrannous, it has been cruel, it has favored the rich, it has violated this teaching of Jesus in almost every possible direction; but one thing it has always asserted before the world,—any base-born peasant, no matter from what grade of life, however poor, by right of character and ability was able to become pope, the head of the Church.

And that meant what? It meant that emperors, kings, nobles, the proud, the haughty, the rich,—all those occupying the high places of the world,—must bow the knee in utter prostration and humility before simply a man of no birth, no rank, no money,—only a man. And so, even unconsciously, it has taught this great truth which is central in Christianity.

Another thing which Jesus added to the world was his teaching of the infinite worth of a human soul. In all the old-time civilizations a few select men have been important; but the great masses of the people have been of no account except to be exploited by the great, to be servants, to be slaves, to be food for their ambitions, to make up their armies, to be harnessed as millions to their industrial engagements and occupations. Thousands and thousands

of them sacrificed in every direction, swept aside as though they were so many flies.

This has been the attitude too many times towards the world's great, toiling, common masses. But Jesus taught that any human soul, in any grade or rank of life, was of more value than the whole world, of infinite worth. He said, He that gains the whole world and loses his soul makes a very bad trade, a poor bargain.

And the logical outcome of that in practical life,—what does it mean? It means this conspicuous fact which Captain Mahan was criticising the other night before the Church Club: that the Church, as it has developed and unfolded the life and ideals of Jesus, has become so humanitarian that it regards the condition and the needs of the humble, the vicious, the criminal, the outcast, the poorest everywhere, and measures its Christian vitality by the standard as to what it is thinking of and doing for these that need.

We are coming to think that we ought to pray chiefly for these. As some one has said, "God bless the wicked; the good he has already sufficiently blessed by making them good." And so Christianity is a missionary effort. Christianity cares for the slave, for the outcast, and the poorest, for those in prison, for any one that is human anywhere.

Another thing Jesus teaches as it has never been taught anywhere else in the history of the world,—the greatness of service. He says distinctly and definitely that this has not been the dominant idea among the nations. The great ones there have been set on high. They have exercised authority over the people. They have used the people for their own behoof, for their own advantage; but it shall not be so in this kingdom which I have come to establish. He that is greatest shall be the one who serves the most; and even the giving of a cup of cold water is more than all dignified ceremony and all righteous pretence.

Indeed, Jesus here put his finger on an essential and eternal law of the universe. He was announcing something which was new in the thought of men, but something which was as old as the nature of God; for God himself is God because he pours himself out in infinite giving, with utter *abandon*, to constitute the life of the universe.

He is the eternal and universal servant; not a servant of the archangels only, not a servant of famous men only,—the servant of the poor, the servant of every bird that flies in the air and every beast that seeks its prey, its food from God; the servant of every tree, of every shrub, of every unfolding leaf, of every drop of water,—God, the infinite God, engaged forever in serving the life and the beauty of all these.

Jesus, then, I say, put his finger on an eternal and universal truth of the universe; and, as we look back and down the ages up which humanity has climbed so slowly, we are beginning to justify that saying, we are beginning to recognize that they only are worthy of honor, they only are truly great, who have served and helped the world.

And Jesus taught another great, deep, eternal principle,—that we grow, that we gain, that we become, by throwing ourselves away. The self-seeker, in the light of the great truths of Jesus, we find to be, what Jesus called one of them, a fool. Not in any bitter way. You remember in regard to the man who was getting so rich he did not know what to do with his property, and said: I will have to tear down my barns, and build larger ones, so that I will have a place to bestow my goods. Jesus said: "Thou fool!" Poor, pitiful fool, thinking you can get the wealth and the greatness of life by grasping.

You get the wealth and greatness of life by giving, and only by giving. All the spiritual qualities, all the noble things of the world, are those that can only be developed by giving them away,—intelligence, love, pity,

helpfulness,—all the finer qualities. Since God is the everlasting giver, the eternal servant, all the divine things can be gained by man not in any selfish way. He only fools himself if he thinks he can get rich in that fashion. It will come only as he gives.

Another thing Jesus taught,—the perfectibility of the common man, of all individual men. He set no low standard. Men sometimes say: Well, if I try to do about right, I imagine I shall get along. I shall do as well as the majority. What did Jesus say? "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Perfection for every individual—the one standard of life according to the teaching of Jesus. And he believed it; and that means what? It means the coming of the kingdom of God right here on earth. Jesus taught it. He believed that here was the place where God was to abide among his people. No matter at all to-day as to whether the framework of Jesus' thought was such as we continue to hold. Let us fix our attention on that which is essential; that is, that man is capable of living a godlike life. He is capable of using his body in a divine way. He is capable of using his mind simply for the sake of finding the truth, which is what it is for, not as the haunt and resting-place of prejudices and preconceptions. He is capable of welcoming to his heart all that is lovely and of good report. He is capable of linking himself spiritually with the Father of all souls.

And no man has any right to do just about as well as he can, and be contented with that. No man has any right to look indulgently into his own character, and make allowance for any sort of imperfection. Perfection is not, rightly considered, a tasteless, meaningless thing. It is the harmony, the completion, the perfection of life; weaving into it all its beauty, all its glory, all that makes it divine.

One point more. It is said in the New Testament in one place that Jesus "brought life and immortality to light." I cannot agree with the writer if he meant that the world had had no belief in a future life before; for we know now that there never has been a tribe on earth that did not have some sort of belief in continued existence after death. It has been the dream of the human heart. It has been the one thing concerning which you can say that always, by all men, everywhere.

But Jesus did put a new and higher meaning into it. He taught that this universe was the one house of the Father, that it had a good many different rooms in it, and that those that were in the spiritual life were simply in another room of the Father's house, and that they were living just as we.

He taught or, rather, assumed the existence of the individual personality. I for one have no sort of interest in the kind of immortality that a great many persons talk about,—the immortality of influence, for example. I should like to help the world for a little while; but suppose the world is going to live for a million years, and then tumble into nothing. I cannot get very much interested in that outlook.

Immortality by being absorbed into the Infinite, and losing my personal consciousness, I do not care for. On those terms, it means nothing to me. Immortality that shall shut the door of this life as I go out, and shut at the same time my personal memories and interests, I do not want. I would not turn my hand over for it.

Immortality on any of these terms does not appeal to me; but, if I can go out just myself, remembering and loving and hoping to find those I have remembered and loved, so that this common world shall find continuity over there,—then there is something to put meaning into life, something to uplift and glorify the highest and sweet-

est hopes of the world. This is essentially, I think, the teaching of Jesus.

But, at the close, there is something else he gave the world, in some ways better than all his teaching; and that is himself. Jesus was a good deal more than anything he said. He was a good deal more than anything he did. And it is really to-day that which Jesus was, or which we think he was, which is the richest possession of the race.

I do not know to what an extent we have idealized him; neither do I care very much. He has come to be our human ideal of all that is fairest and most divine; and we look to him for hint, for example, as to the relationship in which we shall stand to other people.

What did Jesus do towards the rich? what did Jesus do in his attitude towards the poor? what did he do towards the sinning? Infinite tenderness towards repentant weakness and sin. The only time that he flashed out into anger, cutting like lightning with his words, was when he was dealing with respectable, conceited hypocrisy. Always affectionately tender towards the weak. What was his attitude towards the Father? How did he meet suffering? How did he meet the darkness that swept down upon him and sometimes hid from him even the face of the Father? What did he do with his enemies,—those who misunderstood him, and were bitter against him, because they did not know him? What did he do at the last when, hanging on the cross, he commended his spirit into the hands of Him from whom he had come?

Jesus, I say, stands in all these different relations of life as our ideal. Have we caught up with it? I have no objections to people talking about other teachers, other masters. There are many who have lived and taught in the world that I would bow in the presence of as teacher and master; but Jesus is supreme. He is still

the star of humanity's morning, gleaming there away towards our east, where the first rays of the sun are beginning to redden with the promise of the dawn.

Is this world old, decrepid, hastening to decay? No. We are just beginning to be civilized, a little, in places, here and there. It is the morning we look towards; and Jesus is still our morning star. We look towards him for light, we travel towards him when we travel towards the best; and, when we are able to live out that which he taught and which he was, then the kingdom of God will have come.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast had witnesses in every age, in every race,—those who have testified of Thee, and have directed the thoughts of men towards Thee; but we thank Thee most of all for Jesus, Thy son, our brother, whom we can follow and love, and whose one great office is to lead men to the Father. Amen.

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JESUS AND THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

For a text—a point of departure—I take the words to be found in the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the thirty-first and thirty-second verses: “But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.”

It is not an argument nor a criticism which I have in mind this morning so much as it is an exposition. I wish to set forth, simply as I may, what I conceive to have been the beliefs of Jesus concerning, and his attitude towards, the spiritual world.

It is of no practical importance as to whether I should be able to-day to state my beliefs as he stated his. We shall find that he gave us, or gave his disciples rather, no deliberate or special teaching on the subject. Whatever we can gather is purely by way of inference from incidental statements. He seems to have assumed the whole great subject, to have had a general belief back of all that he did and all that he said, but never to have entered upon any description or defence of that belief.

Unless we find some word to the contrary,—and I do not know of any such,—I think we are justified in assuming that the general theories of the universe which were prevalent among his people and at his time were those which he held; and so different were they from those which are common to the present time that, in order to have any

kind of picture of his world, I shall need to suggest to you a few of the main points concerning it.

The universe as believed in two thousand years ago was comparatively a very small affair. It was not nearly so large as our present conception of our solar system, perhaps not larger than the orbit of the moon.

The earth was flat and stationary at the centre. It was surrounded by water on every hand. The unknown author of the twenty-fourth Psalm speaks of God as having "founded it—the earth—upon the seas, and established it upon the floods." Some, at any rate, of the people at that time looked upon it as fixed in some mysterious way in the centre of all-surrounding seas.

Just a little way overhead, above the dome of blue, was heaven. This was where God held his celestial court, surrounded by his angels. From this point of vantage he overlooked the earth and controlled all its affairs.

Just beneath the surface of the earth was Sheol, or Hades, where awaited the spirits of the dead. All the spirits of all the men and women and children that had ever lived were here in this underworld, waiting for the resurrection. Nobody as yet, with the two exceptions of Enoch and Elijah, had ever gone to heaven, in the sense in which we are accustomed to use those words.

In the mid-air, between the earth and the heaven, there were innumerable spirits, many of them hostile to human souls. Satan had his kingdom here. He was the "Prince of the Powers of the Air." I do not mean to say that all the spirits that occupied this position were evil spirits. Some of them were good; and, in the minds of the people, these strove against each other, the good trying to help, and the evil trying to injure, human beings.

Such was the general intellectual conception or picture of the ancient universe. I wish to say again, as I have said in a good many other connections, that we are not at all to think that it may have been derogatory to the intel-

lectual or spiritual power of Jesus or of the value of his teaching that he shared the intellectual conceptions of his time.

Without a miracle, and that we are not to suppose,—at least there is no slightest hint or indication of it,—all the great men of every age have been the children of their people and their time. They have transcended it in some respects. They have been able to look up the ages and forecast certain great changes which were to come; and in this ability to see further than the people of their time lay one of the distinguishing marks of their greatness. It is nothing against Dante, it is nothing against Homer, it is nothing against Virgil, that they did not hold the ideas of modern astronomy. It does not take away from their greatness, their spiritual insight, or their power.

So we are not to think that it is criticising Jesus when we suppose that he must have shared the intellectual beliefs and theories of his people and his time.

The first great thing to note is that Jesus believed with his whole soul in a spiritual universe. At the present time there are two great contrasted theories. I need merely to suggest them.

There are certain men, especially among scientific students, who have come to hold that life is in some mysterious and inexplicable way a product of what we call matter. As they look out over the vast spaces and see the wonderful worlds, these men think of them as without consciousness, without life. They are made up of what is sometimes spoken of as "dead matter."

Possibly on some other planet a similar thing may have occurred; but here, they suppose, in some mysterious fashion, consciousness has come into existence. Here are beings able to feel and think; but this consciousness, they tell us, is the production of molecular movements of the particles that constitute the brain. Thought is a product somehow of matter. Feeling, love, hope, fear,—all that

make up what we refer to as spiritual facts and forces,—are results,—local results, temporary results; and, when the brain, which is the organ not only, but the producer of thought, becomes disintegrated and decayed, then the thought, the life, the personality, are to cease.

And by and by, when the old earth becomes frozen, like the moon, or when it tumbles into the sun, this marvellous drama that has been played here will be ended; and the world will swing voiceless and dead, or cease to exist altogether, as though nothing of life had ever been. This is one theory of the universe.

Jesus held precisely the opposite. He believed that life was first, and that what we call the "material universe" was possibly local and temporary, but at any rate a product of spiritual life, spiritual forces. He believed that we were surrounded by a spiritual world, and that the power to create this visible universe, and which keeps it going, and which manifests itself in individuals, had its source and its home in this which has come to be referred to by scientists to-day as the metetherial world,—a world beyond even the ether, a world of ultimate reality, a world of spirit and power and life.

The poet Spenser says somewhere,—

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

This is his way of giving utterance to this spiritual theory of the universe. Life was before what we call matter; or, if not before it, was the cause and not the effect. Life it is which is manifested in matter. Life it is which is manifested in each individual soul. This, though he might not have used our scientific or philosophical language to express it, was the general theory of the universe which Jesus held.

In the next place, he believed that man was by nature an inhabitant of that spiritual universe; that the princi-

pal thing about him was not his physical being, not even his intellectual being, considered apart by itself; but he was above and beyond all things a soul, a spark of the infinite and eternal life of God.

I do not know whether he held that human souls in any case had pre-existed, whether in that sense they came from God; but in the deepest sense he believed that we all came from God, and that we were here, clothed for a time and for some specific purpose, with these physical bodies of ours, but that the great, the essential, the important thing about us was the fact that we were souls, not *had* souls.

I do not like to hear people talk about *having* souls—as though it was a piece of property that they had somehow come into possession of and might lose. If there is any soul, if soul exists at all, it is the essential man. So man is a soul. At any rate, this is what Jesus believed and taught.

In the next place, he did not believe that this spiritual world was very far away. We unconsciously think in the terms of the intellectual theories in the midst of which we have been trained. Since the Ptolemaic theory passed away, and we are in the midst of this Copernican universe; since we know that this little earth of ours is only like a tiny grain of sand on the shores of an infinite universe; since we know that our solar system is only a little group of little planets around one little sun; and since we know that we can find no limit and conceive no limit to the physical universe,—if we believe in heaven at all, or in a place where spirits live, we unconsciously put it very far away.

It is a little striking to me to notice an indication of that in one of our favorite hymns, “Nearer, my God, to thee,”—a hymn which has taken the world captive, a hymn written by a radical Unitarian; and yet so much was she the creature of her intellectual environment that she speaks,

when rising into the spiritual world, of leaving sun, moon, and stars behind, as though that spiritual world were away off beyond the limits of the visible.

I remember a sermon some years ago—I think it was by Dr. Talmadge—in which he imagined some central sun around which all the other suns with their systems revolved; and here he located the abode of the blessed.

I read a book only a little while ago, or glanced it over, contending that the sun was the seat of the Eternal and Blessed City; but, if we put it as far away as the sun, that is farther than Jesus thought of it as being. It takes light eight minutes and a half to reach us from the sun. How near was Jesus in his thought to the spiritual world? He was so near that a whisper could be straightway heard. He was so near that in his imagination there could be an immediate answer to his requests.

He is in trouble; and suddenly an angel is by his side to help, to comfort him. In other words, he believed that this world of ours was, so to speak, folded round as by an atmosphere by the spiritual world, and that those who were the inhabitants of that world were not away off in some distant place. They might be, for aught any one knew to the contrary, close by our sides,—our companions, though invisible, our companions, though intangible, our companions, though inaudible.

This gives us, so far as it goes, a true conception of Jesus' thought of the nearness of the spiritual world.

There is another point that is of a great deal of importance in estimating his thought. Jesus gives us no hint that the door was closed between these two worlds, that it ever had been closed or was going to be closed.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps startled the world some years ago by publishing a book called "Gates Ajar." She taught that in the modern world somehow or other the door which apparently had been fast closed had got open, at least by a little crevice. When we note what has been

the dominant teaching of the Church, we can understand how startling this doctrine was.

The Church has always believed that, from the beginning of the world until the time of Jesus, God at least occasionally visited it, angels now and then appeared for some special purpose, the spirits of those that we call the dead were sometimes visible,—sometimes came on some special errand to their former abode.

And they believed that during the life of Jesus, so far as he and his disciples were concerned at any rate, the doors were wide open. They believed that they stayed open during what has roughly, and in a somewhat undefined way, been called the Apostolic Age. Then the doors were hermetically sealed. They have never been open since.

This is the ordinary teaching of the Protestant Church. The Catholic Church has never held that. It has been more consistent and more nearly true to the teaching of Jesus.

Jesus taught, then, that the doors were wide open; that angels could come on God's errands, and that they constantly did come; and that not only the spirits of men could come and did come, but that they knew what was going on, that they were interested in our human affairs, that they could take part, now and then at any rate, in what was being done by their former friends and associates. This everywhere is implied in the teaching of Jesus concerning the other life.

There is another point; and that is that Jesus teaches that this spiritual world is one house of the one Father. Spiritual world, did I say? I mean the world, physical and spiritual. It is the many-mansioned or many-roomed house of the Father; and men, being essentially souls, are just as much spirits now as they ever will be, and are just as much inhabitants of the spiritual world.

I do not like to talk about that as a future life. It is

not future. There is only one life in the universe; and that is this instant's life. Yesterday is a name, to-morrow is a name; and angels, all souls, if they are alive at all, are alive this instant, and this instant only, and they never will be alive any other time. For, when the next instant comes, it will be this instant again. It is the only time when anybody is alive.

If, then, we are spirits at all, if we are souls, we are in the spirit world now, although being surrounded by what Shakspeare calls

"This muddy vesture of decay"—

though I would not use this in any opprobrious sense—our senses are holden, so that we cannot perceive some of the grandest features of our environment.

And the people occupying these different abiding-places in God's universe are all his children. They make up his one great family; and they are engaged in natural occupations,—living, not suspended in some unimaginable ether, outside the range of any ordinary human interests.

It seems to me that, when we can analyze a man, and find out what are his different faculties, tastes, desires, possibilities of activity, those things which are essential to him, then we may forecast something of what the nature of his activities shall be when he gets rid of his body, and recognizes himself as what he essentially is. At any rate, this is Jesus' teaching: that there are many rooms in the Father's universe house, and that the people occupying these different rooms make up one family, and are touched by reasonable human interests.

There is another point hinted at, it seems to me, in the teaching of Jesus. It leads me to emphasize what I have already suggested; that is, that the people who, as we say, have died, who have entered into that other stage or sphere or kind of existence, are real, natural, human people.

I do not quite know that anybody taught it to me; but, when I was a boy, I used to imagine that the minute a person died he was either a perfect angel or a perfect devil, and that he had entered upon a condition of things that was to remain unchanged. He was unlike what he was before, in some unimaginable way had changed so that he had ceased to be human.

I have very rarely conversed with anybody whose mind was not touched—tainted, may I be permitted to say?—with what seem to me utterly irrational notions in this direction. They are astonished to think that people in the other world should be ignorant, should forget anything, should make mistakes, should be human, just as they were here week before last, before they passed into the other state. They are astonished and a little shocked and horrified at the suggestion that they may be interested in ordinary worldly affairs. It seems a little derogation of their dignity that they should not be somehow sublimated above everything that used to interest them or that they cared for.

I am not assuming the truth of any theories in this direction. I am merely trying to suggest what I think Jesus teaches or suggests everywhere, that the people in the spiritual world are just as natural kind of folk as the people in this world, and that they do not consider it beneath their dignity to remember and love and care about the things which they used to think of, love, and care for here.

It seems to me also clearly to be inferred from the hints which we find in the words of Jesus that he believed that the inhabitants of this spiritual world were in some way embodied. You know that this is New Testament teaching. Paul does not teach the ordinary church doctrine of the resurrection of the bodies which we have worn here. He does teach a doctrine of resurrection, of coming up, entering into this higher life; but he says that which is

raised is not the body that was buried. God gives each spirit a body as it hath pleased him. Such is his phrasing in regard to it.

What do we find in the words of Jesus which looks in this direction? Take the scene of the transfiguration. I am only giving this as a picture of the belief of the time. Here were two or three of the disciples, who accompanied Jesus on the mountain; and there appeared to them as they talked—who? Two of the old prophets, Moses and Elijah. And the disciples could see them and recognize them. They were not so etherealized that they were not visible. There was something real about them, so that, for the time at any rate, the disciples had no doubt as to who they were. So, whenever you find in the Bible anywhere the coming of the spiritual world into contact with this, the inhabitants of that world are visible and sometimes represented as tangible.

Now we need to remember that this whole question of physical and tangible is only a matter of degree. There are in this universe wide, almost limitless, ranges of real life with which my present physical senses cannot bring me into conscious contact. There are wide ranges of real existence that I cannot see with my present eyes. We know that our senses are very limited, and that it is only a very small part of the real things of the universe that we can either touch or discern with our present senses.

That does not make them unreal, that does not make them unsubstantial: it only recognizes the limitations of our present faculties, that is all.

Is the ether less real than a granite boulder? It represents an unimaginable quantity of power, beyond anything that we can reasonably think of as connected with the boulder. The mightiest forces of the universe, of this physical, this material universe,—the mightiest forces are the invisible, the intangible forces.

We say that a thought has power, a thought can reach

across a gulf of space that separates us from a friend, and come into communication with that friend, perhaps half-way around the world. Something in this direction has been demonstrated scientifically,—demonstrated beyond any reasonable doubt. But does thought leap an absolutely empty space? When a Marconigraph is sent across the Atlantic, is there no material connection between this side and that, merely because we have learned to dispense with the visible material of the wire?

That which the message runs along as it flashes its ether pathway is just as material as the old posts and wires of the Western Union: only it is a finer kind of material, that is all. And what the degrees are, who shall tell? We certainly, with our blunted and clumsy senses, have no way of doing more than make a guess as to what they are.

When we talk of spirits as unembodied, so far as any imaginable power of mind is concerned, we are talking of nothing at all. I cannot imagine an unembodied thought. I know that thought with me is connected with the body, as far as I have ever been able to trace it anywhere. It is connected with some body; and, for anything I can see to the contrary, there may be bodies ethereal just as there are bodies material, which shall be as much mightier, as much grander, as much swifter, as much more tireless than those with which we are acquainted, as electricity is more than muscle. This, at any rate, it seems to me, is contained in the teaching of Jesus.

Such, roughly speaking, are a few of the points that Jesus has given us, some glimpses of the outlines his thought of the spiritual world. He believed that we, embodied here, came from God, and that the true destiny of the soul was to be found in God as our end and home.

I do not mean by this that he thought of us as being reabsorbed into the Infinite. That conception is entirely foreign to the thought of Jesus and to Christian teaching

as a whole. He taught that in some way this earth was connected with, linked with, the Beyond, that there was some natural, logical connection between the two. He taught that the people who inhabited that world and existed in God cared for the people who are here. They were ministering spirits. They knew something about what was going on,—not necessarily everything; but they could care, and now and then they could help.

If we are to accept the ideas of Jesus concerning the spiritual world, then two or three results follow, which I must only outline to you very briefly:—

I think it is right here that we are to find Jesus' apparent indifference to a good many of the things that are happening in this world. Jesus did not seem troubled because a good many people were poor, because a good many were ignorant, because people suffered, because of the existence of disease.

In other words, he seemed to feel that we were going through a process here only, which was to find its outcome, meaning, explanation, in the spiritual world; and so, naturally, in his mind the present conditions were comparatively indifferent, comparatively unimportant, so that we were not to be overwhelmed by them.

The great thing, according to his teaching, is not that we shall get out of one condition into another, get out of one place into another, but that we shall live where we are as souls, as spiritual beings, looking towards something that is to come as justification for the process we are going through.

He thought—and this is a continuation of the same idea—that we ought always to keep this ultimate fact in mind, and, while we are in the midst of these present, human experiences, estimate everything in the light of that, and live for that.

Just as, for example, a student in Harvard or Columbia may play football, may visit the city and enjoy the com-

pany of his friends, go to the theatre, the opera, may wear this kind of garment or that, may love literature, art, may live a life which is each day brimful of interest, and yet, if he is a wise man, he is looking forward all the time to graduation day; and everything is subordinated to that. Nothing else is of any great importance but that. Whatever he loses or whatever he gains as he goes along through his four years' course, if he is only ready to graduate, then all is well.

So, when a man is on a journey, he may need to reach a certain city by a certain date. He can stop over, if he has time, on the way to study places, manners, languages, customs, to delight in architecture, literature, art, the companionship of friends; but everything is subordinate to the one idea that he must reach that place and be ready for the engagement that waits him there on a certain definite day. If he does that, no matter much about the other things.

This, then, is the theory of the Christian life as taught by Jesus; enjoy things as you go along, study, feel, care, aspire, hope, delight yourself with your friends, with society; but live ever with this one thing in mind, that you are a soul, and that the end and outcome of life is to be found there.

One other point now at the end. If this theory of Jesus in its main outlines is true, there is another practical result of the first importance. Suppose these souls that are in the invisible see us, suppose they know about us, suppose they can help us, comfort us, what a different meaning it puts into life!

I think that is a wonderful picture that Paul sketches, where he represents these lives of ours as a contest in the old Roman arena, the circus. Tier on tier around the amphitheatre rise the ranges of seats, crowded with the eager onlookers, interested to see who will win, crowded with the friends of this contestant or that, ready to lament

if he gives out or falls, ready to shout and cheer if he succeeds.

Paul draws this picture, and then says, "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses,"—those that have passed into the invisible to us, but to whom we are visible,—“let us run with patience the race that is set before us.” Let us be shamed, let us be incited, let us be comforted, by the thought of these onlookers.

I remember how in some moods, in my study or my parlor or wherever I may be, I look at a portrait on the wall. It is a portrait of some one I loved; and it comes over me,—I cannot do a thing or think a thing or feel a thing that is unworthy of that friend, even in the presence of the image of him painted by the artist.

How much more, if we can think that some friend is always near us, or at any rate may be, invisible to us, but seeing and knowing what we do! How it ought to shame us, if we think of doing any unworthy thing! How it ought to incite us, inspire us, challenge us to the highest and finest things of which we are capable! And how it ought to comfort us, when we know that they care and that they are watching over us, and that they may, in ways that we can only partly understand, give us real strength, accessions of courage and power!

Jesus, at any rate, believed that all the worlds were one; that they were united, mingled together; that that life and this interpenetrated; that from that life flowed in light and power and inspiration for us here; and that the end, meaning, outcome, of all this life, was to find its result, its natural culmination, there.

Such was the teaching of Jesus; such in its main outlines, I hope, is true.

Dear Father, if we are Thy children, let us live worthily of that fact, no matter how burdened we may be or how

troubled at the time. Let us carry the burden patiently, however much it may chafe. Let us, if we fall, climb to our feet again and go on, even though stumblingly and poorly. However we do it, let us go on; for over yonder is the end, the victory that waits for all honest and earnest striving; and those that love us watch us and are ready to cheer us, and by and by to give us welcome. Amen.



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THE GRACE OF GOD.

"By the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain: but I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."—1 COR. XV. 10.

This brief sentence epitomizes the philosophy of a great man's life. It presents the apostle Paul to us, taking a retrospect of his long and chequered career, from his boyhood's days at Tarsus to his early manhood in Jerusalem, down to his conversion on the way to Damascus, and on through his long wanderings and woes as Christian missionary to the Gentiles. He surveys it all, with eyes of wonder and surprise, scans its victories and defeats, its joys and sorrows, its gains and losses, and finds that the greatest factor in his experience is not his own independent effort, but the grace of God. While he must have felt that much was due to his own initiative, still the regnant forces of his life, which moulded his disposition, and made him the man he was, were helps and inspirations from another and a higher source. His indomitable energy, his marvellous versatility, his genius for abstract thought and practical organization, were not to be accounted for on any common theory of cause and effect, such as comes within the vision of the ordinary biographer. No doubt he tried to span the gulf which lay between Saul the persecutor and Paul the apostle, to explain to himself why he failed here and succeeded there, and, most of all, to interpret his escapes and deliverances on sea and land, in his own country and among strangers; but when every circumstance had been weighed, and

all had been seen that could be seen, the fact still remained, that the primal forces of his destiny were invisible. There did not seem to be anything in his origin or early history, in his parentage or education, to foreshadow his career. The subtle conjectures by which so many biographers and autobiographers seek to follow up the logic of great personalities fail here, as they do in so many instances. Genius doubtless has a history, but how seldom it can be written with anything like fullness and precision? The bare facts can be recorded easily enough; but the personality which lies behind them evades analysis. We do not blame the contemporaries of Jesus that they discovered nothing in Nazareth to account for his works, or the students of Saint Paul's life, that its secrets lay neither in Tarsus, nor in Jerusalem. There is nothing in Stratford-on-Avon to account for Shakespeare, or in the log hut and its environments to interpret the genius and history of Abraham Lincoln. To the question how these personalities arose from obscurity to eminence, from lowly station to conspicuous positions, there is only one answer. Saint Paul's confession solves the problem in each case, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

The phrase is familiar to us. The sequences of personal experience are not easily traversed. There are abrupt breaches in the record which no philosophy can repair. While many men boast of being self-made, and thus relieve Providence of considerable responsibility, the vast majority, I think, are ready to acknowledge, that by far the largest part of their lives is due, not to any inheritance which they can distinctly trace, nor to any effort which they themselves originated, but to the grace and goodness of God. Genius seems to indicate the point where God specially touches human life for his own purpose, and in fulfilment of his plans. It is there that we almost lose trace of human initiative and come on the track of divine grace.

And what is grace? It is a free gift, a gratuity, 'a benevolence. The grace of God is the magnanimity of God, not representing a reward due to merit, or something that is found by long and persistent seeking, but a blessing thrown in by the way. It is said in the opening passages of the Fourth Gospel, "The law came by Moses; but grace and truth by Jesus Christ." Here we find an explanation of Saint Paul's conception. Judaism was a system of exact rewards, of merit and demerit, in which goodness received its benediction, and sin its curse, by undeviating and relentless justice. But under the teaching of Jesus Christ, the grace of God often gave without desert, and paid more than was earned. Jehovah was a task-master, exacted measure for measure, allotting to each virtue its own reward, and to each vice its own penalty. There was no room for injustice and no ground for complaint; but law was omnipotent and inflexible, regulating wages according to labor. It was otherwise with the God and Father of Jesus Christ. He overwhelmed men with unmerited mercies, and could pity and forgive.

This aspect of the divine character is too little understood. Our modern conception of what God is, and of what he can do, is still hampered by Judaism. Not only do the traditions of the past cling to it; but the study of exact science, both in nature and in ethics, has led us to lay too much stress upon method in the universe, and too little upon the unmechanical spontaneity of God. So overwhelming is the sense of law, that we are more apt to feel ourselves part of a vast contrivance than children of a common Father. Under the Jewish religious economy, God was eternal power and justice, the rewarder of righteousness and the rectifier of wrong, but little else; whereas, under the Gospel, he is personal, spontaneous, and sympathetic. His grace took no account of ancestry, was just but tender. He was not

exacting to the last degree, but had mercy on whom he would have mercy, and made no contracts or bargains. He loved men with a total disregard of their claims upon him. He was the rewarder of them that diligently sought him; but he sent his mercy like his rain upon the just and the unjust.

Such a conception of the divine character is in keeping with the noblest illustrations of human affection. There is nothing less rigidly mechanical in its operations and more spontaneous and gracious than parental love. If fatherhood and motherhood best symbolize for us the nature of God, then we shall have to relinquish our rigorous mechanical ideas of the universe, and particularly of human life. It is not inexorable fate with which we have to do, but a personality, free, sympathetic, and gracious. If a child were to ask of a mother, Why are you so kind to me? Why do you love me so constantly and tenderly, and out of all proportion to anything that I deserve? What makes you so patient when I am so obstinate, so persistently loving when I am so thoughtless and apparently so thankless, so gracious when I am so rude? the answer would be a very simple one: "Because you are my child, and love is my prerogative." The sacred element in mother-love is its magnanimity. Through long years it never tires. Waywardness cannot discourage it; forgetfulness cannot quench it; insult does not lessen it; misfortune only strengthens it. It toils, it suffers, it forgives, it fights, it conquers, it is defeated, it triumphs. Through all changes and vicissitudes, it remains the same constant, loyal, magnanimous, victorious love. No mother doles out her affection, exacts measure for measure, or loves arithmetically.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
 No banner to gleam and wave;
 But, oh! those battles that last so long—
 From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still, as a bridge of stars,
 She fights in her walled-up town:
 Fights on and on in the endless wars,
 Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Of all conceptions of the love of God, whether in the Scriptures or out of them, in poetry, philosophy, art, or religion, this, it seems to me, comes nearest to the essential truth of things, and best satisfies the needs of mankind. Any idea of God without this personal, sympathetic, magnanimous quality is surely a mere idol of the mind, cold, bloodless, inoperative. If motherhood be the most perfect symbol of Deity as I maintain it is; if one who has the right and power to judge us, forgives us; if one whom we have wronged still loves us; if one infinitely above us still bends to our necessities, then we must believe, we cannot escape the conviction, that God is no mere abstraction that comes at the end of a syllogism, but a loving Father, who takes the poor, soiled, orphan child of earth into his capacious love, and does for all his children what they have no right to expect, and what they have done nothing to merit. Did not the whole life of Jesus exhibit this spirit? Was he not the friend of publicans and sinners? Did he not pick up those whom the world had thrown down, and rescue those whom the Pharisees had overwhelmed with an avalanche of social lies? Were not his comrades chosen, not for their worthiness, but for their need? Was not the parable of the prodigal son his favorite picture of the pity and clemency of God? Did he not proclaim that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance? The sovereignty of God, and the supremacy of righteousness were the familiar truths of Judaism and classic Paganism; but here was a phase of the divine character too little known, and too little emphasized; so, as David looked back over his strangely chequered career, and confessed that the gentleness and forbearance of God had made him

great, Paul looks back upon his tumultuous history with tears of astonished happiness, and says, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

The whole secret of Christianity lies in this one word—grace. The religion of Jesus is the gospel of grace. Into no other religion whatever does this element of grace enter. It did not enter into Oriental cults, which were reared upon a thin meditative mysticism; it did not belong to Judaism, which kept an exact debit and credit account of human conduct, a reward proportioned to desert, like Shylock's demand, to a fraction of a fraction; we seek in vain for it in Stoicism, the ethical flower of classic idealism. In all these, there is a conception of moral order, of regulated routine and discipline, excellent enough as far as it goes, but a poor stopping place, something to grow into, but only preparatory to the higher religion of love, of self-sacrifice, of illuminating moral enthusiasm. In these great systems of religion, man gets just what he deserves, and no more. A plan is given to him of the way to blessedness, and he must walk the long journey solely by his own indefatigable effort. He receives no sympathy from above, no help or comfort by the way. There does not seem to be anything to supplement or inspire his flagging energy. The heavens are deaf to his cries, a cold atmosphere encircles him above and around. But Jesus changed all that. He revealed gracious outlines in the face of God, and filled the moral universe with a warmth and glow, previously unknown. His first sermon at Nazareth threw a flood of light upon the relation between the All-Father and his children. He spoke of a God who is love, and love pities, heals, forgives, and that not by stint and measure, but out of its own spontaneous unregulated affection. The thing man had not the means to buy was thrown to him as a boon. The strength he could not muster from his own resources came to him unsolicited from above: the sympathy he needed, and did not al-

ways deserve, was bestowed upon him without measure. That was a new and fascinating message. No wonder that the common people heard it gladly; and to the poor, despised, forlorn, it was a revelation, more quickening, inspiring, consoling, than any that had ever fallen before from human lips. It enhanced the value of every life, breathed hope into the despairing, put fresh heart into the penitent, and yielded comfort to the disconsolate — this personal touch of God in human life, this intervention of a grace that gave something that had never been earned, and followed the painful steps of the sinner and the sufferer with a pleading and an abounding grace, and wrought upon the soul in any way it pleased, converting unpromising and almost hopeless creatures into “sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.”

And this leads one to reflect, that all religion worth the name has its centre in God. The vital nerve of morality and religion is not to be found in any theories of man's nature and development, but in conscious relations with the Infinite Father. Sever that cord, or weaken it in any way, and everything else shrinks and suffers; strengthen and cultivate it, and conduct, character, helpfulness, grow in unlimited measure. So Jesus says, “Forgive, not because it is virtuous to forgive, but because God has forgiven you. Be merciful, not because it is a virtue to be pitiful, but because you have received mercy. Be perfect, not because perfection is the goal of human attainment, but because your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” The hope of mankind, therefore, does not lie alone in any adjustment and readjustment of human circumstance, but in a deep, passionate love and service of God.

If, therefore, we seek the secret of the wonderful triumph of the primitive Christian Church, or for that matter of the Church in any age or place, we shall find it, in this revelation and diffusion of the idea of a personal,

sympathetic, magnanimous God. The power of religion, as a potent force in all human affairs bears exact ratio to the emphasis which is placed upon that fact. To the extent that God becomes an unreality religion becomes a futility. This message of a God in personal and tender and helpful relations with mankind swept over the pagan world of Saint Paul's day like a wave of sunlight. It brought relief to the distressed, comfort to the sorrowful, hope to the despairing. It transfigured every aspect of life. It was the one theme of the apostles, the grace and love of God revealed in the face of Jesus Christ. And at various periods of the world's history, this message has been reuttered with the same result: by Luther in the great Protestant Reformation; by John and Charles Wesley in the English Evangelical revival, which began like a spark at Oxford, and burns like a beacon light in every part of the world to-day; and by Channing in the palmy days of New England Unitarianism. No other truth has so completely shaken the human heart to its profoundest depths. It has broken upon masses of men like a voice from the eternal sphere, moving some hearts to tears of penitence, and others to shouts of rapture. If you ask me the secret of the new movement of to-day, which calls itself Christian Science, I should say that whatever power it possesses lies in its assertion of the reality of God. That is the only justification of its existence, and is the interpretation of its influence. It comes to an age, which is not as sensitive as it might be, to the presence of the living God; to an age of tentative opinion rather than of vital conviction; an age of religious formality and conventionalism; and proclaims its realistic message. We may laugh at its vagaries, its ill-digested speculations, and meandering volubility, but we cannot deny its depth and sincerity of conviction. There is nothing about it to justify its existence as a new Christian sect, with a sepa-

rate ecclesiastical life, but it is a new birth of the spirit, a revival of the ancient faith in Him who is ever-present and ever-near, and a fresh assertion of the reality and potency of prayer. Its fundamental truths are not new; its principles are those which belong to all churches, and which are realized with more or less force. To call it a science is to misname it, and to assume that it is in any special sense Christian is an exaggeration, and may easily become a perversion, of the teaching of the New Testament.

There is, however, no getting over the historic fact, that the way to all kinds of moral reformation and redemption is through the love of God. That is, and ever has been, the sole fountain of ethical inspiration, and men have been induced to respect their own natures, and to love one another, only as they were impelled thereto, by full consciousness of their spiritual relationship. In the development of religion the love of God has preceded the love of man. A sense of filial dependence breeds a feeling of brotherhood, notwithstanding the fact, that he who loves not his own brother whom he hath seen can hardly be expected to excel in the love of God, whom he hath not seen. The most powerful impulses to right-thinking and right-doing are heaven-born, come from above rather than from within, or from below. We gravitate upward only as we are drawn by the mysterious magnetism of Infinite Love. The fire that drives us on our way, and fills us with a living glow, is a Promethean flame snatched from those piercing heights, which tower so far above us, and which seem to skirt the border-line between earth and heaven. The divine enthusiasm which lifts us up and remains with us, in the strength of which we dream our dreams and fulfil our best desires, is not kindled by us, out of any material we can ourselves create. The light is light from heaven, a flash from the upper world, unseen, unknown, and not

the chance product of our own ingenuity and skill. If, therefore, we seek to uplift mankind, to raise the level of common human life, it is foolish to imagine we can accomplish our purpose by rubbing rocks on the earth, and trusting to such sparks as we can start by friction; but by going, as often as we may, where light strikes all mundane things, first touching them with a roseate dawn, and then bathing them with dazzling splendor. All civilization, that is worth the name, begins in religion, thrives under spiritual culture, and dies down with the neglect or decay of the religious spirit. Take it out of the home, and the fairest flowers of domestic affection first languish, and then die; eliminate it from social life, and society becomes a hollow masquerade; drop it from trade, and commerce instantly degenerates into a rivalry of greeds; divest public life of its saving power, and pure patriotism quickly descends to greedy partisanship. There is no substitute whatever for that grace of God, which seasons human kind, and preserves the sanity and sweetness of our common life. The preaching of practical ethics alone, even by the most eloquent lips, does not deeply move the masses. They are not quickened by reading the decalogue, or listening to a dry statesman of human virtues. But, the moment a strong God-fearing man, dominated by religious conviction, goes out to them, and in plain forcible speech tells them of a God who loves them, and recalls them in accents of sympathy from sin and misery; of a Leader, who shared their needs and carried their sorrows, and was tempted as they are tempted, and who brings that God very near to them; of an eternal life, not remote and veiled in ethereal mist, but entered upon now and perfected hereafter: that moment they receive more life and fuller, and turn to God with serious purpose, and love him in newness of life.

The story of the religious awakening of great reformers

like Paul, Augustine, Luther, Bunyan, Wesley, does not vary a hair's breadth. It is the assurance of moral redemption, not as an attainment altogether, but as a gift. The grace of God came to them like a flash of light. It came unsought and effected a change in the atmosphere of the soul, and fitted them for the conspicuous part they played in the religious life of the world. They did not create it. They could not resist it.

But, further, not only is this the best reasonable explanation of great spiritual movements, which have left their mark upon mankind; but it is impossible to arrive at any coherent and philosophical theory of the world, without including the grace of God in it. After all our efforts in almost every direction, to interpret the ways of God in nature and in human life, we find that there are forces which defy analysis, and events which though by no means capricious, are not to be squeezed into any of our categories. Our disposition to account for everything has been quite wonderful; but it has met with many a startling rebuff. Our theological system-building is frequently upset. An incalculable force traverses all our knowledge and experience, or an unforeseen fact brings our air castles to the ground, and compels us to build again from the very foundation. God, we realize, is an immeasurable and inscrutable factor in life. We cannot comprehend him, or speak too confidently of his ways, or set any limitations to his activity. We feel that he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, but cannot foresee what he will do or undo. Let us speak as learnedly as we may about heredity and environment and development; but we must not suppose that these terms offer any satisfactory explanation of all the things that happen in life any more than similar terms did on the lips of Lucretius. Heredity is true, but the bulk of human life is not to be cramped within its narrow sequences. The root still springs out of a dry ground; the unheralded and inex-

plicable kings of thought and action rise out of sequestered vales, and humble dwellings; and, when I come face to face with Augustine and Bunyan, Luther and Abraham Lincoln, I am bound to say that there is some other force at work in human affairs besides heredity, which is commonly supposed to explain almost everything. And what is it? *The grace of God.*

Environment is true within its limits, but no one can say that it is infallibly and automatically true. It has no arbitrary power to determine destiny. There is nothing more incalculably mysterious than the personality of a little child. It defies dissection, and repels too close a calculation. No one can fix the exact orbit in which it will move or draw a chart of its course. Even those who know it best and love it most are perplexed by its apparently vagrant impulses. Its life is full of surprises, and there are strange possibilities lurking in its will, and latent energies which sometimes tear the scientific gospel of heredity and environment into rags and tatters. Herein lies its imperishable worth as a human soul. If its personality could be warped or invaded, it would lose its dignity; if its life were simply like clay in the hands of the potter, it would forfeit its majesty and moral beauty; if it were the slave of circumstance, the sphere of its existence would be no better than a treadmill or a dungeon.

Let me plead then, in conclusion, for the spontaneity of God, the right of the Infinite to live and love as he pleases without any conditions or restraints except those which are self-imposed. God is not, as is too commonly supposed, an inflexible automaton, moving always with machine-like precision, and never acting on his own prerogative. He lives without fetters; he does what seemeth best to him; he gives and takes away, and acts in any way his goodness prompts; he loves as he desires, and must be lord of his own volitions. My contention is that

our modern conceptions of Deity are far too mechanical. Emphasize as much as we will the dignity of law, it is nevertheless incumbent upon us to leave room in our thought for the divine will and the free play of infinite grace. God is love as well as law; he forgives, pardons, pities, and that not by stint, but in the exercise of a limitless personality. Say that this is anthropomorphic if you choose, imperfect it must be; but all other alternatives have the same defect and in a worse degree. This alone makes religion possible. Life in all its higher reaches is inexplicable without it. We need a being in whom are centred all perfections. There must be a voice that answers our cries; there must be a power which controls and shapes our destinies; there must be a love that calms our fears and responds to our affections. There must be a great royal heart which folds us in its vast embrace, and enables us to say with trustful and immeasurable contentment and joy, "Our sufficiency is of God."

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SERIES ON

THE RELIGION OF JESUS

XI. The Common Faith of Christendom

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THE COMMON FAITH OF CHRISTENDOM.

My text is in the Epistle of Paul to Titus, the first chapter and the fourth verse, three words, "A common faith."

Is there a common faith in Christendom? When one studies the history of the last nineteen hundred years or when one looks over the face of Christendom to-day, one is struck with such divergences of belief, with such differences of spirit and temper, with such jealousies, such rivalries, such antagonisms, as seem to deny the existence of any common faith.

When the great, seething, new life of the first two or three centuries had at last taken shape, there was an attempt to combine the whole great movement under one head; but, partly on account of differences of belief,—which to-day seem to us of very slight importance,—perhaps more largely on account of the jealousy of those who wished to rule, Christendom was split asunder, and from that day to this there has been the Greek Church and the Roman Church, the Church of the East and the Church of the West.

The Western Church maintained for centuries the appearance at least of unity. Those who look with a little care beneath the surface will see that there existed wide differences; but they were suppressed or controlled. This condition lasted until the sixteenth century. Then came the great Protestant Revolution, which split the Western Church into two great halves. Since that day the process of divergence and apparent disintegration has been going on.

The fundamental principle of Protestantism is the right

of private judgment. This has naturally led to the existence of a good many apparently divergent, if not antagonistic, sects. So, as I said, the differences appear to be more prominent and more marked than any observable unity.

Many of the differences seem to me to be superficial, slight, such as perhaps ought not to exist; but there are some of these great antagonisms which represent questions of truth or error, right or wrong, and they will inevitably have to be fought out to some final issue until the truth makes itself apparent and the right comes uppermost.

Ordinarily, as we carry on our every-day work, as we are doing what seems to us the best thing to be done from day to day and week to week, we are within the limits of our own little organization, we are apt to become self-centred, a bit provincial, possibly censorious, as we look over the rest of the world. It seems to me, then, that it may be instructive and profitable for us to note, for a little, the great unities of Christendom and to draw some lessons from their existence.

In the first place, all the different parties and sects of Christendom believe in revelation. We believe that God has spoken to the world. We believe, however we may interpret that faith, that he is still speaking. Here, then, is a most important starting-point for a consideration of the great unities that underlie the superficial divergences of Christendom.

We believe that God cares for his children, and that he speaks to them, telling them what is true, telling them what is right, giving them light enough, at any rate, so that they may take the next step onward and upward towards the fulfilment of some high, if not at present clearly seen, destiny.

Some parts of Christendom believe that this revelation is contained in a book, and that that book is infallible; that in every part of it it is God's word; that it not only contains the truth, but contains nothing but the truth.

There are other sections of Christendom who believe that God speaks through an organization or through the individual soul. The Catholic Church, for example, holds that the Church itself is the medium through which God teaches and leads mankind.

The small body of Friends, or Quakers as they are popularly called, believe that God speaks to each individual by some inner monitory, guiding, lifting voice. But in some way we all believe that God speaks to his children; and that, after all, is, is it not, the great, central, important thing?

Those of us who cannot accept the infallibility of the Bible still believe that divine truth is in the Bible. We believe also that divine truth may be found in other Bibles, may be found in other books than those that are called Bibles. We also agree with the Catholic that God frequently speaks through organizations. We believe with the Friends that God speaks in the silence of the listening individual soul.

But the great thing, more important than any superficial distinctions or antagonisms, is the common faith of Christendom that God does care, that he does speak to men, that we may hear, and may find his word.

We are coming, I think, more and more,—and this is true of the whole Church, as education and civilization advance,—to hold to the idea that no word is infallible because it is found in a book or because it is uttered through an organization or because it comes to the reverent listening of a single soul. We are coming rather to the acceptance of the great, profound principle,—first put into words, so far as I know, by that noble woman, Lucretia Mott,—“Truth for authority, not authority for truth.”

The world, then, is coming more and more to recognize the fact that, wherever a truth is found, by whose lips uttered, in whatever land, under whatever sky, in the far-off times or to-day,—wherever a truth is found, there is

found a fragment of divine revelation; and, just as fast and as far as truth is discovered and organized into a system, just so fast and so far is the Bible of the ages being written. Here, then, is the first great unitary truth of Christendom.

In the next place, we all believe that the word uttered in the olden time is true,—“The Lord our God is one.” In this sense, though not in the technical theological use of the term, all Christendom is Unitarian. We believe in the oneness of God, “one God, one law, one element,” one life, one force, one aim, one end. This we all believe.

It is true that the great majority of Christians still believe in the Trinity, still teach it, still hold to it; but, though to us it seems incomprehensible, though we cannot accept it as true, those who hold it will declare with the utmost earnestness and sincerity that by their doctrine they do not mean to impugn or deny the essential, eternal unity of God. They only mean by it that there is some mysterious way in which this unity combines a tri-personality or manifests itself in three different ways.

I suppose that, as the world goes on, as more and more these great problems are studied in their historic origin and significance, less and less emphasis is laid on any particular form or definition of the Trinity. There is one, and only one, historically orthodox definition; but I suppose that in my life I have asked hundreds of people to give me their definition of the Trinity, and I have never found one yet who could give it accurately; so little have people thought in this direction with consistent clearness.

I remember a friend, a prominent Congregational clergyman in one of the great cities of the country, who told me one day that his Trinity was something like this: He said, “The first person of it is the Universal Spirit and life of the world. The second is Christ; and I regard Christ as the manifestation of the Divine within the sphere of hu-

manity. The Father,—that does not mean anything to me.” That was his definition of the Trinity, which, as you will see, is no Trinity at all.

The point I speak of is not to discuss the problem of the Trinity, but to emphasize the fact, in justice to those who are Trinitarians, that they are as strenuous defenders of the doctrine of the unity of God as are we. So that, whether we may be able to reconcile the facts or not, Christendom is at one in regard to this great, central truth of the universe, of religion and of life.

Another unity is found in the doctrine of Jesus. You may be a little surprised that I speak of this in just this way; but it seems to me that the fact of the oneness concerning the point I am about to mention is unspeakably more important than any of the divergences of opinion which may be held in any quarter of the Christian Church.

We believe in the humanity, the manhood of Jesus. Every orthodox church believes in the utter, perfect humanity and manhood of Jesus as truly as do we. The difference is that they believe something else, which we cannot accept; but the great central, eternal truth of Christendom, the significant truth, that which has made it important and mighty among the religions of the world, has been, it seems to me, the doctrine of the clear, perfect humanity of Jesus.

The orthodox churches tell us that Jesus was not only perfect man, but that at the same time he was complete and perfect God, the two natures being somehow mysteriously united in him, so that he should have only one will. All this seems to us not only incomprehensible, but unnecessary. We think we can trace historically the growth of these ideas, and see how they sprang out of philosophic speculation rather than any clearly revealed word from above.

It seems to us that this doctrine is something which

it is utterly impossible to establish intellectually as being true. I, for one, confess to you I see no possible way by which it could be proved, even if it were true. Think for a moment. God puts into a man, let us say, all of divine that a man can possibly hold, and remain a man. Suppose you put more in. He must inevitably cease to be a man. Suppose he works miracles. But men have been reported as miracle workers in all ages. Suppose he utters astonishing truth. But men have been supposed to be inspired to utter God's truth in all ages and in many nations. By what mark should we be able to know that a man was God, even if it were true, as I say?

People discuss to-day with a great deal of heat and earnestness the opinion of John or Peter or Thomas or some one of the Fathers concerning Jesus. But suppose we had an undoubted and unquestioned affidavit from John or Peter or Paul or any or all of the Fathers. Suppose they had written out, and we had the record still in their handwriting, certified before some proper official, what would it mean? Would it be anything more than the opinion of John or Peter or Paul? How could it be anything more, or in what way could it be established as a fact?

This I speak of in this way to hint our attitude towards the subject; but the great, significant thing is that Jesus, regarded as divine in all ages, has been perfect man in the thought, in the faith, in the theologies, of every part of Christendom.

And here is the secret of the power and the hope. This means, do you see, a likeness between God and man. It means what John Fiske has put into some of his scientific teachings,—the fact that the power manifested in the universe is a quasi-human power. It means what Browning sings in that marvellous poem, "Saul,"—that, when we see the face of the Divine, it is a human face that we see.

The great, significant point in the whole teaching is that God and man are alike, and that God can be in a man, fill him full, and he be only a man, not transcend the limits of manhood, and that so we may believe that the mighty power at the heart of the infinite universe is like ourselves, and that he can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, that he can think and feel as we think and feel. And so we are not alone, we are not orphans. It is our "Father,"—our Father because Jesus was a man.

However the doctrine may have additions made to it, however it may be defined or perverted, as we think, this is the heart of it, this is the essential thing; and here all Christians are at one.

There is another point that illustrates our unity. We believe substantially the same thing in regard to the nature and condition of man. This may seem rather a strange, startling statement to you, when you remember the doctrines of the fall and of total depravity, and how men like Luther said that natural virtues—virtues on the part of a man not yet converted—were only a sort of splendid vices,—it may seem strange to you that I assert that Christendom is here substantially at one.

Where is the unity? All Christians believe that men are imperfect, that they are involved and meshed in evil, that they need to be delivered from this evil. There is the great central fact. They differ in their explanations as to how he got into this condition, they differ as to their methods of getting him out of it; but the fact that he is there, that he is ignorant, that he is evil, that wrong exists, and sorrow exists as the result of this wrong, and that men need to be delivered from it,—there is the great central fact of the teaching of Christendom in regard to the nature and the condition of man.

You are aware, of course, that the world for centu-

ries has believed in the story of Eden and the doctrine of the fall, and that that tells us how evil came into the world. You are aware, of course, that there are certain sections of the Church who say that the one way for a man to be saved is for him to repent, and become specially converted as the result of the miraculous power of the Holy Spirit.

There are other sections of the Church which say that, if you baptize an infant after a certain fashion, the child's nature is changed by the mercy of God through the means of that ritual, and that he becomes saved.

There are others who say that, if you partake of a certain sacrament, after a prescribed form, and become a member of a certain divine organization, you thus become partakers of God's life, and so are made over,—re-created into the divine likeness.

But these, after all, are comparatively superficial distinctions, not of so much importance as is the general recognition of the condition and that we are all trying to find a way out of it.

Now note another thing which is growing, the complement of this great fact, which is increasing and being more and more generally accepted by Christendom year by year; and that is that the test of a man's salvation is coming to be recognized everywhere as residing in the fact of character. What is the man? not What has he done? Has he been converted, has the holy Spirit wrought a miraculous change in him? Then let him prove it. How? By the way he lives, by the spirit he manifests, by the service he renders.

This test is coming to be more and more applied by every department of the Christian Church. They are beginning to recognize the profound truth of the words of Jesus: "By their fruits ye shall know them." They are beginning to apply the test that was set down by one of the disciples and recorded in the New Testa-

ment hundreds of years ago, "If any man say, I love God, and loveth not his brother, he is a liar; for, if a man loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?"

So, I think, there is no church in Christendom to-day which will tell you that a man is saved if he does not live like a saved man. If he is hard, if he is cruel, if he is sensual, if he is unjust, if he is a slanderer, if he is a defrauder, if he is an oppressor of the weak or the poor, no matter how many churches he belongs to, nobody believes that he is saved in the sense in which a man needs to be saved to become what he ought to be as a child of God.

So here, again, in spite of the superficial divergences and distinctions, Christendom is coming to be more and more at one. A man is saved when he is a true man, when he loves, when he tries to find the truth, when he serves, when he is kindly and gentle and good, when he cultivates the divine qualities. And no matter how many sacraments he has partaken of, nor how many churches he has joined, nobody believes that he is what he ought to be unless he is what he ought to be, and illustrates it in his life.

There is one other great principle on which, in spite of appearances, Christendom is really at one. We all believe in punishment for wrong. We may call it natural results, or we may call it whatever we will; but the fact remains, and the fact is the point to which I wish to direct your attention. We all believe in retribution in this world; and, if we believe—as I certainly do—in another world, we believe in retribution there, too.

A few years ago, unless I misinterpret their attitude, there was a section of the Universalist Church which believed that in a certain miraculous way, as a result of the atonement, people were saved at the time of death, and all of them alike entered on a condition of felicity

in the other life. I do not believe there are any Universalists to-day who hold that opinion.

There are, of course, very different ways of expressing this belief. There are some who hold that the punishment for sin is to be endless in another world; but the number of people who are really civilized, who hold this idea, is becoming smaller and smaller every day.

I have never found anybody in my life, I think, who believed that his own friends, his own immediate circle, were in danger of endless punishment. It is only somebody away off somewhere, or some very bad person, who is to suffer in this way.

But the great thing that we need to fix our attention on is just this: we believe in the inevitable result of punishment and suffering, as following on the heels of wrong. We believe it in this world, we believe it in all worlds. Just so long as sin exists, just so long as wrong is committed, just so long as law is broken, consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, just so long suffering must exist.

Here, then, is the great, central, underlying unity in the Christian belief. We believe in the existence of evil, and that men must be delivered from it in order that they may be delivered from sorrow. Heaven is the blossoming of goodness; and hell, as Omar Khayyám has expressed it, is nothing but

"The shadow of a soul on fire."

And that shadow must inevitably follow the commission of evil in this world or in any other.

Here, then, I have noted some of the great essential unities underlying the superficial diversities of Christian belief. It seems to me that it is worth our while to fix our attention now and then on these unities, in order that we may get the impression into our minds that the word "Christendom" covers some real, great,

historic movement, that has homogeneity, that has conformity to some central idea, and that is moving to some grand end.

It is not these differences of opinion that in themselves are harmful. Nearly all the evil of the past as touching these differences has grown out of one fact: that this department of Christendom, that that department, that the other department,—that each one of them has assumed that it was right, that it had the infallible truth, and that everybody else was wrong. Out of this has sprung intolerance, spiritual pride, religious conceit, cruelty, persecution, hatred, alienations of every kind. All the blood that has been spilt in the contests between different departments of Christendom, all the pain, all the heartache, all the persecution, the inquisition, the rack, the thumb-screw, the alienation of friends, the hatreds, the wrongs,—all of them have come from the fact that each department of Christendom has claimed that it, and it alone, had God's truth; and it has generally assumed that other people, not only ignorantly, but wickedly, denied it,—wickedly shut their eyes to the truth, because they did not desire it. And they have assumed that they had a right to act for God in the infliction of punishment upon people who were wilfully going astray.

One thing we liberals who have suffered from this attitude of other religious bodies need to guard against,—growing bitter; and we need to guard against cultivating the same spirit ourselves. We think we are right. I think in the main we are, or I should not stand where I do; but let us not assume that we are infallible in the sense that we have a right to pronounce judgment on other people.

There is only one thing that you have a right to be intolerant towards; and that is what? It is intolerance. Do not tolerate intolerance, but tolerate anything else.

"Tolerate",—I do not like the word. I sometimes use it; but I always feel like offering an apology when I do. I do not want to be merely tolerant. I do not thank anybody for tolerating me. I claim the right to hold whatever opinion commends itself to me as truth. There is something of conceit, something of looking down upon others, something of offensive patronage, in the idea of tolerating another man.

I claim the right to my opinions; and I as freely concede the right to other people to hold either my opinions or any others which they find they must. The right—let me guard that by one suggestion: I have a right to hold my opinion; but that right is limited. You have no right to coerce me in the matter; and I have no right to coerce you. I have no right even to hate you; and you have no right to hate me.

But I have no right to hold any opinions except true opinions. In other words, I am under the highest conceivable obligation to be ready always to test my beliefs and try and find out if they are true; for no man has a right to believe anything except the truth. He must believe what seems to him the truth at the time; but he must be always open-minded and ready to welcome new light from any quarter, if he will be true to himself and true to God.

Another point. As we look over the world, let us see how inevitable it is that there should be these differences of opinion. Look at the different races. See how differently constituted they are, what differences of inheritance, what differences of opportunity, what differences of temperament, what differences of culture, and then see how inevitable it is that they must look at these great world problems from different points of view, must see partially, one a little fragment here, another a fragment there.

And so let us learn that there is one thing more im-

portant than the immediate fact of our being intellectually accurate in our opinion; and that is, our being spiritually sympathetic and helpful towards all men. The spirit, the temper of our lives, the attitude we maintain towards people, is more important than that we should be accurate just to-day in our belief concerning this matter or that.

Let us be sympathetic, broadly, tenderly, lovingly sympathetic towards people, and remember that, just as in the case of the Sabbath,—“The Sabbath is for man, and not man for the Sabbath,”—so beliefs are for men, and not men for beliefs. Let us not dare to sacrifice our love, our sympathy, our helpfulness, on the altar of any intellectual system. Let us know that the one great thing is that we help people,—help them think, help them live.

I remember that Oriental apologue, so beautiful, so instructive, how Abraham in his bounteous hospitality waited at his tent door, ready to distribute alms or to welcome any one who needed it; and an old man came, tottering and weary, and Abraham said, “Come into my tent, and break with me my bread, and partake of my salt.” And, as they sat at table, Abraham uttered his blessing in the name of God, and he noted that the old man did not join with him, and he reproved him for it; and he said, “I am of the religion of the Parsees.” Then Abraham arose in his wrath, in his religious zeal, and started to drive him from his door, when suddenly a white-robed angel appeared, and said: “Abraham, God has borne with this old man for eighty years. He has blessed him with sun and rain, with friends, with life, with hope. Cannot you put up with him for one night?”

Let us try to be, then, as broad in our sympathies as God. If he puts up with people, he who is perfect, let not us, so imperfect, dare to be hard or bitter towards

those who differ, however radically, from our service; for at the end the one great point is here.

In the very last part of the Gospel according to John it is recorded that Peter said to Jesus, "Master, and what shall this man do?" And Jesus said: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." We are not responsible for other people. We are indeed responsible for loving them and tenderly doing all we can to teach them the truth, to lead them unto the right way as we understand it; but our responsibility ends there.

So we must not waste our time because this man does not walk in the way in which we think he ought. We must take heed to the one supreme matter,—as to whether we follow the light, follow the truth, cultivate the tender, genuine spirit of the highest religious life. "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

Father, we are glad that we may have part with Thee in helping deliver men from error and evil and wrong. We are glad that we can study and try to find the way, glad that we may set our feet in the steps which Thou hast taken. Let us, knowing our own weakness and errors, be, oh, so tender, so patient with others! Let us try to help them up, even if they are bitter, hate us, even if they persecute us. Let us remember him who said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." And so, at any rate, let us be faithful; and we can render so the one service possible to us,—that of following after Thee. Amen.

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

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THE FUTURE OF THE RELIGION OF JESUS.

My text you may find in the third chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, the thirteenth verse,—“The things which are before.”

What is the use of our trying to forecast the religion of Jesus, to tell what shape beliefs and customs are to assume in the future? The use of it seems to me here: If the universe is against us, then there is no use in our making any effort; for that means that God's methods are not ours, and we cannot pit our puny strength against omnipotence. But, if we can believe that the tendency of things is, on the whole, good, and if we can find out what that tendency is, then we can gain heart and encouragement from noting it, and we can co-operate with it and help it on.

So it seems to me that it is worth our while, if we can, to forecast a little what is to come in the next few generations in the way of the growth and development of the religion of Jesus.

How shall we undertake this task? Patrick Henry, in that famous speech of his, said—I cannot quote him verbatim—that he knew of no way of foretelling the future but by a study of the past. If we can see the way in which things have been going, the way in which they seem to be going now, then we can make a fair estimate as to what is likely to be their outcome next week or next year.

Some years ago, when General Greely was at the head of the Weather Bureau in Washington, I went

with him to his office, and he talked to me in regard to the methods of predicting the weather. He told me, what I did not know at that time, and which seems to me we ought to take account of when judging the wisdom of these predictions,—that he was obliged by law to make a definite forecast, even when it was largely a matter of guess-work. He had to prophesy.

He took me to a map, and said: "Here, for example, is a storm, now in Texas. Its general course is north-east. We know now at what rate of speed it is travelling. Of course, it is very easy, supposing it to keep on just as it is going, to tell where it will be to-morrow; but nobody knows where it will be to-morrow with definiteness and certainty, because something may occur either to retard or accelerate its movement. Conditions may be met which will deflect it north or south, so that the best we can do is to calculate the probabilities."

And he said it was not an uncommon thing for him to ask his first assistant to make a prophecy, and for him also to make one, and to find next day that both of them were wrong.

But it is only by noting how things have gone in the past and how they seem to be going to-day that we can forecast the probabilities of the future. You see a man pursuing a certain course of conduct. Enlightened by the history of human life in the past, you say, If he keeps on, such and such a thing will be likely to result. It may be a matter touching his health, or his character, or his methods of doing business. But it is in this way that we can reasonably prophesy. It is not necessary to follow the course of the Mississippi River from its source to the gulf, in order to tell which way it is going. If you note its trend at a certain point near its source, and then a hundred or two hundred miles below, in spite of its turnings and changings and

eddyings, you will know with practical certainty where it will empty.

When we can study the history of a nation, the peculiarities of a people, the great principles which are working themselves out, we can tell what is likely to be the issue in a hundred years. In this way, and in this way only, can we study the religion of Jesus, and see what it is likely to become in the future.

Religion has always existed in the world, and in the nature of things it always must exist. I have not time to go into this matter this morning, neither is it important; but it is very easy to show that religion, by its very nature, is something that must last as long as humanity lasts. Its essence resides in the eternal and universal relationship which exists between us and the infinite Power manifested in the universe.

All nations, all tribes, all peoples everywhere, have been engaged in the one, same, universal, eternal religious search. They have been trying to find God, trying to find out what he desired at their hands, trying to the best of their ability to obey him. This is what people always and everywhere have been trying to do.

And it is perfectly natural—nay, it is inevitable—in the early ages of the world's history, when man was savage, weak, ignorant, crude, that the manifestations of his religious life should be savage, weak, ignorant, crude. Man cannot think better than he is able to think. He cannot do better than he is able to accomplish. So the early forms that the religious life of the world assumed were just what we ought to expect to find there.

President Schurman, of Cornell University, in a remarkable address which he gave some years ago in Boston, outlined three great stages in the advance of the religious life of the world. They will serve as a framework for some part of our thought to-day, so I wish to point out what they were:

He said that in the early ages the one important thing as estimated by the opinion of the people at the time was the cult, the ceremonial, the service. Very little stress was laid on morals, what we mean by conduct to-day. Very little attention was paid to the creed. The principal thing was the sacrifice offered to the gods. This sacrifice must be of a particular kind; it must be on such or such an altar; it must be accompanied by such and such ceremonies. The priest must be dressed in some specific fashion. He must face towards certain points of the compass. He must pronounce certain formulas, and in definite tones of voice, and with particular inflections of those tones. All this external form, ceremony, ritual, was, as they supposed, insisted upon by the gods; and this was the one thing which was important.

It did not make much difference how you behaved, what you believed; but it made all the difference in the world as to whether you conformed to the prescribed ceremonial. This, President Schurman said, represents the first great stage in the religious history of the world.

The next one was that of creed. He did not mean by this that ceremonial ceased to exist, only it comparatively fell into the background. It was regarded as of less and less importance; and the one great thing was what men believed. This is a condition of things which existed in the early ages of Christianity, when the Athanasian Creed, for example, came into existence, and when it is solemnly declared at the end of it that such and such things men must believe or perish everlastingly. They continued their interest in the ceremonial; but the great thing was what they believed, accuracy of intellectual ideas.

President Schurman says that, though the ceremonial still persists, and though there are those who lay a great deal of emphasis still on the creeds, relatively these

are becoming of less and less importance, and that the great thing in the civilized world to-day is the spiritual attitude, which way a man is looking, how he feels towards the great spiritual realities of the world.

If a man is reverent and tender and helpful in spirit, if he is trying to find the truth, to serve and help his fellow-men, then he may use whatever ritual he pleases, and he may be very free in regard to his intellectual ideas. These are of less and less importance; what your spiritual attitude is becomes the principal thing.

Undoubtedly, these great stages of advance do represent in some rough way the progress which the world has made up to the present time. But now I wish you to go back with me for a little and see how Jesus anticipated this tremendous advance of the world. Let us note for a little where Jesus stood nearly two thousand years ago. It seems to me that this is not sufficiently well appreciated, that we do not regard the wonder of it as we might.

What did Jesus do? More significant yet, what did he not do? You are familiar with the fact that he organized no church, he said nothing about any one else's organizing one: he left that to take care of itself. He said nothing about any formal ritual: he established no ceremonies whatever: he left that again to take care of itself.

He did, though, one very significant thing in regard to these, or, rather, said one very significant thing. I think it is fair for us to interpret his attitude as something like this: He said in effect, The ritual is well; but he distinctly and definitely declared that something else was of unspeakably more importance.

You will remember (for I have referred to it more than once) how he said, If you bring your gift to the altar—you see he did not object to their bringing it—but if, when you have brought it, you remember that your brother has aught against you, if you are out of right relation to your fellow-men, then leave your gift there, and go and be

reconciled to your brother first. Then come, if you choose, and offer your gift.

But the essential thing, the preliminary, the one thing of supreme importance, in his estimate, was the relation in which we stand to our fellow-men. This was the teaching of Jesus in regard to ritual.

Again, Jesus never wrote any creed, never directed anybody else to write any. He said nothing about any creeds being binding on men. He never made an intellectual belief the condition of entrance into the kingdom of God.

You see, then, that Jesus, nearly two thousand years ago, anticipated the position which President Schurman tells us we are only beginning to approach and realize in this twentieth century after his time.

But, as is perfectly natural, Jesus was away ahead of his age. The people were not ready to appreciate or understand these great spiritual teachings and principles which he enunciated. So for the first fifteen hundred years at least, after his crucifixion, the Church itself insisted upon those things which he had relegated to at least a secondary place.

The Church insisted upon organization, and made this organization a condition of future felicity. A man must become a member of this organization in order that he may be a partaker of the divine life, and so be delivered from the anger of God and admitted to the glory of his kingdom.

Then, again, the Church insisted upon the ritual. It reinstated it at the top after Jesus had subordinated it to something higher. It said that no man can be saved unless he becomes a partaker of my sacraments; and so thoroughly was this believed, so dominant was this idea during the Middle Ages, that the head of the Church, the one who held control of power that could bring all Europe to his feet, the pope, had simply to deny the sacrament to the people of any particular kingdom, and the king

himself was uncrowned and his sceptre snatched from his hand by the fear of the people. He was obliged to conform, so that salvation once more might be conferred upon those who came by the only specified and acceptable way.

The Church again reinstated the creed after it had been put in a secondary position by the Master himself; and until very recent times intellectual beliefs have been made the condition of salvation. So, as I said (and it is perfectly natural), the world took hundreds of years for progressing to the point that Jesus himself occupied nearly two thousand years ago; and only here and there have the most enlightened reached that position as yet.

We are ready now, from these cursory glimpses as to the trend and tendency of things in the past, to estimate a little which way they are moving to-day, and what are to be the important things in the religious life of to-morrow.

In the first place, is there to be any great church union? One thing that is very largely and prominently discussed at the present time is the union of all Christendom under some one great head. Every little while the Catholic Church issues an invitation to all the other branches of Christendom to come to her and recognize her as the leader. The Church of England has extended a similar invitation to all other Protestant bodies.

The idea seems to be that there ought to be a union of all the different forms of Christendom under some one great head. Is there any likelihood of this? If there is not, then we need not waste our strength in working for it. If it is not desirable, we should put our enthusiasm into some other channel.

Here is one reason, you see (and which applies all along the line), for us to try to estimate which way things are going and which way they ought to go; for from

the beginning of the world there has been a waste of energy, of money, of time, of thought, of effort, of enthusiasm, in endeavoring to accomplish impossible results, or results which we have found out after long experience ought not to be accomplished.

Ought we then to dream of, to believe in, to work towards the union of Christendom, as it is called? I believe that a negative answer must be given to this question. If we study the progress and growth of things in the universe, we shall find that they are in precisely an opposite direction. Evolution, which is only another name for growth, is, they tell us, always from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. Let me give you one or two illustrations.

Astronomers tell us that all the matter which composes this present solar system of ours used to be diffused as a fire-mist or a nebula through space. There was homogeneity, sameness, the union of likeness; but the progress of evolution meant the breaking up of this sameness, the destroying of this union, and in place of that we have sun and planet and moon and asteroid, an infinite variety, making up, however, one great, beautiful system, swayed by one law and moving towards one end. The growth of things, then, is away from similarity, away from this likeness, and towards multiplicity, variety.

There is a certain kind of union in an acorn,—sameness, homogeneity; but let it burst and grow, and what do you have? You have in time the century-old oak, with an infinite variety of unfolding and development,—a unity? Yes, but a unity, not of sameness, but of diversity.

What is the tendency in horticulture? Take as an illustration, for example, the development of the rose. I suppose, if we go back far enough, we shall find perhaps

some one ancestor of all the roses that are now familiar to the lover of flowers. But what has been the tendency? Are men to-day trying to make all the roses grow alike? Are they selecting some one pattern, and trying to conform the rest to that?

I remember some years ago in the West I visited the grounds of a man who prided himself on having twelve hundred different kinds of roses; and I suppose that a very large number have been produced since then. It is not sameness that people are looking for here: it is variety; and the man who makes himself famous is he who can develop something new, another kind of rose, another kind of fruit, another kind of shrub. So the method of nature is not towards sameness, homogeneity: it is towards infinite unfolding, expansion, and variety.

The adherents of the Catholic Church sometimes criticise the Protestant because it is broken up into so many different sects and factions. Let them criticise the factions as much as they please; but I see no reason why we should shrink from being criticised on account of the different sects. If there is jealousy, controversy, antagonism, these things are evil; but the variety of unfoldment is not an evil, nothing for which an apology is required. In this way rather does the infinite variety of human nature and human life come to its full and complete expression.

Let Christianity, then, assume as many forms as shall represent different expressions, and different types of real life: only let there be at last this great union of spirit, of love, of endeavor after truth, rivalry of service, consecration to the highest and best things. This, it seems to me, is what we are to look for in the future, and is the only kind of unity which we are to desire.

One other great change has been going on and making very rapid strides in the last hundred or two years.

Even when I was a boy, the one dominant idea of the only kind of Christianity with which I was acquainted was fixed on the effort to save your own soul. Expression of this may be found in a hymn which I used to hear sung, and with which I was very familiar. I remember and think I can quote one verse of it as a specimen: —

“’Tis a thing I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I saved or am I not?”

Here was the one great anxiety of the Christian,—to be sure that his soul was saved. This was the one thing that was preached, the one thing that was pressed upon the attention of men. And I remember well the horror of this uncertainty, how I longed and wept and prayed in the endeavor to find out as to whether my soul was saved or not. In those sad days I never was able to satisfy that longing; I never could find anything that seemed to me definitely to determine the matter.

But in the progress of Christianity in the last few years (a progress which we can see making way more and more, and which I believe is to be dominant in the religion of Jesus in the future) is the forgetting all about the salvation of the individual soul. Did not Jesus—indeed, I wonder how people so completely forget his teaching—say that “he that saveth his life shall lose it”? Did he not teach that the way for a man to become divine was to lose all consciousness of the endeavor to become divine on his own account, separated from his fellows?

And is it not perfectly clear that he uttered here an eternal and changeless principle? That which makes a soul divine, what is it? It is love, devotion, pity, sympathy, helpfulness; and these things mean the forgetting of self. So that the way to save your soul is to forget

in your absorption in your work for the world as to whether you have any soul or not. Pay no attention to your own soul. "Look out and not in, look up and not down, look forward and not back, and lend a hand," as Edward Everett Hale has taught us to do.

This is the way to save your own soul. You cannot possibly save your soul by devoting yourself to it. You cannot help saving your soul if you devote yourself to the work of the world.

So the Church in the future is to change its emphasis completely. The old revivals are things of the past. I do not believe that the world in the coming years is going to get excited over the question of the deliverance of the soul from the wrath of God or from punishment in another life. No man is going to be worried in the future over problems like that.

The great thing in the coming time—and this is our next step—is going to be service. This, again, Jesus taught nearly two thousand years ago: "If any man will be great in the kingdom of heaven, he must serve." Jesus "went about doing good." "He made himself of no reputation." He consecrated himself to the service of others. And this (we are beginning to see it now as a self-evident truth) is the one great thing in the religious life. We are to care for humanity; we are to give ourselves to the service of the world.

Churches are to exist? Yes, I believe churches will exist, grander and nobler in the coming time than they have ever been yet in the history of the world; but they will not be organizations to which the people will come for the sake of saving their own souls. They will be organizations for the purpose of increasing the power of the individual, so that more can be accomplished for the world.

The principle of organization in the Church will be precisely the same as it is in commerce, in industry, in any

other department of human life. It will be a device for the increase of power, for the accomplishment of larger and more wide-spread results.

Ritual will remain? Yes, because there are some people who love ritual, because there are many natures who find in it the natural expression of their emotions, their feelings, their aspirations. On the other hand, there are those who dislike it as completely as others are devoted to it. So this will be a matter left free for everybody.

Have all the ritual you will, if only it is the natural expression of your religious life; but it is not in future to be regarded any more as a condition of life. We are not to believe that children are saved from the wrath of God by having a little water sprinkled on their foreheads. We are not to believe that a reprobate old man is to be suddenly transformed into a saint and made capable of entering into eternal felicity by having the ceremony of extreme unction performed over him in the hour of death.

We are not to devote ourselves to these external forms, as having in them the secrets of life. They are well in their place and as the expression of life; and that is all.

Again, the creeds are to remain, or, at any rate, creeds will continually come into existence in the future. Any man who thinks and is only half-intelligent must have a creed. That which he believes, whether he writes it down, whether he promises to abide by it or not, is his creed. So creeds will remain; but they will not be regarded in the future as conditions of salvation. They will be only the expressions of the ever-advancing and widening thought and theory of man.

These things, all of them, will remain, but they will take the secondary place that belongs to them; and the great work of the Church in the coming time will be to serve humanity. In what particular way? In every way. The Church is broadening all the time in her prac-

tical charities, serving the needs and alleviating the sufferings of human bodies; but these are only the alphabet. Here is only the beginning of her ministry; and these things are relatively of the least importance among all those which she ought to aim to accomplish.

The Church serves man better when it helps him in his industrial life, when it helps him in his social life, when, above all these, it helps him in his intellectual life. The Church of the future is to be a leader of thought, a teacher of men, teaching especially those things which touch the practical worth and conduct of human life.

And, then, the Church is to serve men by holding up ever before them the supreme objects of love, of admiration, and of worship. The Church, in other words, is to serve the heart and the inner life of man; and then, beyond all, it is to cultivate the soul. More and more, as it seems to me, in the coming time it is to be recognized that the one great thing to be done in the world is to develop the human soul,—not in any selfish way, but in unselfish ways; to have this as the high, leading, luring ideal of life. Browning has put this into a few words: "The development of a soul: little else is worth study."

That seems to me to be the keynote of the future,—the development of the soul. This is the thing that the Church is to devote herself to in the ages that are to come.

And, carrying this point one step further, the Church is to recognize and teach what is coming more and more to be seen as the great central truth of human life. It was said of Jesus that he came "bringing life and immortality to light." This, I believe, is true. He came bringing life and immortality to light. The one great thing which he gave to the world was life,—"I come that ye may have life, and have it more abundantly"; more life, fuller life, deeper life, wider life,—life. This is the thing to cure the world of its weariness and its weakness, and to make us feel immortal.

The Church is to teach, as its great ideal, that every man is naturally deathless; that he is a spirit now, living in a spiritual world now. This world is no less spiritual because we are clothed with bodies that we call material, because we are in the midst of all this brave and wonderful show of things. We are essentially spirits; and the recognition of this fact is to be the capital one, in my judgment, in the teaching and the work of the religion of Jesus in the coming years.

Men are to learn more and more that they are souls, that they are children of God, and that they are living here in this world as a part of the education, the training, the development of themselves as children of God; they are to learn that everything else is secondary, subordinate; they are to learn that the body is important for the development of the soul; they are to learn that joy is important, that sorrow is important; that gaining things may be important, that losing things may be important; that all the incidents of our career are only subsidiary to this,—that everything is intended to minister to this.

Here, I believe, is the secret of life. Here is the central, essential meaning of existence. This is what we are here for; and, when we have learned this, all the difficulties, all the troubles, all the burdens, all the cares, all the incidents and experiences of life, will take their places as experiences by the way; and the principal thing will be the way and the end towards which it leads.

Father, we thank Thee that we can believe that under Thy guidance the world is moving towards liberty and light and loving service, that in Thy hands all things are well. We thank Thee that we can co-operate with Thee, can accomplish a little in helping on some of the results which we can dimly foresee. Let us be heartened and encouraged by these thoughts, and let us consecrate ourselves to such service. Amen.



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GROWING THINGS

A Sermon for May

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GROWING THINGS.

A Sermon for May

My text you may find in the Canticles, or the Song of Songs, the second chapter, beginning with the eleventh verse: "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,"—you must remember that this is written in a country where the rainy season was the winter, and took the place of snow,—“the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The vines are in blossom; they give forth their fragrance.”

If the phenomena of May occurred only once in fifty or a hundred years, how much attention they would call forth and receive! how it would be looked forward to, how it would be studied, how it would be remembered! Those who were born and were so unfortunate as to die in one of the intervals between the appearances of this wonderful month would be looked upon with sympathy, as having lost some great, some significant thing.

The wonder of it, and the meaning! The earth for so long covered with snow, everything apparently dead, or sleeping in such a deep slumber as appears like death, and then the sun begins, as we say, his northward journey, or the old earth swings in her orbit so that the rays of the sun fall more directly upon these northern lands, and the wonder begins!

Something unseen, something unnoticed, at first, down beneath the surface of the ground, among the roots of

the trees and the plants, hidden beneath the bark,—a marvel at work. What is it? That mysterious thing that we call life. What is life? Nobody knows. Life, the mystic manifestation of the presence and the work of God.

The mystery begins to manifest itself. There is a softer look in the sky. If you climb up on a hilltop, as I love to do, where I can get a glimpse of the sea, there is a tender gleam on the far horizon, and the ocean pulls with such a longing as, in my case at any rate, can find expression only in glad tears.

Then the branches of the trees begin to look strange and blurred. Nothing definite, and yet a change has come. The leaves begin to spring forth. In the country the earth begins to cover itself with green. Even in the city the transformation is manifest. Those that have been prisoned,—the “spirits imprisoned,” to borrow a Bible phrase,—the spirits of the plants, the grasses, the flowers, those that are hidden away in the crevices, between the paving-stones, those in the softened places on some old ruined wall, those that the wind has scattered in some out-of-the-way nook by the side of an old tumble-down building,—not in the wide parks, but in the little breathing-spaces,—these spirits that have been imprisoned begin to come forth and rejoice in the light of day. Everywhere beauty and wonder and glory, and the year is all alive, that which seemed dead, and it is all beautiful which seemed ugly, and it is all color which was bare and brown, and it is all fragrance and sweetness.

What a wonder it all is, what a delight! how it calls out in us all the poetry, the remembrance, of our youth! how it stirs hope and gladness!

Noting this wonder, this miracle of it, let us pass on for a little to see certain phases of these growing things which have moral and spiritual truths to tell us.

In the first place, the marvellous transmutation that is going on. I remember to have referred to this once. I do not recall just when; but so significant is it, so marvellous, that I think it will not seem trite if I refer to it again.

There have been philosophers in all ages until very modern times who have wondered as to whether base metals might not be transmuted into gold. Nature in her laboratory is all the time engaged in working this wonder. It does not seem strange to me that men, until they have studied more closely, more carefully, the laws of the universe, should suppose that such a thing might be possible. The marvel of it to me is right here. Let me see if I can suggest it, and if you will catch the significance, the meaning, of it all.

Here are different kinds of trees, shrubs, plants, growing in substantially, so far as we can see, the same kind of soil. The same air is blowing over and breathing around them, the same sunlight shines upon them, the same dews condense out of the air, the same rains fall. The conditions seem substantially the same; and yet each shrub, each tree, each plant, each flower, each vegetable, gathers out of this common storehouse that which enters into and builds up its own distinct and peculiar life. That is the marvel of it to me.

Here is an oak-tree. Everything it absorbs from the earth and the air, the sunshine and the rain, is turned into oak. Here is a willow. Everything it absorbs out of the same storehouse becomes willow. Here is a rose-bush. Everything that it gathers up into itself becomes rose, beauty of color, daintiness of perfume. Right beside it is a Canada thistle. Everything it gathers out of this storehouse it turns into thistle,—repulsive, repellent, prickly, injurious.

Here, close beside both these, clambering over a wall, is an ivy vine; and all that it absorbs from earth and air,

by some subtle alchemy that we cannot comprehend, becomes poison. Side by side grow the edible and the poisonous toadstool,—the marvel of a chemistry we cannot comprehend.

And, then, do you ever stop to wonder, to bow the knee, to bend the head, to humble the heart in reverence and worship, as you think about the mystery of these things going on all around you, that have no explanation except as we say, reverently, God? And that is no explanation from the point of view of science. It is only the utterance of our deep heart of religious trust and love.

How do these things out of that which has no color produce color, out of that which has no fragrance produce fragrance, out of that which apparently has no life produce life, out of that which is wholesome produce poison, out of that which is poison produce that which is wholesome? How are these marvellous transformations wrought?

And then the wonder of a man, when you catch a suggestion of which Emerson has made much in some of his essays, and remember that each of us puts our stamp on the whole of this external nature. There is no noise there: it is here. There is no music there: it is here. There is no color there: it is here. There is no fragrance there: it is here. We are the key and the interpretation of this mystic universe which is the expression of the life of God.

But there is a lesson here which I do not wish to overlook nor have you forget. The rose selects from earth and air and all that makes up its surroundings the materials for the construction, the building, of its beautiful, fragrant flower. The thistle selects that which makes a thistle; the poison ivy, that which makes the poison ivy.

Now each of these is under, I suppose, a necessity.

It takes what it must; and it produces what it can. But we,—I do not propose to raise this morning that old question of foreordination or free will, of liberty or necessity,—but we do feel conscious in ourselves that within certain limits, at any rate, we are free; and we show that consciousness in the fact that we are ready, sometimes all too ready, to judge other people, intimating that we have regarded them as free, and therefore as responsible.

We are here,— and this is the point of my lesson,—men and women of all degrees, of all kinds of character, good, bad, indifferent, mixed of one and the other; and we are all in the same circumstances substantially. We are rooted in the same soil. We are breathing the same air, the same sunshine is on us, the same dews around us.

But we pick out of these reservoirs of possibility that which goes to the making of what we are; and we at any rate, if the plants are not, within certain limits, however narrow, are responsible for what we select and what we build. This is the point I wish to emphasize for a moment.

Here is a man, for example, down in Wall Street. He is in the midst of the same conditions as his neighbor, who has an office across the street. One man builds himself into what kind of a character? He becomes selfish, hard, suspicious. He thinks all men are dishonest. I have had a business man say to me, If you had been in business as many years as I have, you would not have your cheerful, optimistic view of the average character of the average business man: you would have learned better, as I have. This man, out of these materials, selects the stuff which he builds into a selfish, hard, suspicious, uncharitable man.

But right across the street, perhaps a member with him of the same exchange, engaged in the same kind

of business, is another man, who out of this same reservoir of potentialities has selected the materials out of which he has built himself up into entirely another kind of character. He is loving, gentle, tender, unselfish. He feels charitable towards other business men. He will give you an optimistic picture of the present condition of things and of the possible outlook for the future.

Have you not noticed among your own children in the same household these opposites of character develop themselves? This means, does it not, that the individual has something to do about it, and that it is not entirely in this case a matter of circumstance, of condition? The man has sought that which was like himself; and he has anticipated his own peculiarities.

Now there is one important lesson which I would like to direct your attention to here for a moment. I meet men once in a while who have become bitter, confirmed pessimists. A man prominent in the literary life of this country told me, not a great while ago, that, in his judgment, any sensible man by the time he was fifty had to be a pessimist. That was the summed up result of his experience of the world and of human life.

Now I did feel, as I was talking with him, that possibly he might not regard me as specially intelligent or sensible; but I have lived in the same kind of world as he has, and I am not at all a pessimist. I believe more and more, year by year, in God, in the integrity of the universe, in the goodness of things, in the hopeful outcome of human life.

The point is,—and it seems to me important,—because a man has become a pessimist, that does not at all prove that the conditions in which he has lived have been such as to nourish only the tendency to pessimism. It is a matter of his own individual character; and his judgment of the universe is no more to be taken as the

sane and final judgment than is that of a man of opposite character.

Indeed, I believe this to be true,—the men who deal first-hand with the miseries, the sorrows, the evils of human life, so far as my knowledge of these things is concerned, are more likely to be the ones who are filled with trust and hope.

A man spends his afternoons, after his business hours, or perhaps more than his afternoons if he has retired from business, at the Union League or the Century or the University or the Metropolitan Club. He takes no more active part, perhaps, in the world's affairs, has money enough so he can live as he pleases, is somewhat selfishly absorbed in magazines, in books, in his own indulgences. He looks out on the world from this point of vantage; and it seems to him a pretty poor place. The average men and women, particularly the laborers, the workers, the common folk on the East Side, are not very high up in the scale of civilization; and he is apt to think the world a pretty poor affair.

But go over on the East Side, find a resident in some one of the settlements who comes in first-hand touch with these common, struggling, striving, working people day by day. He sees the newsboys, the poor women of the street, the off-scouring and the refuse of society; and time and again you will find a man or a woman like that carrying a great trust as well as a great pity and tenderness in his or her heart. Such persons are apt to feel that here are the possibilities of great and noble things in these common people, and to look forward to some fine outcome in the future that shall not only justify, but glorify, all the process through which we are passing.

Remember, then, that, because some one picks out of his immediate environment the materials out of which he makes himself a hard, a selfish, or a hopeless kind of man, he has not thereby exhausted those possibilities;

and thousands of persons in his immediate surroundings have found the stuff of which to construct another, entirely another, kind of character.

Let us turn sharply now for a moment, and note a phase of the suggestion of these growing things which would seem at first to contradict what I have been saying. I have shown how out of similar conditions entirely different results may come. Now I wish to note that we are to learn to judge very tenderly, very sympathetically, when we note how the limits of conditions and possibilities of growth sometimes determine meagre or distorted results.

Climb a mountain away to the edge of the snow-line, and nothing can grow there except what the conditions make possible. There at the north you come upon hardy pines, hemlocks, firs, trees that can stand the chill of the winter and the blasts of the stormy winds. In the southland you find the abundance, the glory, the color, the marvellous development; or you find these in hothouses, where artificial shelter is provided, artificial opportunity is given.

Now there are men, women, children, who have such limited possibilities of growth in the way of soil, in the way of atmosphere, in the way of snow and rain, that we have no right to judge them harshly. We should learn to be very sympathetic, very patient, very indulgent.

You take a boy who is born in a tenement, where he comes in contact with nothing, or very little, in the way of love and care, where he is cast out on the street to fight for his life, in rags, in cold, in hunger. Will you expect of him the same results as you have a right to look for in the case of a boy who is sheltered and guarded after being born into a beautiful home?

Will you pass the same severe judgment on a young girl who, broken and gone astray, has become among

those that in polite society we hardly dare to name, because she has never had the opportunity to know or dream of the fine, sweet things that we love to provide for our wives, our sisters, our daughters?

Take the delicate, dainty, costly vase for which thousands of dollars are paid, and which has some special pedestal on which it is to stand, and where it becomes a show-piece for the wealthy owner, among his friends. Take that and expose it to the kind of usage that is bestowed upon the pots and kettles and pans that are beaten together and broken, abused and neglected, in some poor hovel, and to what would all its beauty and daintiness come? It is a matter of opportunity in thousands of cases.

I have known people who have said, in regard to a struggling boy, for example, who wished to get an education, wished to make something of himself: "If it is in him, it will come out. Do not trouble about him; do not help him too much; do not give him very much encouragement. If it is really there, it will find a way."

I do not believe a word of anything of the kind. There are thousands of boys and thousands of girls who have never had any opportunity, and consequently have never come to anything. Do you think that all the poets, the possible poets of the world, the possible painters, the possible musicians, the possible philosophers, the possible statesmen, the possible generals, have developed and been known in the history of the world? Or do you believe, as Gray expresses it in that "Elegy," as he muses in the country churchyard, that many a Milton sleeps here who has never sung, many a great man that the world has never heard of?

Do you not believe that there is many a gem hidden on the bottom of the ocean that no eyes have ever seen, many a flower that blossoms and dies in the wilderness and wastes its sweetness on the desert air?

Consider for a moment. If we had had no Civil War in this country, would the world have ever found out that we had here a general worthy to stand beside Napoleon, Hannibal, Cæsar, the greatest that have ever lived, and superior to these in manliness, in character, while their equal in genius?

Would the world have ever known that we had, in a little town in Illinois, a commoner equal to the noblest men that have ever trod the earth, if not the one standing supreme above all others save him, the gentle Nazarene? These men would have been unknown, had it not been for the Civil War.

I believe that the history of the world has been full of men and women having in them all the possibilities of greatness, but with no conditions to call them out. I trust that they will have an opportunity of blossoming and bringing forth their fruit over yonder.

Let us remember, then, as we judge people, as we judge ourselves even, that justice compels us to take account of conditions, of possibilities, of hindrances.

Another thought. It comforts me,—this consideration which I now have in mind. I sometimes find myself overburdened with a sense of responsibility, worn, weary, as though I had the world on my shoulders, and must by and by give an account of the total results of its failure or success. I know there are a great many who carry no such sense of responsibility. I have had a great many times in my own life when I have not felt it perhaps enough; but those who are earnest, those who are alive, those who are keenly sensitive to the conditions of the world, I believe are apt to carry too heavy a load, and that it is worth their while to learn this lesson of the growing things, and now and then to rest.

The thing that comforts me is this: At night I go to sleep, and forget myself. I am being recuperated in that unconscious hour. But, while I am asleep, the world

does not stop: the plants are growing, the trees, the flowers, the fruits are ripening,—the whole process of the world is going on.

The farmer, after his ploughing and planting and looking after the weeds, does not need to sit on the fence, or lean over it and worry as to whether things are going on or not. It does no good; and he ought to remember that he has taken God into his partnership, and that he is working for him, even when he forgets or is asleep.

And let us remember this: If God really wants the things done that we want done, then some time they are going to be done. That is sure. If he does not want them done, then, struggle as we may, they are not going to be accomplished, because he is mightier than we are.

I have a friend, a minister in Boston, who once in my hearing gave utterance to what seems to me a very wise word, though a very simple one. He said, "We ought to remember that it is a very little that we can do, but that we are under obligation to do that little." It is not a great deal any of us can accomplish. We are not, therefore, freed from the obligation of doing that little; and it ought to comfort us, what Luther has said,—I quote only his idea,—that even God has need of strong men.

God works through us. We are under obligation, then, to do what we can; but, after we have done what we can, let us trust and sleep and rest, and believe that the affairs of the world are going well. Let us, if we can, echo that immortal song of Pippa,—

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

It may not seem right at all to us; but, if God is in his heaven, it is right, or it is in the way to becoming right. That does not release us from the obligation of doing all we can to help on the conditions of affairs; but it ought to take a great burden of care from our hearts.

I think I must have spoken of it in this place some time; but I frequently remember the saying of that wise old minister, as he got along in years,—I think it was Dr. Lyman Beecher,—who, when somebody asked him how he was getting along, said: “A good deal better than I used to. I have about made up my mind to let God take care of his own world.” He had been trying to manage the whole thing himself, and had become weary and exhausted and disheartened.

It is well for us to remember that there is somebody in heaven who cares as much as we do, and a good deal more wisely, and so, while we work, comfort ourselves with these considerations.

There is one more lesson that the growing things have to teach us,—one more that I have time to speak of this morning; and that is that growing things are to be treated as growing, and not as finished.

Suppose, for example, that some tiny creature could be born, and have its life confined to an apple-tree, living amid its branches a life of one week, though it might seem long to this creature; for, you know, there are millions whose lives span but a day or a fraction of a day. Now suppose this creature were able to observe and reason and pass judgment. Along in May, the last of the month, it would come across a little, tiny apple beginning to grow, just shedding the blossom perhaps. It would taste this apple, and say: This thing is what this tree is to bring forth. Why the apple is hard. This is a curious kind of result for such a wonderful world. The fruit is bitter. It is not possible to eat it: it is not worth anything. And this is the outcome of all this great, wonderful place in which I am born to live my life and where I die.

Is not that kind of criticism very much such as we ourselves are continuously passing? We live forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, possibly ninety years, just a little

span; and we watch this great world, we study it, we test it here and there. Our life, as compared with the life of man on the earth, is but a moment. This earth has existed millions of years. Humanity has been here hundreds of thousands of years. Civilization, as we call it, covers a period of four or five or six thousand years, possibly, in places here or there.

Can we attempt to pass judgment on the scheme of things? But we must remember that this little earth, though so old, and this little humanity of ours, though covering such a period of time, is only one little planet in the midst of thousands and millions of worlds that we can see and concerning which we can question; and yet we attempt to judge and pronounce final verdict upon the meaning of things!

We are beginning to learn a little better, though the key, as I think, the master key to our difficulties has only come into our hands during the last fifty years. John Stuart Mill pronounced this judgment upon the scheme of things here in this world. He said: God cannot be almighty and all-wise and all-good. It is not possible that he should be all of these, because things are not good. If he was almighty, he would be able to make things what they ought to be. That means that he does not know how, or he does not want them as they ought to be. He is all-wise, he said. Then he cannot be both almighty and all-good. If he is all good, he either must be weak or not all wise.

And this logic of Mill's was unescapable on the old theory of a finished universe. The answer to it is in the one word "evolution." We have learned that the world is growing. It is going somewhere. It is in process; and we must wait until things are ripe, until we know what the outcome is to be, before we have any right to pronounce an ultimate judgment.

And so in regard to every different department of the

world. Let us not judge our children during any special phase of their development. Let us be patient, and wait until they have time to ripen. Let us not judge any specific cause or reform while it is in process. Let us not judge the industrial situation, the economic situation. Let us not judge government and peoples while they are in process. Let us wait, and give them time.

Let us not even judge ourselves too harshly. We are trying, trying to make something more and better of ourselves than we have yet attained. God is interested, I believe, even in this. Let us wait for him a little. Let us give ourselves the opportunity to become wiser and better, to get ripe.

Let us judge the whole world as in process. So let us not be discouraged, let us not fall by the way, let us wait; and, as we see the procession of human advance reaching out into the shadow, the ranks following each other into the Silent Land, let us believe that this is only the prelude to the great drama, and that something is enacting and unfolding over there which shall put a meaning into all this confusion, and shall make us know that God was in the beginning, the bitterness, the unripeness, the opening of the blossom, and that he was only preparing the magnificent fruitage, the glory of which shall be revealed to us hereafter.

Father, we thank Thee that we may trust, that we may believe, that we may hope. We thank Thee that, in the growing things around us, the opening of the bud and blossom, the starting of fruitage, we may see parables, hints, suggestions, and that, following them, we may take heart, and consecrate ourselves to more hopeful, and so more successful, lives. Amen.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

My text I find in the first chapter of the Prophecy of Jeremiah, the eleventh verse,—“Jeremiah, what seest thou?” The same question, with like implications, may also be found in the Prophecies of Amos and of Zechariah.

The answer to this question will depend, among other things, upon the point of view. An object seen from the east is one thing; seen from the west or the north, it may appear to be an entirely different thing.

I have stood at my hotel window, on a clear morning in Geneva, and looked out over the lake, and seen, away in the distance, the glistening peak of Mont Blanc. I have seen the same mountain from its base at Chamonix: others—I have not—have looked down upon it from its own summit. These three different points of view give at least three definitely distinct and different mountains.

One may look from a certain position over a landscape, and the one particular thing that will seem to give character to it and impress the beholder is a beautiful lake; from another point of view it will be a great, noble clump of trees; from still another, rolling uplands, patched with grasses and different-colored grains; from another still it would be a hill-nestled valley. And yet it is one landscape.

No one photograph of the Capitol at Washington will give a complete idea of the noble structure. You must have many different ones taken from many different points of view, and all of them together are necessary for you to comprehend the idea of the builder.

There is a story with which you are familiar, I presume, of the competition between two sculptors for a statue that was to occupy an elevated position. Each completed his work; and the people, as they passed by, looked at the result, and pronounced their judgment. Nearly all of them were in favor of one which seemed to be so much more beautiful and finished a piece of work. But the day came when they were hoisted into place; and that which popular taste had selected was almost invisible, while the large, grand outlines of the other seemed to become a part of the structure itself and of the nature that formed its background.

What is true of these things is true also of great historic events. The French Revolution,—what was it? To one of the nobility, an adherent of the old régime,—one who believed in the divine right of kings, that the nobles held from the king, and that the people belonged in their relatively subordinate positions,—it was the twilight of civilization, leading on to a dark, murky, disastrous, chaotic night.

To one of the common people it was the dawn of a new day, when the old barbarisms were to be outgrown, and man as man was to have an opportunity to develop and to find himself.

The same thing is true in regard to our judgments of men. What kind of man was Napoleon? All admit that he was a great genius; but what was his character? Read Scott's Life, and you would suppose that he was practically an incarnate fiend. Everything, almost, that was evil was possible to him, and hardly anything that was good.

Read the life of John S. C. Abbott, and you will be surprised to find him almost a saint. He was the friend of civilization, the lover of his people, devoted to liberty, consecrated to helping on the advance of mankind.

These things result, you will see, from the different

points of view occupied by those who study and observe. So it is in regard to events which touch our lives. Somewhere this spring, as the farmer is turning over the soil with his plough, the nest of some mouse, who has been snugly tucked away during the winter, is being overturned. From his point of view, it is the end of all things,—the destruction of his universe. From the farmer's, it is the preparation for bursting buds and for ripening grain: it is the preliminary to the harvest.

Now I wish you to note—and I shall go on very soon to give you some more prolonged illustrations of this—the lesson which you are to apply all the way through this morning, that no one view of anything exhausts it. And we may as well carry along with our thought this other idea, that our ability to see, even from one point of view, is limited, is partial, and very likely prejudiced.

But, at any rate, no one point of view enables us to see the whole of anything. We need to remember this, whether we are able to put ourselves in the position to get the other views or not: we need to get as many views as we can before we pronounce judgment; but, if we are not able to get any more than one, we must remember that that one must be partial and cannot exhaust the object at which we are looking.

We need this,—why? We need to remember this, that we may be just in our judgments in regard to historic events, in regard to individuals, as to their character and their action. We need to remember this for another reason.

It is important that we cherish kindly, charitable views as we study the world movements, and as we study individual characters. And, then, for another reason we need to remember it: the one thing necessary to us, if we live in this world and are to be of any account, is that we shall occupy such a point of view as shall give us hope.

The man who has no hope is not only unhappy, not only does he stand in the way of his own advance, but he stands in the way of the advance of the world. He is a hindrance and not a help. If it is possible for us, then, to get such a point of view in looking over human affairs as shall lead us to cherish hope as we look towards the future, then to do this is of the utmost importance.

I wish now, because I want further to illustrate this principle, and because also the different matters that I shall bring to your attention are alive and important, to turn, one after another, in several directions, to find how this principle works when practically applied.

And, first, within the sphere of religion. Paul, when he was a young man, was a persecutor. After his conversion he devoted himself to the service of the cause he had misunderstood and hated. Now Paul, both before and after, was the same man,—the same devotion, the same enthusiasm, the same earnestness, the same consecration. He was one of those men who had to give his whole self to whatever he believed, so he was a whole-souled persecutor; and he tells us that he verily thought he was doing God service. Afterwards he calls himself the chief of sinners because he had done it.

What I wish to note here is that the difference in the two Pauls is simply the difference in his point of view. In one case he was an earnest Jew. He believed that God had given an infallible revelation to his people. He believed that the religion in which he had been trained from a child was the manifestation of the Divine within the sphere of our human life.

But afterwards he gained another point of view; and, while he did not condemn the old, except as relatively imperfect and as a stepping-stone towards something better, he saw that the new meant a higher, grander, nobler life for the world.

There is another phase of the religious life of the world in which the Church has been persecuted that I think is very commonly misunderstood. We are accustomed to think that the old Romans, when they persecuted the young Christianity, were purposely, wickedly cruel; that they hated God; that they hated truth; that they were opposed to the religion of the Nazarene. If we study the matter a little more carefully, I think we shall be ready to do justice to these old Romans, while at the same time we rejoice in the triumph of the young Christianity.

The Roman had no objection to the God of the Jews or the God of the Christian. He had no objection to Jesus or to the teaching of Jesus. It was not Christianity as such that he was opposing himself to and fighting against. What did it mean?

I speak of this because constantly, in books and in speech, I am hearing this whole attitude of the ancient Romans completely misapprehended and misrepresented.

To the Roman, from the beginning of the republic, his religion had been a part of his patriotism. Every good Roman must take part in the public service. That was an essential part of his citizenship. The Christian could not do this, because it savored to him of the worship of false gods.

The Roman, then, did not judge the early Christian because of his religion. From his point of view he was unpatriotic, he was an enemy of the State. Rome would have been willing that they should worship one or three or twenty gods, and worship them in any way they pleased, if only they would be good Roman citizens, and take part in the Roman worship which belonged to their citizenship.

I am no lover—to pass to another illustration—of the Catholic Church, as such, as an institution. I think, however, as we look back over its past history, that we

are apt to misunderstand it and condemn it blindly. The Catholic, in the past, has condemned and persecuted the Protestant. Why? Because he was more cruel than the Protestant, less humane? I think not. The Catholic has been trained from his childhood to believe that his religion is the infallible voice of God, the only means vouchsafed to a lost world whereby the souls of men may be saved.

It is, then, from his point of view, the highest of all duties that he should defend this infallible truth; that he should stand by the Church for the sake, not of the Church, but for the sake of human souls that need this instrumentality to deliver them from evil and fit them for the kingdom of peace.

So, as we study the persecutions of the past, while we do not condone them, while we do not believe in the principles on which they were based, while we rejoice that human freedom has won its way and that these barbaric things are a part of the past, let us try to get the point of view occupied by those who have been, wittingly or unwittingly, the enemies of man, so that we may think as highly as possible of the past out of which we have grown, as kindly as possible of those who radically differ from us to-day.

For, remember, if we think a little clearly, we can make a sharp distinction between an error and the man who holds it and fights for it. We can hate a sin, hate a wrong, and fight it to the bitter end, and yet not hate the people, not hate the men and women who have cherished these false or wrong ideas.

How are we situated to-day? I am preaching to myself generally when I am preaching to you: particularly if I am doing it with any great earnestness and apparent vehemence, you may feel sure that I keep in mind my own weaknesses and ignorance and foibles.

We find it difficult to-day to feel charitably and kindly

towards those who radically differ from us on the fundamental principles of religion. See how hard it is for us to understand each other. Here is a man, for example, who believes that the Bible is absolutely infallible in every part, in every word; that every word is the word of God.

I cannot accept this idea. I believe that the Bible is the expression of the religious beliefs and feelings and aspirations of the times which produced it; that it is full of limitations, full of errors; that it is no wiser than the men who wrote it.

Now how can I argue with a man who occupies the opposite position? We have no common standing ground. His point of view is entirely different from mine; mine, entirely different from his. He is certain to judge me as an enemy of religion: I am certain to judge him as only a partially educated friend to religion, to say the least. So you see how difficult it is for us to do justice to each other; how difficult it is for us to argue the points at issue, and come to any satisfactory conclusion.

These are not only illustrations of the importance of getting the right point of view; but they are practical problems which touch our mental attitude towards people, concerning the question whether we shall be sweet and tender, charitable, good-tempered, and helpful, or whether we shall withdraw ourselves in bitterness from those who happen to hold opinions different from ours.

I spoke a moment ago about how important for us it is to occupy the point of view which shall leave us hopeful in regard to the world-conditions of which we are a part. Let us see how our principle works here.

If I believed, for example, that God had made a perfect world in the first place, and then, either on purpose or because he could not help it, it had fallen in ruin; if I believed that the evil of the world was caused

by the invasion from some part of space of a malign and almost almighty spirit of evil; if I believed that the slip of our first ancestor had been visited in this way upon all his descendants; and if I believed, as has been held for hundreds of years, that only a few out of the great myriads were to be saved; if I believed that the world was plunging on and down at a tremendous speed towards some catastrophe in which it all was to end,—I should have no heart, I should have no hope.

Why should I work? Why should I consecrate myself to the effort to stem a tide like that? But here are all these facts of evil, just the same: here are sins, here are cruelties, here are depravities, here are sicknesses and pain; here are all the things that can be drawn in the very blackest picture.

But suppose I take another point of view. Instead of believing that we started perfect and are growing worse and worse, I believe that we started away down yonder in the jungle; that our far-off ancestors were the animals; that we have, through the presence and the power of God working in this evolving, wondrous life, climbed up into men; and that, age after age, the world is growing a little better.

Suppose I believe that the tiger and the wolf and the snake in us are being gradually, however slowly, out-grown; suppose I believe that man is coming to more and more; that we are climbing up into heart and conscience and brain and soul; that the world, under the impulse of the Almighty hand, is moving in that direction, that there is some

“Far-off divine event,”—

why, then I can smile, I can be cheery, I can rejoice, I can be glad even in the presence of the calamities and the sorrows, the heartbreaks and the tears. No matter how bad things are, it makes all the difference in the

world as to what your point of view is, as to where we started and which way we are going.

So a man who believes these later ideas can plunge into the midst of the world's turmoil and trouble and evil and sorrow, and feel that he is coworking with an Infinite Power that is by and by to leave the "low, sad music of humanity" far behind, and that it is to be turned into a song of triumph by and by.

In the same way, it makes all the difference in the world as to how we judge the lower races of mankind. I have heard people speak in a pessimistic strain because they looked down upon these lower peoples and saw how animal and unintelligent and sordid a kind of life they seemed to lead.

It would be something unbearable, I suppose, if I were taken to-day and compelled to live with and share the life of the Fiji Islanders or some of the inhabitants of the South Seas; but it is not unbearable at all to them. They have come to it from the other direction: they are not missing the thousand things that I should miss; and we are not to judge their life and its satisfactions from our point of view. We are to judge them from their point of view, and then we can find much in which to rejoice, and, as we look forward to the possibilities of the future, much for which we can hope.

Just as, for example, to take another illustration, we look over the world's poverty. I suppose, when I was a little, barefoot, ragged boy in the streets of the village where I was born, if some man had driven by in his carriage and looked at me from the point of view of his wealth and his culture, he would have said, There is a poor, pitiful little urchin: I wouldn't like to be in his place.

Of course, it would have been bad for him to have been suddenly thrust down into my place; but I did not ask for any one's pity. I was healthy and happy, and I was

brimful and bubbling over with hopes and ideals and dreams that turned what appeared to be a sordid and common life into fairyland. It makes all the difference in the world as to your point of view.

If a man has been having an income of ten thousand dollars a year, and has adjusted his life to that,—his wants, his ideals, filling out his ten thousand, so that there is nothing left,—and then he is suddenly reduced to eight, he is poor; everything has shrunk. He has to cut off in this direction and that, and his life seems very hard indeed.

But, on the other hand, take a man whose income has been eight hundred dollars a year; and he has been careful and saving, been able to put by just a little even from that, and suddenly give him a thousand, and he is rich. He is rich on what the other would consider practical starvation. So here, again, it is the point of view.

I wish now to turn to another direction and work out for a little the same principle, and to ask you to consider it carefully, because in the next two or three or ten years it is going to be an intensely practical matter for you.

When the great Civil War started in 1861, as we look back at it now, we know that it grew out of the fact that there came into conflict two entirely different ideals. If the North and the South could have occupied the same point of view, it is a commonplace to say that there could not have been any conflict. But the conflict came; and, as I said, it was two great world-ideals which were being fought out on so large a scale.

The North was very bitter towards the South during all those years. The South was very bitter towards the North. It was almost as much as a man's life was worth here at the North if he dared to express any sympathy for the South. It was as much as any man's life was

worth in the South if he expressed any sympathy for the North.

And yet, unquestionably, there was a good deal of sympathy in thousands of hearts, both South and North; and we have learned now,—so many years away is it all,—to understand that, if we had been born and trained in the South, we should have occupied their point of view and shared their sympathies and fought on their side. And they are learning the same truth in regard to us.

So that out of this is coming a new birth of sympathy and comprehension. We are to remember, I think, as we look back and read that history, that we are able to take an entirely different point of view to-day to that which we occupied while the conflict was going on. We are not to think that slavery was right. They do not think it down there, the most of them. The most of them would not wish it back again. We are to remember that the world is better and civilization has advanced because the decision came as it did, because liberty triumphed instead of the opposite idea.

But to-day we are face to face with some of the most real problems that this nation has ever had to deal with, and these problems are growing out of the old conditions of the past. We are to try to solve this question as to how two races so utterly unlike each other are to live together.

There is no use in our thinking it is unfortunate that they are here. They are here. They are not to blame for being here. If anybody is to blame for that, we are. So we are not to punish them or abuse them for that which is our fault, if it is the fault of anybody.

But here the negroes are, here the white people of the South are, here the white people of the North are; and here is another element which is ordinarily overlooked, but which, in my judgment, is quite as important as any that come to the surface of this great

deep,—here are the men of mixed blood, neither white nor black, men who have a little at least of African blood in their veins.

And, curious fact, the man with one drop in a hundred of colored blood in him is a colored man. No man is a white man unless his blood is all white. It is a curious fact, but one that we have to meet.

Now here are all these points of view. We occupy the position here at the North of being able to treat it as almost entirely a speculative thing. It does not come home to us, it does not touch us, it is away off down there; and it is a very easy thing for us to tell them how they ought to feel about it, and what they ought to do. We can do it dispassionately, as we think, because it does not touch us; but it does touch them, touches them financially, socially, politically, touches them vitally at every point of their life and development. Is it strange that their point of view is different from ours?

I beg you not to misunderstand my attitude, nor to misreport it. I do not say that wrong is right down South any more than it is up here at the North; that oppression is right, that cruelty is right, that selfishness is right, that depriving any man of his opportunities is right.

I believe that the negro should be given every possible opportunity to become everything he can, and to do everything he can. But, if we are to be just towards the men of the South, if we are to work this problem out to a successful issue, we must try sometimes to put ourselves in their places,—to get their point of view; to be a little patient, sometimes, even if they are impatient; to be a little kindly, a little generous, and to ask ourselves the question as to whether we should do much better if the cases were reversed.

Here are great practical problems. We have got to

face them. The prosperity of the country depends on our facing them practically and working them out successfully. Let us try to get the right point of view, to understand how much and what is involved, and to work comprehendingly and sympathetically instead of from the point of view of antagonism and enmity. This is what we must do.

Now, at the end, I wish to suggest that this same principle applies to our personal judgments of our neighbors, of other people, of our friends as well as of our enemies; and it applies even to the judgments which we apply to ourselves.

I think I spoke of it some time within the past year; but I wish to refer again to a fine illustration of this principle. A man died in the city of New Orleans within the last year. He had been reputed to be a hard, selfish man. He had never been known to give anything in charity or help a person in need; but for years somebody in secret had been carrying on the tenderest and most loving charities. Coal and wood mysteriously found their way to the doors of the poor who were cold. Clothing was furnished, coming apparently out of the air, for those that needed it. Help of every kind was extended, and nobody knew from what source.

After this supposedly hard and selfish man died, it was found that he had been doing it all. Those who had judged him from the point of view of their ignorance, of their partial knowledge, of their superficial contact with him, had judged him all wrong.

How many times does this occur in our relations with other people. Here is a person who holds certain particular ideas as to the way Sunday ought to be observed; and, if anybody does not observe Sunday after his fashion, it is almost impossible in his view for that person to do anything right. That one difference of opinion and practice seems to vitiate all.

I know a man who has never read a novel in his life, and thinks it is wicked to read novels. He has never been inside of a theatre, and thinks it would be wicked to go. Now a man might be ever so charitable, kindly, and helpful; but, if he read novels and went to the theatre, from the point of this man's judgment he would be a child of sin, an enemy of God and of his fellows.

This is an extreme illustration. But is it not possible that you and I have got some little, petty, private standard of our own which we set up, and in the light of which we judge other people?

I wonder if I may venture—I do not know whether I ever spoke of it here or not—to use, by way of illustration, the humorous case of the woman who came home from church, and began to criticise another woman there because of the expensive feathers on her hat, when somebody said, "But, my dear madam, the ribbons on your hat cost more than the feathers that you speak of." "Well," she said, "perhaps they did; but we have got to draw the line somewhere, and I choose to draw it at feathers."

Is it not quite possible that all of us have some little place where we choose to draw the line, and we judge people from that point of view, when possibly their method of living is quite as good as ours,—it may be even better? They may be quite as kind, charitable, helpful, and devoted as we; but they do not come up to our standard, and therefore we think them wrong. Let us remember that we are to judge things from a wiser point of view than this.

Are the beliefs, the courses of conduct, the characteristics of men, helpful to the world, or do they stand in the way of the world's welfare and happiness? This is the standard by which they are to be judged at the last.

And let us be careful that we do not judge ourselves from the wrong point of view. I know people who are so comfortable in their own minds, who think everything that they think, that they do, is just right,—happy in a blind conceit.

I know other people—and I think they are more numerous—who underestimate themselves, who do not think they know anything rightly, who do not think they have ever done anything of any account, and who, when they are alone, call themselves up to the bar and pronounce sentences which are severe and condemnatory.

Let us remember that, just as a man may give himself overpraise, he may give himself overblame; and let us be thankful that God, who sees all sides of all subjects, of all things, of all world movements, of all persons, is the final Judge, and that from him we are to receive the award of that kind of justice which shall prove mercy and salvation.

Father, we are glad we are in Thy hands; glad that Thou canst read us through and through; glad that Thou canst read all our past, that past which is inheritance from the ages gone; glad that Thou canst read us all as we are to-day. We leave ourselves in Thy hands, and ask for thy mercy not only, but Thy guidance and thy help. Amen.



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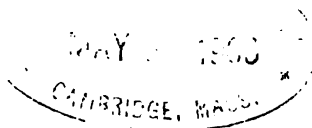
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EMERSON THE PREACHER.

I TAKE as my texts from the first chapter of Ecclesiastics, the first verse—"The words of the preacher,"—and from the eleventh chapter of Matthew, the ninth verse,—“But wherefore went ye out? to see a prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.”

I am not to lecture on Emerson this morning. I am to preach a sermon. There is a curious superstition still lingering in the minds of many who ought to be wiser. If I should take as my theme to-day the name of anybody mentioned in the Bible, however obscure, however disreputable even he might be, no one would think of its being anything but a sermon; but, when we select the name of some one who is not mentioned in the Bible, some one in this grander, higher, deeper, wider, more divine world, then the impression is made that the subject suggested must somehow be secular.

Emerson has taught us a great truth, which we ought by this time to have learned, not only from his lips, but from many another,—that the world is getting not more secular, but more sacred. As we break down the barriers between that which has been regarded as sacred or divine and that which has been looked upon as common and human, it does not mean that religion is growing less, but that it is growing more.

Emerson the preacher. But you will notice that as a part of my text I have chosen some words that speak of a prophet. But preacher and prophet, properly understood, are identical. No man is a true preacher who does not get his message first-hand and speak, at any rate so

far as the conviction abides in his own mind, as a messenger of God. This is what the word "prophet" means.

If you will study carefully the Old Testament, you will find that in the earliest times he who afterwards came to be called a prophet was a seer. He was a person who had visions. He had direct insight, as he and his followers believed, into truth. Then, afterwards, he was called in the Hebrew by the word "Nabi." And I think it is unfortunate that this word should have come to have been translated by a Greek word which meant "to foretell"; for the Old Testament prophet was not primarily or essentially a foreteller at all.

Indeed, it is a serious question as to whether there is one single, definite attempt at foretelling in all the Old Testament which was ever literally fulfilled. Almost always, if you will study the prophets carefully, you will find that their "prophesies" consist simply in warning individuals and nations as to what must be the necessary results of courses which they are pursuing.

The Old Testament prophet was no soothsayer, no person who claimed to have some supernatural insight into the future, by the foretelling of which he was to astonish his hearers. He was the minister of God, the messenger of the Divine, the man who believed that he had heard God's word, and that it was his business to give utterance to it to the people. In this sense Emerson was a prophet: in this sense he was a preacher.

One hundred years will have completed themselves to-morrow since he was born in Boston. I need take no time in talking about his education. He graduated at Harvard, after having distinguished himself not so much as to his text-books as he did in the matter of his general information. At the age of twenty-six he was settled as the minister of the Second Church in Boston. He held that position a little over two years, resigning when he was twenty-nine.

But, though he preached no more from the pulpit of any particular church, he never did anything in his whole life but preach. He was always the proclaimer of God's truth, no matter what his audience, no matter what his theme. He always spoke as though his lips had been touched by the divine finger and his heart kindled by a divine enthusiasm.

- Why did he leave his pulpit? Noting the reasons for that for a moment will lead us to consider the first great message which as preacher and prophet he had to deliver to his century. He left because the church was too small for him. He left as a young eaglet leaves his egg,—breaking through it as the result of the natural expansion of his life, and that he might have freedom for his wings.

In other words, the Church in Boston at that time was narrow and hard and fixed in its ways; and Emerson could not endure to cramp himself to its dimensions. The specific reason which he gave was that he could not consistently administer the Lord's Supper after the forms which were in use and which were supposed to be of authority at that time.

This leads us now to note Emerson's first great message to the world. He delivered to the nineteenth century a proclamation of emancipation,—emancipation of brain, of heart, of conscience, of life. He called upon all men to rise and be free.

If you will read history, with even superficial attention, you will note that the great men of the different epochs of the world's advance have in their turn been liberators, as Emerson was in his,—Abraham, Isaiah, Elijah and his fellows Paul, Savonarola, Huss, Wycliff, Luther, Wesley, Channing, Parker, Emerson. What were they all but men who roused their time to new life, who called upon their age to exert and use their freedom?

For it is a strange fact of human nature that we tend

to get formal, to become repeaters, imitators of the past, until the real life is stifled out of us, and we are only copiers of those people who used to be alive.

Take, for example, in regard to the matter of custom,—custom in society, custom in government, custom in church, custom everywhere. Where did it originate? Nobody knows. Why should we conform to it? Nobody knows. And yet not one in ten million dares to do other than conform.

Organization,—political, social, religious, artistic, literary,—how it dominates the world! We are slaves to some organization,—nearly all of us. Only a few people dare to act under the impulse of any individual initiative or to have any confidence in their own thoughts, their own impressions.

How true this is in literature! In any particular age of the world some literary ideal is dominant, some artistic ideal is dominant; and most people, parrot-like, repeat the opinions which they hear about them. If they do not agree with them, if these opinions do not seem to them real and alive, still they hardly dare, unless to some intimate friend under their breath, express a dissent.

I speak of this simply to indicate this tendency to become slaves of organization.

Then in the matter of the creed. A creed becomes dominant in a church. Who made it? Generally, we do not know. Somebody, hundreds of years ago. Have we any reason to suppose that the people who made the creed had exhausted the sources of knowledge, that they were infallible? Did they have any way of knowing what is true that we do not?

Consider for a minute. To take a specific case, the Westminster Confession. Did the men who formed that know any more about the Bible than we do? They did not know half as much about it. Did they know any

more about the universe than we do? They did not know a thousandth part as much. Did they know any more about the origin and nature of man than we? They did not know nearly as much. Did they know any more about God than we do? They did not have the means of knowing anywhere near so much.

And yet we stand afraid in the presence of a formula which these men framed. We are slaves, we are cowards, we are shaped by the inadequate opinions of dead men.

So in regard to rituals, forms, services. Where do these come from? The most of them did not originate even with the Christian Church. Nearly all the symbols and rites and special formulas which we find in Christendom to-day are pagan in their origin.

Did the people who first originated them know any more than we do? To ask the question is to answer it. We keep on going through these rituals and routines merely because we have been going through them, and our fathers went through them, and their fathers went through them. I say nothing against forms; but forms were made for men, and not men for forms.

Emerson's first great message to men was the demand that they rise up and be free, that they think and feel for themselves, that they use their own eyes and their own ears. This gospel he insisted on, over and over again, and from the beginning of his life to the last.

And, to take one short step, and find out why he said it, we need to note another one of his messages. He told us that we were in the same universe that these other people had been in, and that there was no reason why we should not get our opinions first-hand. Other men have noted this besides Emerson; but he has emphasized it and put it forth with such brilliancy and power as to make the message very largely his own.

He said: Here is this wonderful universe; here are the stars. We can look at them to-day as well as the

shepherds on the Chaldean hills,—the same stars, and we have the same eyes with which to look, only of course better instructed than theirs. We can listen just as well to the voice of nature, to the whisper of the Divine Spirit. And so he appealed to men to get their opinions fresh, first-hand, from the universe, from God.

He said: God is not dead. God has not done speaking. Listen to him, then, for yourself, look for yourself. Note how this chimes in with the entire progress of the modern world. How is it that we have a new astronomy, that we have at last more nearly correct ideas of the origin, the nature and the movements and meanings of the heavenly bodies?

People went on under the sanction of custom, under the traditions of the universities, under the authority of the Church, for hundreds of years, looking at the heavens through the medium of the Ptolemaic theory, and saw nothing but what Ptolemy saw or thought he saw. But at last there arose a man who said: I have eyes as well as Ptolemy. I have reasoning faculties as well as Ptolemy. I have better instruments for investigation than he had. And, instead of going to Ptolemy to find out about the heavens, he went to the heavens themselves, and found out that Ptolemy was all wrong.

So in regard to geology, the nature of the earth. People believed that the Bible told all that was necessary to know about the earth. For hundreds of years they never thought of studying the earth itself, hardly dared even to ask a fresh, new question, lest they should be charged with impiety. But at last we have the great science of geology.

How have we got it? We have got it, not by going to Genesis, not by going to some man who wrote about Genesis, and not by going to some other man who went to the man who wrote about Genesis. We have got our knowledge of the earth by going to the earth, asking the

hills and the fossils and the rivers questions and letting God in nature speak to us himself.

So we have a new chemistry, so we have new conceptions of knowledge in every direction. We have learned by going first-hand to the sources of knowledge instead of repeating the traditions which have been a hundred times repeated before. So Emerson said in regard to religion and ethics that we were to go to nature and to God first-hand, and get fresh answers.

And, to take another short step along this same line, pushing the truth a little farther, it leads us to the next message,—the message of self-respect, of standing upon your own feet, of being yourself.

Here is the meaning of Emerson. Emerson said: Here you are. You are not merely a copy of somebody who has lived before, and you are not to be only an echo of some other voice. No matter whether you are as great as Plato or not, you are as real as Plato, you are as rounded and completed an individuality as Plato.

Then he would say: Do not be a poor copy, a caricature of Plato. Do not be an echo of Plato's voice. Be yourself, and have a voice of your own.

This is another of Emerson's grand messages that, as a prophet, a proclaimer of God's truth, he gave to the century. So he taught us all to stand on our own feet, to look Nature in the face for ourselves, to listen to her voice. He believed that the man who could stop talking long enough to listen, listen reverently and intelligently, could hear something,—hear something worth while.

One of his significant teachings was—I do not quote his words, but only his thought—that most people were such poor listeners, most people found it hard to listen patiently to another man. They rather prefer to display what they think to be their own knowledge. But Emerson's chief complaint was that so few people would listen when they were alone.

What did he mean by that? He meant that all of us had some secret access to the Divine; that there were open channels, or channels which might be opened, though they now perhaps were clogged, through which the divine life might come into us, through which the divine whisper might make itself heard. We then, instead of being echoes and copies of other people, however great, were to listen for ourselves.

There are sentences in the use of which Mr. Emerson has been charged with not showing sufficient reverence to the person of Jesus. I think the key to his attitude will be found right here. Mr. Emerson in the presence of Jesus himself would have said: I am profoundly grateful for all your wisdom, all your tenderness, all your love, for the messages you have heard and have delivered; but I, too, though not your equal, am a son of God, and God will speak so that I, too, may hear. And I prefer to hear some of the things which he would say to me rather than to hear them reported from the divinest lips that ever uttered God's truth.

I come now to consider another one of Emerson's great messages to the world. He did not originate it. It was in the air, so to speak. It was coming. Glimpses of the truth, as is always the case in regard to the great advances which men make, had been gained before; but Emerson taught us in a most magnificent way the spiritual integrity of the universe.

Nature, by the average theologian in the past, has been vilified. It has been supposed to have been touched and tainted by the fall of man, to have shared in the lapse of our first parents. It is a great organization, infused throughout with tendencies to evil. God was not supposed to live in nature. It was a mechanism which he had created and set going; and he was beyond it. Now and then he broke through for some specific purpose; but he did not reside in it.

This was the old idea which dominated the world for centuries. Wordsworth began to catch a glimpse of this idea of the divine immanence. He said,—

“I have felt a presence
That disturbs me with the joy of elevated thought.”

He felt the sense of the sublime fact that God was throughout all the forms and forces of what we call Nature.

This was the idea of Emerson. Emerson believed that nature was simply the expression of the divine ideal, divine wisdom, divine truth, divine beauty, divine goodness, as well as divine power.

We are not, however, because Emerson was an idealist, to think that he held to the thought that nature was unreal. There is a curious belief diffusing itself through the modern world to the effect that nature is somehow an illusion, that it is not a fact, that it is only the shadow of the mind of man.

Emerson held to no such type of idealism as that. Emerson believed that a tree was a tree, and a leaf a leaf, and a sunset a sunset,—not that these facts of external nature were necessarily precisely what they are reported to be in our consciousness, but that there was a real power, a real life, a real glory there, which manifested themselves to us under these different conceptions and forms.

But there was no defect in nature to Emerson's thought. There was not an atom anywhere in space that was imperfect. There was not a law, not a movement, which was not the expression of the Divine.

And so, to take one step in advance and combine a new thought with this, Emerson believed that the Universe was profoundly religious through and through. It is very strange to me to watch one tendency that I think I see in the modern world. Men become what they regard as “emancipated.” They lose the old fears;

They get a new conception of God and human nature and human destiny, and misinterpret these facts. Thousands of them get the impression that religion somehow is passing away, being outgrown.

Emerson did not share this thought. Let me read you just a sentence from him, and make it the text from which to press home a little more closely his idea. "Religious worship is the most important single function in the life of any nation. When I was at college, I derived more benefit from the chapel service than from any other exercises which I attended. Even when I am in foreign countries, I habitually join in the religious service of the people of whatever town I am in." This was the attitude towards religion, towards the Church, of the great emancipator.

And think for a minute. I regard the reasoning which leads to a distrust of religion as singularly superficial and shallow. What is it that has been impeached? The reality of the universe? No. The power at the heart of the universe that we call God? No. The religious impulses and aspirations of the race? No. The great hopes of humanity? No. The great consecrations and devotions and services and loves of the race? No. They were never so vital as they are to-day.

What is it that the modern knowledge of the world has impeached? Nothing but certain intellectual conceptions and interpretations of things. That is all.

So, when Emerson wanted to be emancipated from the Church, it was simply from a church that was too narrow, not from the Church as such. He went out to broaden the Church and make it as wide as the horizon, as high as the zenith, as deep as the Nadir, as comprehensive as humanity and God, so that there might be room in it for the intellect and the soul.

But Emerson showed the practical conclusions he came to by the fact that throughout nearly all his life long, in

the village of Concord, he was one of the most regular and faithful attendants at the church services, and one of the most inspiring listeners to a minister. What shall I say? What I have in mind and wish to express is this; that Emerson did not think himself released from attendance at church because he did not regard the minister as a great man, or inspired, or because he thought himself wiser than the minister, and that he could preach a better sermon if he chose. He was wiser, and could have preached a better sermon; but it was religion, the habit, the training in religion, the building up of a religious conception of the universe, which he believed in and to which he gave expression; and for this reason he was a loyal attendant at church and faithful servant of the religious needs of man.

One other message I must suggest. Emerson taught with a power and beauty, such as perhaps had never found expression in this direction before, the moral integrity of the universe. He taught that the moral law was as universal and as inevitable as gravitation.

The popular impression has been throughout Christendom, perhaps in almost its entire history, that a man might, by good luck, outwit God, get the best of the universe, cheat the Power which is at the heart of things,—in other words, get some good thing by foul means.

Emerson insisted by the whole power of his enthusiasm and his logic that this was absurd. The man who thinks he can outwit the universe is a fool. There is no possible escape from the inevitable results of things. You break a law of the body, and you may cry as much as you please, you may pray and read the Bible as much as you please, and you may do anything else as much as you please; but you do not change the fact any. The result follows. A penalty is a part of the nature of things.

You break a law of the mind, the intelligence, the con-

ditions of finding truth; and what is the result? Error is the result, mistake is the result, a blunder is the result, folly is the result. You cannot possibly break a law of the mind and have things happen just as though nothing had been done.

So in the spiritual realm, if you are not in right relations to the spiritual life of the universe, then you are cut off from the source of life, or partially cut off; and the result is inevitable. So Emerson taught that, in the realm of practical life, the man who thinks he is sharp and shrewd and gets money in some dishonest way fools himself if he supposes that he has accomplished a good in so doing. He has inevitably hurt himself; and it does not take any devil to enforce the law, and he does not wait for any judgment day or Gabriel trumpet.

The laws enforce themselves on the instant and in the act, and a man *is* what he makes himself; and neither he nor God can help it, except as he turns around and makes something else of himself. So Emerson delivered this great message, which the world sadly needed,—the moral integrity of things.

One other message, growing out of all these and a part of the same great gospel,—the importance of the soul, the fact that the soul is the only thing that is important. You are familiar with this as one of Browning's teachings. The world is coming more and more to see that the soul is the one and only thing worth living for, and along with that—and here comes in again the integrity of the universe—the fact that no man can do it wrong, and the counter-fact that the universe never does any man wrong, that nobody can harm a man's soul except himself.

Suppose a man is rich. The one thing for him to do is to use his wealth so as to build himself a nobler soul. Suppose he is poor. Be patient, faithful, noble, honest, so that the poverty shall be compelled to make you a nobler soul. Suppose you are in joy. Let the joy min-

ister to your growth. Suppose you are in sorrow, in despair. Look the despair in the face, and say: I will not be bitter, nor shrunken, nor mean. I will be a man in spite of you. And then the sorrow has no power to harm you.

Suppose a man cannot live an honest life because of his conditions, and finds himself starving to death. Then let him starve. He starves as a man, and goes out into the next life a man, making even the starvation feed and nourish the immortal part of him. The integrity, then, and the importance of the soul.

Now, before I close,—it will seem perhaps to be departing from this high level, but it is not,—I wish to speak of one more lesson of Emerson's life. Emerson was an idealist. To many he seemed to live in the clouds. He dealt in abstractions; he cared for great truths, for spiritual verities; he believed that these were the real things of the universe. And yet he taught his time a lesson which we need specially perhaps in this country to remember to-day: he set the example of being one of the noblest commonplace citizens that this country has ever produced.

He did not live so far away from the fact of the need of good roads and honesty in the collection of taxes and in the distribution of the public money, and faithfulness on the part of public servants, that these were of no account to him. These common things, right here in every-day life, were, from his point of view, the practical illustration and application of his great, eternal, divine, ideal principles. He was an ideal citizen. That meant an honest, true, fearless man.

He attended the town meeting. He took part in debates concerning every practical matter that affected the welfare of the town. He was never blinded by the brilliancy of any man's success, by the greatness of his intellectual power. He was never swept off his feet by

public opinion. He looked with that clear eye of his until he saw the fact, the principle, the right, the wrong; and then he spoke in the face of all the world that which he believed to be the manly, honest thing.

So these high, ideal principles of his only made him the better neighbor, the truer friend, the more faithful citizen.

Now, at the last, there is something about Emerson a good deal greater than anything he ever said, greater than anything he ever did; and that is what he was. He was one of the noblest men, one of the grandest personalities, that the world has known.

And right in there is the secret of his power. A man may speak great words; but, if there is not a great manhood behind the words, the hollowness and the unreality appear, and the accomplishment is defeated. But Emerson was a great personality.

And, after all, it is these great men that have swayed and lifted and led the world. As we look back down the years, we find here and there some lofty summit, reaching above the ordinary levels of life and commercing with the skies. These summits are like the mountain peaks of the world.

I do not feel so sure that I envy them. We are not to think that God has treated us unfairly because he has not made us all great. The man who is able to read, to see, to hear, to appreciate, to make his own the things the great men have said and done, perhaps gets more peace and happiness out of them than they had in the work of producing them.

The mountain summits are lonely. They are snow-crowned, they are cold, they are lightning-smitten; but from them run down the streams that fertilize and beautify the common valleys, the lower levels of life. And so these great personalities are the ones to whom we owe such an unpayable debt.

You come into the presence of one of them and you are lifted and better. You take up Plato to-day and you read him. You do not necessarily agree with all the ideas to which he gives utterance. You recognize the fact that his point of view was necessarily different from ours; and yet you are stimulated and touched and ennobled by associating with Plato.

I love to sit at the feet of the Nazarene, to hear him tell me about the Father and his brothers, to see how pitiful and tender he was, how patient, how loving, how wise; and more, even, than the special sayings that fall from his lips the impression of his personality comforts and helps and lifts me.

You are aware of the fact that sometimes you come in personal contact with some one, and your life is drained away. You feel weaker and poorer. Life has gone out of you. You come in contact with somebody else, and it is as though you had sipped a glass of champagne; you are stimulated, lifted, inspired, made better.

So Emerson is one of those great souls who affect us in this way. He came as did Jesus—I quote it reverently, for it is true of him in his degree—"that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Men go out into the woods to breathe the air of the spruce and pine. They seek some climate that has health in it, they know not how. They sit in the shadow of the mountains, and are stronger. They sit beside the sea, and drink in a great peace.

So in the presence of Emerson I find a renewal of life, an uplift, an inspiration, a power.

Beside the ocean, wandering on the shore,
 I seek no measure of the infinite sea;
 Beneath the solemn stars that speak to me,
 I may not care to reason out their lore;
 Among the mountains, whose bright summits o'er
 The flush of morning brightens, there may be
 Only a sense of might and majesty;
 And yet a thrill of infinite life they pour

Through all my being, and uplift me high
Above my little self and weary days.
So in thy presence, Emerson, I hear
A sea-voice sounding 'neath a boundless sky,
While mountainous thoughts tower o'er life's common ways,
And in thy sky the stars of truth appear.

Father, for these great souls that shine like stars in the firmament, we thank Thee; for these mountainous men to whom we may look up for health and strength, we thank Thee; for these broad-minded men, who wash the earth and the air clean as do the wide-spread oceans, we thank Thee. We thank Thee that we may be partakers of their life, and through their guidance be partakers of Thine. Amen.

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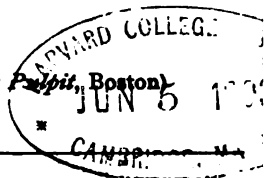
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N THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY.

"I was in the spirit on the Lord's day."—REV. i. 10.

I SUPPOSE we all know what it is to be in the spirit on a week-day, the spirit of the time and place. I go into my study and become absorbed in a book. The author may be dead and gone this thousand years, and no other trace of him remain on the earth; but, if he has hidden his spirit in that book, and I can find it, he opens his heart to me and I open mine to him, and find myself touched as he was touched before he went out of the body to God. I cannot help the tears in my eyes, as I read, any more than he could help them when he wrote, or the strong throb of the heart, or the ripple of laughter. I see what he saw in human homes and human lives, catch the vision of the open heavens he brings me, or the lurid flame and smoke. I am in the spirit of this master of my morning, and his spirit is in me. My senses are simply messengers between his soul and mine. I seem to hear the voice when I read they used to hear who knew the writer. There is a spell on me which makes time and circumstance of no account, and I wonder how my morning has slipped away.

Suppose, again, I leave my study and go down into the city. If it is a busy time, it makes no matter where I go, I find those I seek in the spirit of their week-day business. So I have to tell my story promptly and go. If I should try to make a few remarks on a Wednesday you might hear with a touch of grace on a Sunday, you would listen with a patience born of respect to the minister, perhaps, or his office; but you would be glad when

it was over, so that you could get back to your work. Now this spirit is as true to the time and place as that was by which I was lost in my book. Business, you say, is *business*, and that is what you are there for. Not to be in that spirit is to fail in the task you have undertaken, and to have people to lounge about and get in the way during the hours when business is done in our stores and offices is an insult and hindrance to the genius of the day, because time then is not only money, but it is that precious commodity of which money is only one result. It is the opportunity for doing the thing God has given us to do there and then. You are there in those hours to do something as sacred and supreme in its own way as worship is, and must not be hindered. When Master Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, left his business and rushed out to the war, and was hard at work one day for his regiment, a minister came to him and wanted to take his time, hearing all about a church he wanted to build to Saint Peter, "No time at all to hear about Saint Peter, mind too full of salt-petre," the busy man answered. "Still, as Peter was the only fighter among them, take that money quick, and go away." That was the true spirit, and so it is always. If my friend is the man I am thinking about, doing good wholesome work, I see no reason why I should say he is not in the spirit of the Lord when he guides the springs of industries that reach into a thousand hands as surely as the minister is who preaches a sermon or pours out a prayer which touches the springs of thought and emotion in a thousand hearts.

To be in the spirit, then, in the simplest sense is no mystery we cannot fathom. It is as real and true a thing as to be alive, and is, indeed, neither more nor less than becoming intensely alive to the meaning and purpose of the day. We all remember times when we have gone to our work all out of trim, unable to fix the

mind on what we had to do, half dead, as it were, to the demand, finding, as the day went on, that things were slipping through our hands to no purpose; and, when night came on, we said sadly with the emperor, "I have lost a day." We have lost the day because we have not caught the spirit. But on another day we have found we were so clear of head and sure of hand that we have done the work of two men, and come out all aglow with the spirit which has borne us up as on the wings of eagles. Leave this absorbing and inspiring spirit out of the account, then, and we are powerless to do anything supremely well. We drift with the tide, fall far behind in the race, are like the clock which always loses time, and would have to give up if we had no hope that the old fervent fire would come back to us again and make the spirit equal to the day.

Nor can we help seeing that the best work we ever do has this quality in it above all others. It is done in the spirit, or it is never done as it should be. From nursing a little child to fighting a battle, from forging a bolt to painting the Christ in the temple, and from working in a saw-mill to singing the Messiah, we must have this essence and spirit of all well-doing in us, or else we never do well. You bear with your workman who has no heart in his work as long as you can, because you think he may come round and catch the spirit of his task, and so become a good workman; but, if you find, after all your waiting, that the hand is there, but not the heart, you have to let him go, because to have such a man about your place is like having a bad wheel in a machine, or a broken spring. And so able employers keep those men at last, and those alone, who are in some fair measure one with them in the spirit of the work they have to do; while, no doubt, this is true again that, when we have made a fair allowance for native ability in those young men who begin at the foot of the ladder and climb

to the top, we shall find they are the men who have an absorbing interest in the concern, are watchful and careful, and able to say honestly, "I and my employer are one." This, as a rule, is the story of the young man who begins with no advantage of position or patronage and makes his way to a good place. He is in the spirit of his work, and gives his heart to it, not half the time, but all the time, not grudgingly, but gladly, and not merely for the sake of the salary, any more than your good physician helps us in our hurts for the sake of the fee, but because he loves to do that better than anything else, and makes the work, in a good measure, its own best reward.

And such success is not to be wondered at once more when we think for a moment what it is such a man has done. His shopmates or fellow-clerks will say he has a genius for what he takes in hand, and this is true; but, then, a genius for anything turns on an absorbing love for it, and the power of intense application by which every power is set to its finest edge and directed to the one purpose the man holds in his heart and brain. I think that what we call genius is very frequently something like our power of lifting,—a common endowment at the start, but capable of such a growth by diligent endeavor in a healthy man that it shall become a wonder.

So genius of any sort lies less in the original endowment and more in the power to work steadily in the spirit of what we want to do than we are ready to admit who fall far short of our own ideals. Native endowment is like iron in the ore. Genius is the ore forged to a fine shape and polished and tempered to a noble use. Genius, latent and asleep, is like the gold dust and scales of gold they wash in the mountains. It passes through this spirit, is fused and refined, and wrought into forms that add an almost priceless value sometimes to the mere weight of worth,—such as you find in a vase

by Cellini. It is the gift of God; and then it is our intense and absorbing purpose to make the best of that gift, the perpetual fidelity to Paul's great word, "This one thing I do," and to the greater word of the Master, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

And, if more proof is wanted of the truth of my statement, you can easily find it in the study of those who win the highest honors, and in noticing how they win them. Your great artist is always the man who enters most thoroughly into the spirit of the work he has to do, penetrates it with the fire and tears of his own nature, and so sways the audience this way and that, as trees on the uplands are swayed by the wind. When you follow an actor and say, "How well he plays!" he does not play well, or you would not say so. I saw Ristori once in "Macbeth" with the veil down, which no art can lift in those who are not born into the English tongue. But, when she came moaning of her doom in her sleep, it was not acting: it was the terrible reality. Paul saw when he said, "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." She was in the spirit.

One man comes here we are always glad to see. His play is as poor a thing as can well be imagined, and goes in the teeth of whatsoever things are true in the favor it shows to a worthless man by comparison with his poor, striving wife, so that I always take the woman's part, and say, She serves him right. It is also the most dangerous thing one can well witness in the glamour it casts over the curse of strong drink in the hands of a weak man. Yet we forget all this in the wonderful witchery of the actor, and weep and laugh at his bidding. The touch of nature makes us all of kin to him, and wins our forgiveness, or, shall I say, prevents our resentment, so that we have nothing to forgive.

How is this done? I will tell you. The man has made this one thing the subject of his intensest study, has felt

his way, past the word into the spirit, and is so absorbed in it that, from the moment he appears with the children hanging about him, he does not assume a character, but is lost in his own creation,—so utterly lost that, while he is often afflicted with a pain he cannot master so long as he is himself, as we say, when he is in this spirit, it never troubles him. So it was with Miss Cushman. She clung to her work in the last years of her life, as I have heard from a very dear friend, because it was her one refuge from perpetual pain. When she was once in the spirit of her noble conceptions, she was free from her great sad burden.

So it is with the advocate who makes his client's cause his own, and feels the cause is worthy of the best he can do. He sways the jury then, and wins the day against the man who cannot for the life of him enter into the spirit of the plea. A good friend of mine, who used to ride the circuit with Mr. Lincoln in the West at an early day, told me once that he always knew when Lincoln was sure to win his cause. He had to feel sure he was right, and then the sense of justice and right so absorbed his very soul that his words were like a hammer and a fire. He was in the spirit.

So no man can ever preach to any purpose whose spirit is not lost in the truth he tries to tell. Take that element out of his effort, and the sermon may be as fine as hands and head can make it, yet the very deacons will go to sleep. But let him be in the spirit, and, though the sermon then may be poor enough, there shall come a time when something which is not in the form of words, but "in the holy spirit," as Jesus says, "and in fire," shall carry all before it like the rushing of a mighty wind. I have heard that Jonathan Edwards preached once, in a dismal old meeting-house in New England, from the text "Your feet shall slide in due time." The people settled down comfortably to listen, as they had done for

many years, and to sleep. And why not to sleep! The preacher hardly raises his voice above the merest monotone, and the sermon is written and read. The man so swayed and stormed them, as he went on with his discourse, and painted picture after picture of the impending doom, that numbers in the congregation clung to the pillars in solid affright, so terrible was the chasm which seemed to open before their very eyes. The earth was shuddering under them, the level floor sloping toward the fires. The word had grown to this. Out of years of brooding, a misconception of God, a monstrous birth, but fearfully true to the preacher, and by consequence fearfully true to the hearer. Jonathan Edwards was in the spirit. And so you may set this truth in whatever light you will, of business or study, of work on the common levels or on the loftiest summits, you touch the one verity everywhere, that to be wholly in the spirit of what you do is the final secret of worth in doing.

Now this is the point at which we touch the truth in my text, and find the lesson we can all take to our hearts. The ancient tradition is that this John was condemned to work in the mines on Patmos for the crime of following Christ and preaching his gospel. If this is the truth, we can hardly doubt that his overseers would keep a stern hand on him, and allow no Lord's day in leisure to rest or time to worship. He would have to dig and delve his full stint, like the slave he really was, until the time came to lay down his pick and go to his hovel. Or, if it was known among his keepers that this day was more sacred to him than any other in the week for the sacred memories that gathered about it, they might take care to make it harder for him than on any other day, so that it would be marked for him by the rubric of a keener misery.

But that great, dear friend, whose word was the master

key to John's life, had said once that not here or there on Geraizim or Zion should men seek for some special way to the heart of God, but wherever we worship in spirit and in truth, on a mountain or in a mine, as he would read the words, there will be the house of God and the very gate of heaven.

So the desolate island, compassed by the sea, could no more keep God out than it could keep the sun out; and the low, dark cave in which he had to delve would be as true a temple as if he stood between the pillars, Beauty and Strength, where his fathers had worshipped for centuries. His hands would toil at the heavy task while his heart was away in the upper room where they sat at meat once, or on the mount hearing the sermon, or witnessing the wonders which were woven like threads of gold through the story of those three years, and then that spell of the spirit would be on him to lift him out of his misery into these visions in which at last the paradise of God is regained. It was no wild dream which came to him in the clouds at sunset over the blue waters, no possession in which the man himself was of no account. If I understand the nature he shared with us all, the vision would grow out of the intense spirit that possessed him, when he was driven out to work that morning, of being very near to God and to his great, dear friend, with thousands more of the same spirit scattered over the vast brutal empire. They were holding their meetings and singing their hymns, as Pliny heard them. He was alone, and durst not sing; but in the silence he could make melody in his heart, and the prayer his masters could not hear would rise like incense up to the throne, and the angels they could not see and he could not see with the mere outward eyes would come to him with comfortable words, and God would give him the benediction.

He was in the spirit on the Lord's Day, and then the

dismal place was heaven. It was no Lord's day to the poor, tired body. The sacred places of his life were far away over the sea, and the music, if it caught his ear, was the wailing of the wind and the moan and shudder of the mighty waters; no human heart answering to his own, no winsome human faces to be in themselves a gospel, no lesson or prayer or sermon to help him out of the pit. He was in the spirit on the Lord's day,—just that, and no more. But, through that one blessed spell over which heaven was bending, the whole wealth of sacred places, of symbols, music, companionship, prayers, lessons, and sermons, would grow poor and thin as the light of so many candles is thin and poor what time the sun rises and fills the world with light.

It must be true again, if things like these are true, that, if I am not in the spirit on the Lord's day, and do not try to be by giving up my whole heart to it, I can hardly make a poorer investment of my time than that I make in going to church and trying to find a supreme worth in the services. The services are of no more use to me, if I am not intensely alive, than the things are I take hold of in this or that profession when I have no heart in them, and should not be there to look after them if I could have my own way.

The church may be holy with the hauntings of twenty generations, the music may have been caught out of the very heavens, I may see those about me whose eyes shine with the light which is not of the sun, the prayers may be as if God spake through his Christ, and the sermon may touch all summits of sublimity and all deeps of pathos; but, if I am not in the spirit, if I am not in the spirit and the spirit is not in me, the deadness of that service may not be imagined. I have come for bread; and I get a stone, when there might have been in my soul that divine alchemy by which the very stones are made bread.

But I can come in the spirit to the meeting I have been looking for all the week as in stony Arabia the traveller looks forward to the palm-trees. Life is a hard battle those six days, a labor with scant rest, a hunger and a thirst; and then I find that, to be in the spirit on the Lord's day, is a battle-flag and a trumpet, the bread that never moulds, the wells that never run dry, the great, sweet shadow in a weary land. I bear up my minister then on the wings of an eager longing to welcome his thought instead of beating his wings down with the rain of my indifference or my cold, keen criticism. I pour out the oil of my welcome over the dry sticks, perchance, of what he calls his "effort"; and then it is as when the fire came down and licked up at once the offering and the altar, and wrested Israel in a day from Baal back to God. Because this is the truth: that it is no use at all as a rule, to which the instance from Edwards is simply the rare exception,—no use at all for the minister to do the best he ever can do if the people do not bring with them the spirit of hearing as surely as he brings the spirit of preaching. And he cannot pray alone. There must be two or three who agree to ask for anything touching the kingdom, or no kingdom will come. We must be in the spirit on the Lord's day together, and there must be a preparation of the pews as well as the pulpit. If I go to church with no deeper heart in me than to wonder how my minister will discuss that subject, or whether he will make the services run like oil; if we never lift our hearts to God as we come, or set them surely on this divine business for which we gather; if we bring no great longing with us, no kindling spirit, no devout heart, but come weighted instead of winged, waiting on one poor human soul to rouse us, if we are ever roused, to anything above the line of our mortal eyes,—then it is as if one spark should try what can be done with a heap of green wood; and I feel free

to say that the minister never lived who was not driven to despair by this way of meeting him. He shall come into the pulpit quivering with the message: his heart has been set on it all the week, as yours has been set, and with a perfect right, on your business. He has brooded over what he shall say until some things he will say seem in very deed to have come to him out of the inner heavens, but he finds no answering soul. And then it is as if the finger of God pointed to the door, and he has to say with a sad sincerity, "It is expedient for you that I go away."

Now I know the evident reply to this is the one I have in some sense supplied in my argument,—that every day is the Lord's day; that work well done is worship; that the ring of the hammer is as sacred as the striking of the harp, the hum of honest industry as the psalms of the sanctuary, and the long strain of the week-day burden as sacred before God as the Sabbath rest and prayer.

True, true, every word of it true; but did you ever see a picture that caught my heart once, the "Tuning of the Bell," and notice how the workman stands with his hammer waiting on that man with the musical instrument, and how the man is looking upward as he touches the strings as if he would bring down the melody out of the very skies, so that it is a pain almost to watch the intense passion for the true key hidden in his face? The great heavy mass and the man who has moulded it have to wait on the eager searching spirit, or the work, when it is done, will be jangled, out of tune, and harsh. It is the Lord's day spirit to the workman and the work, the interposition and hiding of a fine harmony within material things. It was the instance to me of my thought. We are in the spirit on the Lord's day, and then we may hide the very soul of its harmonies in the week-day work. Then, with good old John, we may

toil with a pick in a cavern, isolated, heavy-laden, and with no hope to be free from the burden until the angel comes of release; but we shall see heaven, and be there when now and then the peace of God folds us in.

One word more. Do I speak to a man or woman who will say, "I wish I could feel this spirit Sunday after Sunday, could kindle at the first hymn, find my heart pulsing through the prayer, hear God speak through his saints or his son in the lesson and go home with a new trust in the eternal love"? You can only find this worth as you bring the fine seed of it. Is the Bible the last book I ever open, the place where I lose things to find them after many days, and wonder how they got there? Do I lose myself in my paper, look at my watch, and exclaim, "Dear me! I had no idea it was so late," hurry and fret and rush into my church belated and all out of true? Well, the Swedish seer will have it that all things stand or fall by correspondences. The eternal truth and life must be in my preparation. There is no royal road to this noble secret: it comes in the old sweet fashion. I advocate no bondage to the letter. I think the Lord's day should be of all days bright and glad; but, if I am to grow to the true stature of the sons of God, it should be a day when I will be free from the meanness and pettiness which keeps step with my own days, my carking cares, my toil for mere bread, or my greed for money. The Lord's day shall be a whole in the purest and loftiest sense; that is, a wholesome day. I will read wholesome books then, think wholesome thoughts, do whole-hearted and whole-souled things, and be made whole by God's blessing through the radiance, the sweetness, the quietness and cleanness of the Lord's day.

By MINOT J. SAVAGE, D.D.

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IS IT A DUTY TO BE CHEERFUL?

My text is in the words to be found in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the thirty-third verse,—“Be of good cheer.”

A day or two ago a friend asked me what I was to preach about this morning; and, when I said that my subject was the question, Is it a duty to be cheerful? she replied, “But is not that a matter of temperament?” Of course I answered that it was; but I did not go further, and say what I wish to suggest now, that this virtue of cheerfulness is not peculiar in this regard. All our virtues, and all our vices as well, are very largely with us a matter of temperament, a matter of personal inclination, disposition.

There are certain things that are so easy for me to do that it never occurs to me to regard them as virtues; and yet I know that they would be conspicuous virtues in the lives of some other people. The contrary is true in the case of these same persons: certain things which are exceedingly difficult for me would be very easy for them. So all these things are matters of disposition, temperament, inclination, very largely.

We are apt, I suppose, to look with a good deal of leniency upon our own special weaknesses. There is a couplet in Butler’s “Hudibras” which runs,—

“Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.”

It seems to me that this sets forth the natural disposition of nearly all of us. We are apt to be very hard on sins that we have no temptation to commit, when they are committed by other people; and we are very apt to

be quite easy on sins which we ourselves commit, because they are our own.

It is not easy for us all to be cheerful always, and many times it is exceedingly difficult. Of course, it is partly a matter of mere temperament; but all of us have burdens to carry which crush the life out of us for the time. We have obstacles that seem so difficult that we can hardly believe we shall ever climb over them. We get into rough places, and our feet get very sore. Sometimes the skies over our head are so dark that we wonder if the sun will ever shine again.

Lowell, in one place in the "Biglow Papers," speaks of the fact that sometimes in the mildest south-west weather his

"Innard vane pints east for weeks together."

So it is not always a matter of our external conditions. We cannot account for it; but we can account for many of those things that burden and trouble us.

We lose money; we lose the things we have striven after—not money—perhaps for years. We are disappointed in all sorts of directions. When we started out in life, we expected to become such and such, to do so and so, to realize some high and lofty ideals; and, perhaps, we have found life as we have gone on very commonplace indeed. Our ambitions are beginning to fade away.

Perhaps we have lost our friends—not by death I do not mean now. We have lost friends because somehow we have grown apart. We have grown away from them or they have grown away from us, it matters not which. Misunderstandings have come between us, and life seems lonely. Then those that we have cared for so much, one after the other, pass into the Invisible. And, then, we get disappointed in ourselves. Secretly, we are ashamed of ourselves, though we do not tell it to our neighbors and friends. We fall into the commission of faults so easily.

I need not stop to catalogue them. You know how many, many things there are that tend to depress us, that make it hard for us to be of good cheer. I only suggest them; no matter what may be the cause. The question is as to whether it is a duty for us to be of good cheer in spite of them. It seems to me that it is clearly a duty for us to be of good cheer or to do the very best we can, at any rate, in that direction.

I propose for a little while to offer some considerations bearing upon this matter, to suggest some things we can do, some reasons why we should try, at any rate, to do the best we are able.

There is always one thing we can do: we can put a brave face on matters, even if they are not such as to please us.

“Assume a virtue if you have it not.”

And sometimes a virtue will strike in, it will become a part of the mental furniture of the disposition, become second nature. Let us, then, at any rate be Stoic, if we cannot be Christian, in our cheer.

Let us be brave, and face things out, face things down, and not confess to the world that we are beaten. A special reason for this, it seems to me, lies right here. No matter how sad I may be, no matter how overweighted, how burdened, I have no right to burden other people with my sorrow. I have no right to do this beyond that which is necessary or which may possibly be helpful.

In other words, our own personal unhappiness we should isolate, as the doctors are coming to isolate contagious diseases. We should keep it so far as possible to ourselves. I know this is hard; and I know there are people who find it practically impossible. At any rate, they do not do it.

But think for a moment of the selfishness involved here. I have known persons who waked up in the morn-

ing with a headache; and, instead of saying nothing about it, they brought it to the breakfast table, and spoiled the appetites of the family, and then devastated and desolated the home throughout the whole day.

Now that surely was unnecessary, and could have been avoided. If I have a headache, I can bear it and keep still. There is no reason why I should spread the contagion of it to everybody else that I meet.

I had a parishioner in Boston. He was a noble man, a lovely man in many ways; but I got so, after a year or two, that, if I saw him coming on the street, unless I was in a great hurry, I turned off another way so as not to meet him. Why? Because he was a chronic invalid. Perhaps he could not help that; but he became a chronic nuisance to all his friends. I knew that, if I met him and spoke to him and had the indiscretion to ask him how he did, I should have to listen to an account in detail of his ailments, precisely the same as he had told me the week before, and the week before that, and every week since I had known him.

It is so easy for us to get into the habit of pushing our burdens on to other people. This might be very well, might be entirely excusable, if it helped anybody; but the trouble of it is that a burden of this kind, when you have parted with it, you have kept it. You have given it to everybody you met; but it is just as heavy in your case as it was before.

This is generally true. That is the difference between sharing sorrow and sharing joy. You give your joy away and you keep it, and the world is happier. You give your sorrow away and you keep it, generally, and the world is unhappier.

Now I do not mean at all that we should never tell our troubles, that we should take nobody into the sympathetic confidence of our sorrows and our cares. There are times when it is of unspeakable help to tell some one

whom we trust, some one who knows us and loves us; and it does not burden overmuch this sympathetic friend, because he knows that by taking the burden he is giving help, and he is glad to be of help.

I do not mean cases like these; and we can tell the difference. We can tell when we are giving away our sorrows for the sake of comfort and strength that may come to us from a touch of human sympathy. You know what this means. Men have gone through surgical operations and have been strong merely because they clasped the hand of a friend. It gave them power to endure.

I have said a great many times, if you will pardon a personal reference, that I could face the world in a battle for what I believed to be the right, provided a few friends whom I loved and trusted would stand by me, and I could know that they would stand by me.

Tell your sorrows, your troubles, if you can get help by it; but do not tell them for the sake of extending the burden and the darkness over all those with whom you come in contact.

There is another thing we can do. We can choose our company, we can choose the kind of people we will associate with, we can select the class of books we will read; and so we may create very largely the kind of world we will live in. We can go farther than that. We can determine the kind of thoughts we will cherish. We cannot help unpleasant thoughts, dark thoughts, burdening thoughts, flitting through our minds; but we can tell them whether they are welcome or not, and we can show them the door.

I remember a quaint proverb that I have heard my mother quote ever since I was a little boy. I think at the time I first heard it she was referring to evil thoughts. She said, "We cannot keep the birds from flying over our heads, but we need not let them build their nests in our hair."

So we can look over the world and our lives and decide as to whether we will keep company with the dark and discouraging things or whether we will select the fairer and the brighter things for our associates. They both exist. But you know that there are certain classes of people who live with the dark things so exclusively that they will tell you with all the confidence in the world that all things in the universe are dark, and that there is not any bright anywhere. And you know perfectly well that there are others who live with the bright things until all the world seems bright to them, and it makes you brighter and better merely to be in their company.

And these people are not always the ones we call the fortunate people, either. Some of the cheeriest, brightest people I know are the ones who carry the heaviest loads and bravely face the greatest sorrows.

I have a tiny verse here in this line which I cut from a paper the other day:—

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining:
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining."

Now that is something that comes within the scope of our will power. We can, as I said, determine very largely the kind of world we live in.

Now the next point: I am not ready to admit that there is half as much real evil in the world for which God is responsible as my last remarks may have implied. And here is the point we need to keep in mind: we have no right to slander God's universe; we have no right to misrepresent the world, to misinterpret it, to pile up an indictment against the goodness of God and roll it to the foot of his throne as an impeachment of his justice and his love.

We have no right to do this unless we construct this

indictment out of facts; and nine times out of ten I believe the indictments we do bring are made up of misinterpretations, misunderstandings of the realities of things.

Consider for a moment: the universe in the nature of things must be in favor of the keeping of its own laws; and the keeping of its own laws means health, happiness, prosperity,—all good. It is only the breaking of these laws that produces what we call evil.

Now the ongoing movements of the great universe are all good. The rains, the snows, the winds, the tides of the sea,—all these are friendly to man. I say that as a general statement, while just now, as you know, every newspaper is bringing us tidings of disaster,—the loss of life, the wiping out of property, forest fires, floods, drought, devastation,—these great “natural” calamities, as we call them. And men assume an attitude of helplessness in their presence, and talk as though they were the inscrutable acts of Providence.

Let me make one or two suggestions in regard to these matters. In the first place, so far as these things are inevitable, I wish you to note one thing. The results of the movement of these great natural forces are so largely for good that the incidental evils accompanying them are almost of no account. That is a scientific statement of the truth. This, in spite of the fact that now and then a town is destroyed, now and then human lives are lost, now and then crops perish.

But now I wish you to note something further, which emphasizes this idea. Nearly all of the evil results that so burden human hearts and distract and distress human life are humanly caused, are avoidable. Let me give one or two bald illustrations leading up to this idea.

Pompeii is wiped out of existence, Herculaneum, by the overflow of a volcano. There is a great, inevitable, natural calamity, we say. Is it? When the people re-

built those towns, did they go right to work and build them over again in the same places? They knew that the same thing was perfectly liable to occur again; and we know that they are a part of the inevitable process of the growth of the planet, necessary and good. Nine times out of ten people could avoid these calamities by recognizing the facts and building more wisely.

Take the forest fires, the devastations that we are suffering from at the present time. I wonder how many of you have thought of it; but I believe it to be almost literally true that we are responsible for every one of them. There need be no forest fires. It is laziness, carelessness, selfishness, it is wicked disregard of the rights of others, when there is a forest fire. There is no need of it.

But what about the floods? Floods are sweeping down the valleys of the West, property is destroyed, lives are lost, and we look upon it as a providential dispensation, and wonder how a good God can permit such a thing. Nearly every one of these floods we also are responsible for. Every man, who has given any careful attention to this matter, knows that it is the greed, the selfishness, the carelessness of men who destroy the forests near the head waters of our streams. That is almost the one cause of these devastations. But the spirit in which men go about these things is, I will have what I want to-day; and no matter if "after me the deluge."

And this is almost as true of the droughts, for the droughts and the floods go together: they are the two sides of one fact. There are whole tracts of this planet to-day that are looked upon as hopelessly given over to desert and desolation; and yet they used, centuries ago, to be rich and fertile. And men have done it. They have changed the face of the earth, and then wondered at Providence.

I see this going on in smaller ways all the time. A

mother will break every law that touches the health of her child, and then wonder at Divine Providence that permits it to be sick. A man will break all the laws of his body, and then wonder why God afflicts him so. And so in nearly every department of life.

Take the angers, the hatreds, the jealousies, the envies, the alienations, the unfaithfulnesses, the cruelties, cipher out your problem, add up the evils of the world for which men are responsible, and you will find that very few are left to charge against the goodness and the love of God.

We have no right, then, to wear a long face and a burdened heart, and to make our lives sorrowful, and then say that it is because God has made this kind of a universe.

There is another consideration. We are conceited, all of us are. There are very few of us who do not estimate ourselves and our importance in the universe, and the importance of our having our own way and being happy, too highly. And that leads us to overlook the happiness of other people. If we could only cultivate a little more unselfishness, if we could only bind other lives to ours by innumerable nerves of sympathy, then the joy of other people would come thrilling through these sympathetic nerves into our own hearts and lives; and we should find the world glad because other faces smiled, even if ours could not, and then, through sympathy, we should find ours smiling, too.

I clipped from a paper the other day some verses which carry such a lovely lesson in this direction that I wish to share it with you:—

Some skies may be gloomy,
 Some moments be sad,
 But everywhere, always,
 Some souls must be glad;
 For true is the saying
 Proclaimed by the seer,
 "Each day is the best day
 Of somebody's year!"

Each day finds a hero,
 Each day helps a saint,
 Each day brings to some one
 A joy without taint;
 Though it may not be my turn
 Or yours that is near,
 "Each day is the best day
 Of somebody's year!"

The calendar sparkles
 With days that have brought
 Some prize that was longed for,
 Some good that was sought:
 High deeds happen daily,
 Wide truths grow more clear,—
 "Each day is the best day
 Of somebody's year!"

No sun ever rises
 But brings joy behind;
 No sorrow in fetters
 The whole earth can bind;
 How selfish our fretting,
 How narrow our fear,—
 "Each day is the best day
 Of somebody's year!"

And, in connection with it, these lines that I happened upon from Longfellow:—

"'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

Let us learn to put ourselves, if we can, not always in the first place. Remember that the happiness of this person, that person, the other, is just as important to the universe as ours is. And let us be glad if our friends are glad, be glad if anybody is glad, and so learn that we are a part of the wide nature of things,—learn that lesson which the New Testament taught us so many years ago, that we are so a part of humanity that we

ought to rejoice when it rejoices, as well as be sad when it is sad.

Then there is one other tiny lesson; but our lives are made up of tiny things, and the tiny things are more important, so far as related to our happiness or our success, than are those we call great.

We ought to learn to be happy in the little things of life: we ought to learn the lesson—I suppose I must have referred to it a good many times—that the best things of life are the commonest things, and that nobody monopolizes them or can monopolize them. The best things in this universe are yours, if you will take them. Nobody can buy them, nobody can sell them, nobody can fence them off and put out a sign that you are not to trespass there. The millions of Rockefeller and Morgan cannot purchase the best things; and they are yours.

What are they? The breathing of God's air; the sight of the stars at night; the sunshine in the morning or at sunset; the sparkle of the dew; the color and fragrance of a flower; a walk in the country or a tramp up and down the streets, watching the great procession of the tides of life as they flow or ebb; the possession of a friend, the answering thrill of somebody's love; books that unfold the entire history of the past; books that tell us the constitution of the heavens over our head; books that have copied the wisdom of the rock leaves under our feet, that tell the tale of the growth of the earth; books containing the poet's songs; books telling tales of romance that have been written, throwing their glamour over the common life of the world,—these are just a few of the things that belong to everybody.

But the chances are that we overlook these, they become commonplace to us. We fix our attention on some special thing that is impossible to us; and we let all these go by, and charge the universe with injustice, and nurse a secret bitterness in our hearts.

It is the simple people. Jesus said, you know, that God hid the kingdom of heaven from the wise men and revealed it only to babes; that, if you wished to enter the kingdom, you must become as a little child.

"The happiest heart is simple,
 None dares to call it wise;
 It sees the beauty of its life
 With frank and fearless eyes.
 It has a knack of loving,
 It has a truthful way,—
 'Oh, what a foolish heart is this!'
 The worldlier people say.

"The happiest heart is childlike,
 It never quite grows old;
 It sees the sunset's splendor
 As it saw the dawning's gold;
 It has a gift for gladness,
 Its dreams die not away,—
 'Oh, what a foolish, happy heart!'
 The worldlier people say."

Let us learn, then, to find happiness in the simplest things of life.

There are one or two other considerations I must hasten to touch upon.

If I am engaged to work for a man, I have no business voluntarily to lessen my capacity for work, so that I am less useful to him. Now I believe that we are all under the greatest moral obligation conceivable to work for God and his children, to do what we can to make the world brighter, better, happier. Now I can do a great deal more for the world if I keep a good heart, if I am brave, if I am joyous.

The person who goes to his task as a bit of drudgery, with lagging feet and limp hands, is not apt to accomplish much. It is the man who can sing at his task, who likes it and rejoices in his work and who loves to do it as well as he can, who accomplishes the most.

Now, since I am in this world for this kind of a purpose, I have no business voluntarily to lessen my capacity for work. You are a great deal more likely to be helpful if you are cheery and brave. Every physician will tell you that despair, trouble, worry, interferes with the health, activity, of every function of the body; and there is nothing that gives life so quick as joy. So we ought to try to be cheerful, that we may keep ourselves in condition to accomplish the work of our lives.

There is another suggestion. It appears to be a paradox. Contrary to this, I do not believe that we are to regard this world as bad because there is evil and sorrow in it. Bryant, in one of his hymns, has these words:—

“Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep:
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.”

I think, do you know, that the people who have never had their hearts broken are unfortunate. I do not believe it is a desirable thing to go through this life without a touch of pain, without knowing the meaning of sorrow. In the first place, it is a scientific fact that we know things only by contrast. If a person had been glad all his life long, he would not half know that he was glad. He would not know what gladness meant. I have a young lady friend who told me once that she could never remember the time that she wanted anything that she could not have. I question very much whether she got half as much out of life as did some of her companions who longed for something, waited for it, planned for it, anticipated it, and by and by got it. I believe there is more joy crowded into a minute of triumph after struggle than there is in years of easy having your own way.

Then everybody knows that the rich natures of the world are the ones which have sounded the world's deeps. Would you have Jesus changed? Would you take away

the fact that he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," that he carried the burdens of the world on his heart? Would you have him simply a bit of sunshine? The meaning, the grandeur, the magnificence, of his life would all be taken away.

If you are in any sort of trouble, you know whom to go to. You would not go to a person who did not know what trouble meant, who never had had a touch of pain, whose life had always been pleasant and easy. The people who can help, the angel souls, the deliverers, the conquerors, are the ones who have known grief and carried burdens.

So let us be cheerful, even in the face of grief, and be glad that we can take our share of it, and so understand the world's sorrows and help towards their cure.

At the end one thought more. I said a little while ago that we are conceited. We are apt to think that we, at any rate, ought to have our own way, and that the universe is not fair and kind if we do not. We are apt to exaggerate the evils of our life and forget the good.

You have heard people,—you know how common it is,—if you look back over your own lives, you will recognize it in your own cases,—who when disappointed, cry out: It always was so in my case. I never have my way. If you want to go somewhere on an excursion, and it begins to rain, and you say, It always rains when I want to do anything, you know it is not true. If you will look back over your lives, you will find that probably the exceptions are more than the cases.

We forget long stretches of sunshine; but a cloud fixes itself on our vision. We forget the good, the pleasant, the cheerful days; and the others make a black mark across our lives that we find it difficult to rub out.

So we exaggerate the evil of life, I believe, immensely, and forget and minimize the good. But deep down under this is an underlying truth, which is so tremendous that,

if this alone be true, it is argument enough to back up with infinite power the saying, "Be ye of good cheer."

If this life be what I take it to be,—if we are beginning here a pathway that is endless, and if we may see it rising, rising, up out towards the mystery, and if beyond the mystery there comes a gleam of light that hints to us the ineffable glories that are beyond; if our feet, when we are born, are placed on the lower rung of a ladder, which, like Jacob's, reaches to the foot of the throne of God; if we have started on a road that is to go on forever, and if there is something which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," something that has not entered into the imagination of man to dream, over yonder,—then, I say, any soul that is born on this planet into no matter what conditions is unspeakably blessed in the mere fact that it is, and that it has before it all that existence means. For God is under infinite responsibility in regard to every soul he has created. Just because he is God, he is bound by his own nature to see to it that somewhen and somewhere this life shall find good, that after no matter how much wandering or peril it shall arrive.

Merely to be born, then, in a universe like this, merely to be born a child of such a God, merely to have started on such a career, merely to have such a destiny awaiting us,—is not this enough, in spite of all the difficulties, darkness, trials, sorrows, heartaches, pains,—is not this enough to give life and power and beauty and victory to the words with which we started, "Be ye of good cheer"?

Dear Father, we are glad we are alive, no matter where we may be to-day, no matter what the darkness, in how deep a slough, how discouraged, how burdened, how crushed,—no matter, we are alive; and we are Thy children, and Thy power is our guaranty, Thy love the warrant of our hope, Thy wisdom the certitude of our final triumph. So we thank Thee. Amen.



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THE JEW IN CHRISTENDOM.

THE brief text I have chosen you may find in the third verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. It is in the words of Paul when he says simply, at the opening of one of his speeches, "I am a Jew."

The first Hebrew is one of the grandest figures in the imagination of the world. The name is supposed to indicate he who is from beyond, or the other side of, the river,—the river being the Euphrates. He looms large against the background of barbaric polytheism which up to this time had covered the world. He stands there against the morning twilight of history. He faces the present, he looks towards the future. He is the one of whom it is said that he heard the voice of God and went out, not knowing whither he went.

He was Abraham, "the father of the faithful." His wanderings led him at last to Palestine, or what has since come to be called by that name. Here Isaac and Jacob and Joseph were born. Joseph is sold into Egypt. He is followed by the family and friends who had been left behind, and comes there to great honor and power. The Pharaoh rises at last of whom it is said that he "knew not Joseph," and the people are given over to slavery. Hundreds of years pass by. Under the leadership of another, one of the grandest figures in the history of the world,—Moses,—they escape. They wander for a generation in the wilderness. Their descendants enter Palestine, and after a time obtain possession of the country, —a little land, hardly larger, if at all, than the State of Massachusetts. For years they are separate tribes,

controlled, governed, led by natural leaders, who spring up in the face of the ever-recurring emergency. By and by there comes a longing for unity; and they are consolidated under Saul into a kingdom. He is succeeded by David, who becomes the hero of the people and the national ideal. The kingdom, however, lasts but a little time. Under David's grandson the land is divided. There is the kingdom of Israel and the kingdom of Judah. Then, after wars against each other and with these two united against common enemies, they are by and by conquered and led into captivity.

Only a fragment of the people returns. Hereafter Israel is only a name, so far as it is supposed to represent any national life. Judah becomes the representative of the ancient kingdom; and from this name, "Judah," or "Judea," we have the word "Jew." There is no more any independence. They fall under the power of Rome; and, though struggling heroically for liberty, it is only a dream, an ideal, which they never attain.

By and by they give birth to the grandest figure of all in their history, to the supreme man of the world, Jesus of Nazareth; and under his followers a new religion, which, however, is nine-tenths Jewish, supersedes the old, and becomes the conquering power of the world.

From this time on the Jews are a people without a country. They are scattered throughout the nations of the world. To-day there are something like twelve millions of them, I am told. Half of these live in Russia. The largest number outside of Russia, in any one place, is found here in the city of New York. There are more here than in all Great Britain, more than in Prussia, more than in almost any other country in the world.

A wonderful people,—a people who, without any land, without any rulers, has kept itself distinct, as the Gulf Stream flows through, but does not mingle with, the waters of the Atlantic. Their traditions, their rituals,

their religious ideals, as well as their love for their own people, have kept them compact and united,—a separate people wherever they are scattered round the world.

I wish now to call attention to some of the wonderful things that we owe this people, show you how Judaism is wrought into the life of all of us.

A babe is born. Jewish words are used in the rituals of his christening; and in New England, at any rate, for two hundred years of Puritan history, the chances were that he was christened with a Jewish name. No other people on the face of the earth has given so many names to Christendom as have the Jews.

The child grows up. In the Sunday-school, in the home, in the day-school, in the church, he becomes familiarized with Jewish history and Jewish geography, until the chances are that he knows more about them than he knows about even his own history: the hills, the lakes, the rivers, the valleys, the fountains, even the wells of Judea, are familiar names to him; and across the stage of his childish imagination passes a procession of Jewish figures, sublime and noble. Glance at a few of them: Adam and Eve, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Aaron, Samson, Saul, David, Solomon, Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, the great prophets; Jesus, James, John, Peter, Paul. What a list of names furnished by this one little people!

The child grows up; and, when the time comes for him to be married, again it is Jewish ritual, Jewish precedent, Jewish sacred words which make up, nine times out of ten, the marriage formula. He goes out into life. He meets with trouble and sorrow. He goes to Jewish words for consolation and peace. He prays for help; and Jewish words and Jewish phrases fall from his tongue. He is in joy; and the chances are that he recites some Jewish song of thanksgiving.

The time comes for him to die; and again he turns to Jewish sources of consolation, of resignation. Jewish prayers are the last, perhaps, that he hears. He looks forward to a Jewish resurrection. He peoples the other world with Jewish angels; he sees the great white throne on which sits the Jewish God.

This has been true through nearly all the history of the Christian world. He goes to church; and, if he knows where it comes from, he recognizes that the church is the lineal descendant of the Jewish synagogue. And, to crown the marvellous story, for fifteen hundred years nearly all Christians throughout the civilized world have prayed to and worshipped a Jewish prophet as God.

I ask you now to turn with me for a little while and consider some of the achievements of this people in other directions. There is hardly a department of human thought or life in which you will not find a Jew somewhere in the very front rank. Note for a few moments. If you should select the six finest and most beautiful lyrics that the world has produced up to the present time, the Twenty-third Psalm would be one of them.

One of the greatest dramatic poems of the world,—dramatic so far as drama at that time had been developed,—one of the noblest in all literature, is Jewish,—the Book of Job. In Isaiah and other parts of the Old Testament may be found some of the loftiest poetry of the world.

If we turn to another department of human life, we find among the world's great composers (a list to be counted almost on the fingers of your two hands), two Jewish names,—Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn.

It goes without saying that the Jewish race has produced the greatest financiers. If you turn to the department of philosophy, there are few names that stand higher in intellectual power, in moral enthusiasm, than that of the Jew, Benedict Spinoza.

Jews have led in the study of medicine, of science, and in almost all the different departments of human achievement. Some of the greatest legal minds of the world have been Jews.

Note one significant fact. It was only in the year 1835 that civil disabilities were removed from the Jews in England; and I can remember when a condition like this existed. The leading financier of England was a Jew. The leading man at the bar in London, the most famous lawyer in the whole country, was Judah P. Benjamin, a Jew. The most famous man as a judge on the Queen's Bench was Sir George Jessel, a Jew. The prime minister was Benjamin Disraeli, a Jew. So that the moment opportunity was offered in England, this marvellous people rushed to the front, and occupied the highest positions in the national life.

If we turn to other departments, we find that there are no more famous names among the world's philanthropists than those of Moses Montefiore and the Baron and Baroness de Hirsch. Almost everywhere, then, this little people comes to the front, distinguishing itself for ability, distinguishing itself for character, distinguishing itself for power.

Take it in the matter of ethics. We admire Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, the writings of Confucius, and many another moralist; and how do we praise them? We say that their ethical principles and teachings are almost, if not quite, as good as those of the Jews. That is the last word we can say in their praise.

And another thing I like to remember in justice to this people. I am told that there are no Jewish paupers in any country of the world left to be looked after by Gentiles. They care for their own poor. I am told—which seems to me to speak wonders for the Jewish character—that in no country of the world do you find Jewish women of the town. This is a remarkable record for one little

people. Can you match it anywhere else in the history of the race?

But we do not like them. When I say that, I am speaking not a personal word, but on behalf of the general public. So far as I know, there is not a race in the world in the midst of which the Jews live where they are liked, or are treated as social equals. There seems to be enmity, antagonism, whatever may be the reason for it, almost everywhere.

I propose now, for just a little, to consider this question of the antagonism. I am going to give a short catalogue of some of the reasons given for the dislike. On some of the points that I shall make I shall comment as I pass along.

The first one is the simple fact of instinctive dislike. You remember the popular verse. It has been translated a good many times. The first form of it, I find, is by the old Roman satirist, Martial,—

“I do not love thee, Dr. Fell:
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.”

A great deal of the dislike of the world is summed up in that witty verse. We do not; and that is all there is about it.

There is another reason for the dislike. It is curious,—it is a remnant of barbarism: it remains over from those days of universal antagonism, when every tribe had to fight for its life,—there is this instinctive dislike for people who are foreigners, who are aliens. We do not feel quite at home with them. We criticise the English. They have characteristics that are unpleasant to us. The Italians, the Chinese, people from India, if there are not too many of them around, we may be interested in them, study them, trace their characteristics; but, if

they get too near to us, we shrink from the contact. If there are too many of them in a community, we do not like them, we do not feel at home with them.

Then it is said that the Jew is pushing, that he is aggressive, that he makes himself unpleasant. He wants to get ahead of everybody else, and does not always take the most polite way to accomplish his end.

That is true, I presume, of a great many Jews; but I question very seriously as to whether that characteristic is exclusively confined to them. When they do try to get ahead, they almost always succeed. Perhaps that is the reason we do not like them any better. We are willing to let a man get ahead of us, if then he stumbles and falls; but, if he succeeds, we do not like him.

It is asserted also that they are clannish. So are we. "Birds of a feather," etc. We like our own kind. Strangers among an alien people naturally congregate to keep each other company.

Then it is said again that the Jews are vulgar, that they love display. That is true of a great many of them. I have met a good many of them in the course of my life who were almost as vulgar in the display of their ornaments and wealth as are some of the distinguished members of New York's "four hundred," who come to the entertainment late in order to show themselves off in the boxes of the Metropolitan Opera House. I say the Jews are almost as vulgar in this display as they are. I do not like it in anybody. I do not know, however, why we should confine our dislike or the expression of it entirely to the Jews.

We must remember, in explanation of this, if it is true, even if it is a race characteristic, that the Jews are Orientals, that the Orientals universally love color, love beautiful ornaments, love this sort of personal decoration.

Again, it is said that the one god of the Jew is money,

that it is the only thing he really cares for,—his money and the power that comes from the possession of it; and it is further said that he is not at all scrupulous in the main about getting it. The Jew is supposed to be universally dishonest. It has come to be a name with us for it, a proverb: "to jew" another is to treat him dishonestly, is to squeeze out of him by any process that which he possesses and which you desire.

There is, at any rate, a wide-spread popular feeling that something of this sort is true, whether this popular impression is quite just or not. I have known a great many Jews in my life. Some of the noblest, sweetest, simplest, most unselfish, most patriotic, most philanthropic, tender-hearted people I have known were Jews.

I speak of this charge against the Jew because it is popularly made. I do not indorse it. I have not had business experiences that enable me to speak with the authority of a business man; but I wonder as to whether this impression does not grow out of the fact that the Jews are congregated together in a city, that they are easily marked as Jews, and that we are very apt, if we have one unfortunate experience with a Jew, to attribute the same characteristic to the entire people.

I do not believe that there are any men more dishonest among the Jews than there are among any other race in the world. Whether there are more of them, that I do not know. I have no right to speak on that subject.

There is another fact which has been the chief cause, probably, of international hatreds, but which is nothing less than an insult to intelligence and a disgrace to civilization: that is the religious hatred. I said a moment ago that we Christians are nine-tenths Jews, both in our morals and our religion. Our ethical teachings trace to the Jewish Ten Commandments; and almost the only thing that distinguishes between the Jew and the Chris-

tian is the fact that the Christian has turned a Jew into a God, and hates this God's own people because they insist that he was a magnificent man,—the crowning name among the Jewish prophets,—but still a man.

Suppose that the Jews did put Jesus to death nearly two thousand years ago. Christians since that day, professedly in the name of the Jew of whom they have made a God, have put to death hundreds of thousands of men by physical tortures unspeakably worse than any that were suffered that Friday afternoon outside the city on the cross.

And think of the hideous absurdity of it. I know it is the foundation of Christian theology,—the whole race damned because the first member of it sinned; and, following that precedent, popular prejudice in Christendom has held the Jewish race responsible for the crucifixion of Jesus for nearly two thousand years.

Suppose a clique, a group of men, did put Jesus to death: are the Jews to-day in Russia, the Jews to-day in Germany, the Jews in New York, responsible? This is visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children with a vengeance. And yet, probably, this religious prejudice, this religious hatred, has had more to do with the way the Jews have been treated than any other one cause.

Away back,—oh, how these horrid superstitions do persist!—away back and down in the days of savagery, it was not an uncommon thing for little children to be murdered, to be put to death, as a part of some religious ceremonial. Indeed, it was very common. It is only a little while since the race has outgrown the practice of sacrificing to its bloody God its first-born child. When Jesus was born, the ceremonial of release from the necessity of this sacrifice was gone through in the temple. It is as modern as that.

And still the superstition prevails. In Russia to-day, if we can get at the facts, one of the principal things that

precipitated the massacre was the charge that the Jews had murdered as a part of a religious ceremony a Christian child. Of course, they had not. The Jews have never done anything of the kind since Christianity began. But, in the midst of an ignorant, superstitious, cruel peasantry, it is easy to get almost anything believed concerning people they do not like.

I suppose in Russia, along with this religious hatred, which is universally prevalent, and this superstition in regard to the murder of Christian children, that there was another great cause of dislike. The Jews are almost universally capable business men: they are money-makers everywhere. I will not characterize it for the present. I simply note the fact. Now the Jews in Russia are money-lenders. The peasant farmers borrow money; and, as a perfectly natural result, they come by and by to hate the men of whom they borrow, and are ready to take almost any course, if they can only get rid of paying. So the Jews, undoubtedly, owned a large part of the money in this Russian village, and the peasants were, many of them, debtors to the Jews.

It is very curious to me to note what a characteristic human thing this is. Take the literature of England. It is full of Jewish money-lenders, and they are always held up to obloquy. Why? I do not know. Here are the young noblemen, the scapegraces, who have gone from the country up to London, and who are calculating on the death of their father and their coming into the property, and who want money to waste on mistresses, to gamble with, to drink with, to lead a roystering life; and they cannot get it in any other way, and they go to a Jewish money-lender. And the Jewish money-lender is of course smart enough, as he makes a loan of this doubtful character, to ask a good rate of interest.

And these nice young Christians, who hate these Jewish money-lenders so, are, as I said, the young men who

are counting on the question as to how long the old man—that is, the father—is likely to live; and they borrow of these Jews, promising to pay when he dies.

And throughout English literature these Jewish money-lenders are held up to obloquy; and these young scapegraces are smart, fashionable young men. For which of the two do you feel yourself tingle with unspeakable contempt,—for that kind of snobbish scapegrace or for the thrifty Jew?

The characteristics of the Jew in this matter come out here in New York. Jacob Riis tells us, in one of his books, that down on the East Side the Jew is sure to save money, no matter how little he is paid. He will starve himself, he will go without clothes, he will do anything, but he will save something; and by and by he owns the house he lives in, and the other people who have not saved anything have to pay rent, and they hate the Jew who is thrifty and who has flourished.

To give another illustration. I shall cut across your reverence for Shakspeare, perhaps, in this one. I have been accustomed to say for years that in spite of his faults, if you leave out some of the lovely, beautiful, minor characters, the most decent character in the “Merchant of Venice” is Shylock. He is put upon and abused in every conceivable way, and, after the fashion in English literature, is held up to ridicule.

But who is Bassanio, the noble Bassanio? He is a man who has wasted his fortunes and who wishes to retrieve them and marry an heiress. There is no claim that he loves her. He has not even seen her; but he borrows money to retrieve his fortunes. That is the noble Bassanio. Portia’s legal lore is clap-trap and quibble; and, in spite of his faults, the grandest, wholly human character in the play is Shylock.

And, to show the drift of public opinion, the audience is expected to rejoice over the misfortunes of the tender,

lovely, sweet Jessica, merely because she is the daughter of a Jew. Oh, I am ashamed of the human race when I face questions and problems like these!

No matter what the Jews may have been or what they may have done, I can match you their faults in all the other races. But that the Jews have these faults has been admitted by one of their own distinguished writers. I ask you to listen while I read a poem by Israel Zangwill. It sets in contrast his ideal of what the Jew ought to be and what he confesses too many times he is. The title of it is "Israel—Vision and Reality":—

"I saw a people rise before the sun,
A noble people scattered through the lands,
To be a blessing to the nations, spread
Wherever mortals make their home; without
A common soil or air, 'neath alien skies,
But One in blood and thought and life and law,
And One in righteousness and love, a race
That, permeating, purified the world,—
A pure, fresh current in a brackish sea,
A cooling wind across the fevered sand,
A music in the wrangling market-place;
For wheresoe'er a Jew dwelt, there dwelt Truth;
And wheresoe'er a Jew was, there was Light;
And wheresoe'er a Jew went, there went Love."

That is the ideal, and then he goes on:—

"Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, the Lord our God, is One;
But we, Jehovah His people, are dual, and so undone.

"Slaves in eternal Egypts, baking their strawless bricks,
At ease in successive Zions, prating their politics;

"Rotting in sunlit Roumania, pigging in Russian Pale,
Driving in Park, Bois, and Prater, clinging to fashion's tail.

"Reeling before every rowdy, sore with a hundred stings,
Clothed in fine linen and purple, loved at the Courts of Kings;

"Faithful friends to our foemen, slaves to a scornful clique,
The only Christians in Europe turning the other cheek.

"Blarneying, shivering, crawling, taking all colors and none,
Lying a fox in the covert, leaping an ape in the sun.

"Tantalus-Proteus of Peoples, security comes from within!
Where is the lion of Judah? Wearing an ass's skin!

"Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, the Lord our God, is One;
But we, Jehovah His people, are dual, and so undone."

This is perhaps as bitter a charge against the actual Israel as it manifests itself too frequently in the history of the world as anybody has ever made.

But now I wish to ask you to come face to face with one consideration. Grant that the Jews are all that anybody says they are. I want you as Christians to shoulder your share of the responsibility. Did you ever think? For fifteen hundred years no Jew was allowed to own property in real estate, not allowed to own or cultivate the land, no Jew was permitted to enter the civil service of any people in Christendom, no Jew allowed to be an officer in any army or in any navy? Allowed to do—what?

The only thing we have let the Jews do has been to trade; and they have been obliged to trade in such commodities as they could hide or carry away,—jewels and valuable things which they could conceal. And the attitude of the kings and the rulers throughout Christendom has been that of treating the Jews as their property, their victims. One of the English kings in a public document talks about "my Jews"; and he estimates the amount of revenue he is likely to get from "my Jews."

And that meant, if a Jew had any property, he was assessed so much; and, if he did not pay it, he was tortured until he did pay it. We have not let the Jews do anything but be small traders, or large traders, in portable things; and they would have been mighty poor scholars, indeed, if, after fifteen hundred years of Christian drill in this exercise, they had not learned anything.

As a matter of fact, they have learned to be the most expert traders in the world; and we have made them so by our persecution. The Jews were originally an agricultural people, in one of the best cultivated lands in the world; but we have taken away these things from them, and then turned around and abused and beaten and spat upon them because they have been good scholars in the school to which we have sent them!

If there are any mean characteristics of the Jewish people, before you abuse them for them, subtract from the sum so many of them as Christianity has planted and trained in that way.

Now what are we going to do about it? One or two suggestions at the end. It is said that the government of the United States ought to issue an indignant protest to the government of the Tsar. I wish we could. But would not the Tsar have a right to retort, "Physician, heal thyself"? Is not our house made of glass rather too brittle to encourage us to engage in throwing stones?

Let the government of the United States, and the governments of the separate States, send protests first to the barbarism that exists here in America. At a great public meeting the other night Dr. Lorimer suggested that we appoint a committee of notable citizens and send them to Russia to lay the case before the Tsar.

I have no objections to any procedure of that sort, but I would like first to send a committee of notable citizens down to Louisiana to protest against the mobbing and murdering of Italians, out to California to protest against the mobbing and murdering of Chinamen, to Georgia to protest against the mobbing and murdering of negroes, to Kentucky and many another Southern State to protest against the condition of things that turns a whole family into murderers while they fight out, generation after generation, a feud, until the last man of the line is extinguished.

I would like to have this delegation go to Illinois and Indiana. You have noticed what has been taking place within the last week or two. Down in Illinois a colored man gets into a quarrel with a white man; and the latter is shot. He is not killed. Indeed, I believe he has recovered. The negro is arrested by process of law, and put in the jail; but, instead of waiting for the law to dispose of the matter, a crowd of civilized white men, two hundred in number, of the kind of people that we are expected to have join in a protest against Russia, breaks into the jail, beats the negro into almost insensibility, hangs him, shoots him, burns him. That in Illinois.

In Indiana a negro is seen talking with a young girl thirteen or fourteen years of age. Somebody, without knowing anything about it, suggests that he is insulting her. A crowd gathers, of these purifiers of society, and the negro is shot; and the young woman has not been hurt at all, and, so far as anybody knows, no crime has been committed except by these social protectors!

Until we in this country can cleanse our skirts a little, our lips should be closed so far as protest against any other country is concerned.

This is Flag Day,—and I should have loved to take it for my theme,—the day on which we are to cultivate honor and reverence for the Stars and Stripes. I love the flag. I am ready to bow in its presence as being the symbol of liberty, of brotherhood, of humanity, of law.

Oh, this is what it ought to be; but is it? Is it, so long as these things I have been hinting at are true? Let us cleanse our own flag, make it pure and white and sweet, then start, if we will, a crusade round the world for the suppression of inhumanity and barbarism.

One thing we can do: every true man, every noble woman, in this country can lift up a voice against these

things wherever they are perpetrated; and we can help create a public opinion that shall by and by wipe them off the face of a gladdened and purified earth.

But, meantime, I am sorry to say we need to be a little humble about protesting to other nations. We must work for education here in this country,—educate the people of both races, of all nationalities; but that is not enough.

We have found out that intellectual training does not necessarily make people tender-hearted, moral, and humane. We must work for the ideas that the Church stands for. We must work for the love of God and the love of man, create noble and true and fine ideals.

And, then, I am afraid that we must be patient, and wait, wait, wait, until civilization grows, and men outgrow the wolf and the fox and the tiger and the snake, and climb up into the human.

But, meantime, friends, let us, so far as this country is concerned, insist on justice, insist on equal laws for all people, of every nation and every clime; fight for equal opportunities. Let us fight for that civilization which takes the legal, though slower course, instead of joining in the madness of the mob that clutches at justice, but really grasps anarchy and disgrace.

Dear Father, let Thy love be in our hearts and the ideals of justice and truth animate our minds and direct our conduct. Let us be ashamed to be other than humane and just and tender and true in our relations with any people anywhere around the world. Amen.

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NEW YORK

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. VII.

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STEPS TO PEACE

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STEPS TO PEACE.

My text you may find in the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, a part of the twelfth verse,—“Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace.”

Peace is the condition of the discovery of all truth, of the mastery of all power, and of the possession of all happiness. The man who wishes to discover the truth must be quiet. He must be undisturbed, not swept by passion, not turned aside by bias; he must go to nature and observe calmly. He must listen intently, so that then may he see and hear.

If a lake is perfectly at peace,—not a disturbance, not a ripple,—then the reflections in it are perfect: they are true; but, if in any way it be ruffled, then everything is distorted.

When astronomers build and plant one of their mighty telescopes, that by its use they may investigate the heavens, they must have it on a solid foundation, so that it will remain in perfect peace where it is placed. The slightest tremor vitiates all the results. The quiver of an eyelid, the trembling of a nerve on the part of an observer, may make all his estimates wrong. If we wish, then, to find the truth, we must find peace first as the condition of the observer, of the student.

If we wish mastery of our powers, we must also be at peace. In the old duelling days every man understood that if he could perturb or excite his opponent, the victory was practically won.

A great general, managing a battle, whose lines perhaps extend over brooks, through woods, up hills, down into valleys for miles, knows that he must “keep his head,”

as we say. He must be at peace. No matter how perturbed others may be, whatever excitement may exist in the rank and file of the army, no matter what the mental condition of the orderlies and inferior officers, he must be master of himself, be at peace, in order that he may be master of all his power.

We know so well that peace is the condition for the attainment of happiness that the loss of peace, unrest, disturbance, worry,—these are synonyms for unhappiness. How, then, shall peace be found?

It is not to be discovered by the use of narcotics. You can narcotize your body not only, but your brain, your heart, your soul; but this is not the way to peace. If you are suffering keen pain, you may find temporary relief by an opiate; but the experience of the world has demonstrated that the over-use of a means like this for the attainment of peace results in disintegration, disease, unrest, and irretrievable sorrow.

Neither is it wise to narcotize the brain for the sake of mental peace. There are thousands of people in the world, there have been in the past, there are many of them still, who become weary of thinking. They cannot bear the unrest. They do not know how to hold their minds in suspense. They must have all things settled after some fashion; and, not being able to settle them themselves, they decide to give up thinking, to narcotize the brain, to turn all these problems over into the hands of some one else, and take an authoritative word of a person or an institution.

But this is not peace. This is denial of the use, the culture, the development of the God-like and God-given power to think, to investigate, to discover the truth. You can try to crush down and crush out the heart, to destroy a love that is unsatisfied or that stands in the way of your peace; but this, again, is not peace. If you succeed in it, it is death.

So this is not the road to peace. Rather should we seek, so far as the mind and the heart and the soul are concerned, the most intense and developed life. The peace which we find in the universe around us in any direction is not the peace of quiescence. There is no quiescence. There is nothing in the universe, so far as we know, that is still. The peace,—I love that Bible phrase,—the “peace that floweth as a river” is the real thing. The river is not a stagnant pool. It is quiescent, and as it flows it reflects beautiful things growing upon its banks. It bears upon its waters pleasure craft and the commerce of the world. It turns the wheels of the world’s industries; it plays, it laughs, it leaps in the sun, it labors, it flows,—flows toward the ocean, to carry out its part in that eternal round of nature that is always begun and never ended.

Peace is not to be found, then, by the process of narcotizing. Neither is it to be found in change of place or scene. How many people there are who, restless, unsatisfied, pursue a mirage, chase a phantom that leads them wandering all over the world, seeking for peace,—some place where they can find rest!

I have seen them, in the journeys I have made abroad, find nothing in one place that suits them, wonder if it will be so in the next, and so, wandering, restless, from one part of the world to another.

When Emerson sang his song,

“Good-bye, proud world! I’m going home,”

and retired into the country, but it was not the country which gave him the peace. He carried the peace with him: he took it into the country. The peace was in himself.

This summer some of you will be permitted, I trust, to go into the country, for at least a time. You will be by the seashore, you will listen to the surf on the

sand: you will see the mountains, you will sit under their shadows. You will rejoice, I trust, in these varied scenes of the outer world; but you will find just so much peace there as you carry with yourselves. The peace is not by the seashore, the peace is not in the mountains. The peace, if it exists at all, is here within.

Neither do men find peace by retirement from the world or from their occupations. I have known business men, worn and wearied with their life-work, who have said, "I have done enough, now I will retire." And, if a man like this has cultivated some taste which he may carry with him into his retirement, if he may be occupied and intent with some sweet and true thing there, then well and good. But I have known some of the most restless and dissatisfied people on the face of the earth among these retired merchants. They had nothing to do. All their old occupation was gone; and they learned too late that the peace they sought was not to be found in this retirement from a particular avocation.

I suppose that in the Church, over and over, it has happened in the past that some world-weary man or woman has gone into the cloister, has taken the veil, has entered a convent in search of peace; and they have worn out their hearts there, learning that peace was not in the quiet of these walls, but it was something to be wrought out in their own nature,—something to be found within.

I propose this morning, briefly and simply as I may, to speak of a few things that stand in the way of our peace, and to suggest how we may deal with some of them. What one person needs for peace, of course, is different from that which is called for by another; but I trust that in this general way I may hit some of the conditions that disturb our lives, and make some few suggestions that may be of at least little service.

One of the worst disturbers of our peace, it seems to me, is the past. There are two ways of dealing with the past of the world or of the individual. We may use the experiences, the discoveries, the achievements of the past as means to enable us to master the present, and create a better future, or we may allow them to burden us, to weigh us down, to discourage, to trouble us.

One of the principal things that stands in the way to-day of the world's advance in general is this very fact of the achievements of the past. The world, so to speak,—I cannot enlarge upon it,—is ruled by the dead hand to such an extent. What people thought, what people did, how people felt ages and ages ago,—these stand in the way of people's thinking and feeling and investigating for themselves to-day.

And a similar thing is true of the past of each individual. How many of us look back with regret! Perhaps some loved one has passed out of our circle. It may have been years ago, but we are not yet done saying, "Oh, if I had only known, if I had only said this, if I had only done that,"—if, if, if; and so the past haunts us and worries us and takes away our peace.

We have done wrong, we have gone astray, we have been unworthy of our highest and truest self, perhaps; and this gnaws at our hearts and takes away our peace, and we are burdened by it.

What we need to learn is that the past can be of service to us, and that then, when it has ceased being of service, we should defy it and forget it,—remember it only to learn its lessons and to gain its inspirations. You will remember that beautiful poem,—I can only read you one or two verses of it,—Longfellow's "The Ladder of Saint Augustine":—

"Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!"

And later:—

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

.

"The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

.

"Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

"Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

Do not let the past, either its success or its failures, trouble you; for this one thing is true,—no matter what the past may have been, we are here, and God is above us, and the world is around us, and limitless opportunity waits at our feet. Now is the beginning of a pathway, and that pathway leads to anything, to everything that is noble and grand, if we choose to walk in it.

The one thing that is most fatal, perhaps, in all the world, is despair, the loss of heart and courage. Everything is possible to him who wills, and there is limitless time, and there is no height that you and I may not climb.

There is another thing that troubles a great many people; it disturbs their peace; and that is their perplexity over the unsolved problems of the world. For example, to take a specific instance, I know people who hesitate about becoming members of a church, joining

some organization for the help of the world,—hesitate about entering into the practical things of life—because they are perplexed and troubled over questions of Biblical criticism,—a simple thing like that.

They wonder as to whether the apostle John wrote the Gospel of John, and, if he did not, as to what his opinion about the person and nature of Christ is worth. And, while they are disturbed and troubled about settling a question like this, their practical life is at a standstill, their wills are practically paralyzed.

I speak of this only as an illustration. Some are perplexed over the nature of the universe, whether God is personal or impersonal, what his relation is to us as individuals, over the materialistic and spiritualistic theories of life; and people become involved and enmeshed in these problems, worried, troubled, disturbed over them, their peace taken away, and meantime the work of life waits.

I am not going to hint a solution for any of these problems. I am merely going to say to you that you need not wait for their solution. There is not a single unsolved problem in the world that needs touch the practical problem of your next duty,—not one.

Let the critics and the scientists and the philosophers work at these. Work at them yourselves, if you have the inclination and the time and the ability; but do not let them stand in the way of that one thing for which the solution of all problems is important. The whole intellectual side of the world is valuable only as our dealing with it hinders or helps us to live.

Truth is better than a lie, kindness better than unkindness, helping people better than neglecting them, choosing the nobler and higher things is better than the lower and the poorer. You know enough to do right, you know enough to take the next step, you know enough to pick up and care for the first duty that waits you.

Do not let these problems, then, and the fact that they are not settled, disturb your peace. Take the next step, do the next thing, and, if you come up against a wall, why wait until it opens. But be true to yourself, and be faithful to the best thing you know while you are waiting, and do not let these things disturb you.

Some of the best friends I have had in the world—and this leads me to the next point—have felt that their lives were so unsatisfactory, they were not able to do anything that seemed to them worth while. They had dreams when they were young; but they have not realized them. They expected to do something worth while, to play some important part in life; but, as they have gone on, life has come to seem to them rather cheap and rather poor, or, at any rate, those high ideals are away up there, luring them, and they are down here, and they have never been able to turn them into fact.

So they are disappointed. Perhaps they grow a little bitter. They are troubled. They do not find peace. There is little satisfaction for them in life.

Two or three Sundays ago, I think it was, in some other connection, I hinted to you a truth which I wish to press home again here. The best thing in life is attainable by anybody. For what is that best thing? It is not money, it is not power over your fellows, it is not fame, it is not pleasure, it is not ease,—it is none of the things which the multitude is madly pursuing. The best thing in life is that you be true to yourself; and that a rich man can do, that a poor man can do, that a well man can do, that a sick man can do, that a learned man can do, that an ignorant man can do, that any man can do.

If you have a good deal of money, be true to yourself in the use of it. If you have little, be true to that little. If you have none at all, be true to yourself even

while starving. If you are great, be true to the great responsibility. If you are obscure, develop in that obscurity the qualities which would make you great if the world recognized them. Be true to yourself, be true to God, true to the highest thing you can think, true to the noblest thing you can feel, true to the grandest dreams that haunt your imagination.

And so the world cannot defeat us nor down us. There is nobody in the universe who can harm us, except ourselves. We can win success, because the only great success, the only real success; is working out through the experiences of life, whatever they may be, the development of a true self.

There is another thing that disturbs the peace of the world, is disturbing it more and more as the world goes on and gets more and more civilized. We have been shocked recently by those doings there in Belgrade,—the midnight murder of a king and queen. We are not to think, however, that these things are worse than they used to be. If you will read the history describing the condition of things in the Middle Ages or in the old times of the earth's barbarism, you will find that this which we are shocked by so to-day was very common.

It is not that the world is getting worse: it is that we are getting more sensitive, that we feel these things more, that they become a greater practical problem for us.

So the world's evils, the crimes, the vices, the diseases, the pain, all the wrong of the world, the fact that we can think that "the times are out of joint,"—these things disturb and take away our peace.

Is there any way to face them? There is this. I can make one or two suggestions. In the first place, either God exists or he does not. If God is, if God's in his heaven, then the world is in his hand; and he cares more about these things than you and I do, and he is managing these things, and there is going to be an outcome by and by.

If he does not exist, then there is no use in our fretting about it one way or the other; for we are helpless.

But I believe—and I think that a close study of the past history of the world would bring you to the same conclusion—that this is the best conceivable kind of world. If the meaning of life is that we shall learn how to live, by experience, by good, by evil, by success, by failure, by falling, by rising again; if the best thing in life is learning how to live, the cultivation and development of human character,—then who could devise a better scene, better conditions for the working out of these results?

And, if, indeed, the world is in God's hands, and if there is infinity in space and endlessness in time, then all these things may be wrought out into something so fine and sweet and good by and by that they will not trouble us any more than the darkness of the early morning troubles us after the sun is up.

And, at any rate, to come right close home to our practical relation to it, the way for us to find the true peace and our place in the midst of it seems to me right here. If we allow ourselves to be bitter, over-disturbed, over-troubled, then we become incapable of doing what we can to help.

The patient in the hospital may be excited. His friends may be all unnerved; but the surgeon who is to help must be calm and at peace, the master of every movement, holding every nerve in quiet. So, if we are to help the world in its troubles, we must learn to be at peace, not to be upset and disturbed overmuch by these things, but to do what we can right here to soothe some sorrow, to bind up some wound, to comfort some aching heart.

One last trouble I would speak of; and that is our fear of the future. I began by our fear of the past; but I suppose that the most of us are haunted over and

over again by some troubled wonder as to what may be to-morrow.

In the first place there is no to-morrow. There never was one, and there never will be. The only thing we have to face is what is happening now. There are persons who dread growing old. Growing old ought to be the sweetest thing on earth. If I may be pardoned for speaking of myself, I have never seen a moment in my life when I dreaded to grow old; and, except when I am suffering, it never occurs to me that I am any older than I was a good many years ago. I never think of it. Growing old ought to be growing ripe, richer, sweeter.

And, as we look towards the future, what? Why, the worst that can happen is a sleep, which is perfect unconsciousness, no worry. That is the very worst.

The best,—“it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.” As I study the history of the past, every step has been towards something better; and the fact that the world has been growing gradually a little better is demonstration that the majority power in the universe is good, is loving, is tender, is kind, means well by us.

And so I have no fear about any future. My heart could be wrung and ache, as it has been wrung and ached in the past, by the sorrows of those I love, by the going away of those I love; but what I mean is that, looking at it by and large, I have no fear of the future, no fear of growing old, no fear of anything that the universe may have in store for me. As Walt Whitman expresses it, with his superb confidence, “No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God, and about death.”

I believe so thoroughly in the great love that has brooded over the world from the beginning, the great love that, unseen, folds us day by day in its arms, I believe so thoroughly that life, not death, waits for us,

that I have no fear of growing old, I have no fear of death.

I trust with a great trust, which, so far as that is concerned, gives perfect peace, that, when the mist closes, it will be only as the night closes for a little before the stars are out; that it will break, and that eyes will be seen looking out of it, and that hands will be reached in welcome; and that over yonder is something so much better than anything that we have left behind that we may carry, if we will, a great peace and trust in our hearts, knowing that

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Dear Father, let this "peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our minds and hearts." Let us trust in Thee so much that we shall believe that "no harm from Him can come to us on ocean or on shore"; and so, having this peace, may we have possession of all our powers, and be able to render service to those in need. Amen.

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LIFE'S EBB AND FLOW

GEO. H. ELLIS CO.

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104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK

1903

NOTE.

This issue concludes the twenty-eighth year of the continuous publication of Dr. Savage's sermons. Neither author nor publisher has had any pecuniary end in view. Indeed, so cheaply have they been sold and so many have been given away, through missionary agencies, that the balance has been on the wrong side of the books,—from the money-maker's point of view. The one desire has been to preach what is believed to be the truth to as many persons as possible. Those who believe in the work which these sermons are doing can—if they wish—make it still more wide-spread by becoming regular subscribers and by getting others to do the same. If they so desire, they may also contribute money to help pay for their distribution in missionary fields.

The publication will begin again in October.

THE PUBLISHERS.

LIFE'S EBB AND FLOW.

THE words of my text may be found in the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, the fourth verse,—“A time to weep and a time to laugh.”

I am glad the writer arranged his words in that order,—that the laughter comes after the weeping. May it be providentially arranged so in all your lives!

Everything in the universe is in motion, and all motion is rhythmic. It is a pendulum—back and forth. It is a tide—ebb and flow. As we study the movements of the heavenly bodies, we find that they obey this law. The earth in its motion seeks the sun, passes around it, and then shoots off into space; and on the earth itself there are summer and winter, night and day, the planting and the harvest. There is heat and cold, there is light, there is darkness. Everything changes and alternates in accordance with this rhythmic law.

And so in our human lives. We are born, we advance to the high tide, the culmination. There is the ebb; and we pass away. And so in all the moods of our days. We weep and we laugh, we fear and we hope, we are weak and we are strong, we despair and we are courageous. This is the method of our life.

When the tide is out, then everything indeed seems desolate and bare. Some of you will have an opportunity this summer—which you have had, I trust, many times before—of sitting by the seashore and watching these alternations. When the tide is away out, then noisome things appear, which the floods had covered.

Then creatures, caught and left as the tide has receded, gasp for breath. Their life has gone away. 'Neath the burning sun and without their accustomed element they perish. Creatures are caught in shallows and pools, their lives constrained, hampered, hindered, as so many human lives are when their tides are out.

Vessels that are only fit for the water are stranded on the flats, careening on their sides, their useless sails flapping in the wind.

The tides go out of our lives until the world seems to us a very sad affair. You remember those words of Hamlet, that we could quote and re-echo ourselves in some moods:—

“How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!”

“Man delights me not”; and the heavens seem to be but as a “pestilent congregation of vapors.” We have all been in these moods. We have lost something,—money, perhaps, an opportunity, or our own self-respect, the heaviest loss of all; or we have lost a friend,—something has happened to take the meaning away from life. The tides of our life are out, and the flats are bare; and it seems to us as though the days could never have any meaning again.

But when the tides are out, we learn, as we get older and study this world more deeply, the processes of God in the ongoing of the world have not ceased. When land is lying fallow, some of the most important things in the world are taking place. Indeed, this alternation of fallowness with production is as important as are the planting and the reaping of crops.

So in our own lives, when the tides seem to be out and we seem incapable of accomplishing anything, the processes are not stopped. When we are weary and are resting, the world's progress does not cease. When

we go away on a vacation, the universe does not wait until we get back again.

Those who have studied human nature a little deeply have learned that some of the most important, some of the highest and noblest work goes on unconsciously to those who are the instruments for the production of the results. Modern scientists tell us of a subliminal self,—a self which is below the threshold of consciousness, and so called subliminal. It is as though, to use a figure, I should compare an individual to an iceberg. Two-thirds of the iceberg are submerged and out of sight. So they are beginning to tell us that we know not how large a part, but certainly the larger part, of our own selves is submerged, is below the level of the floor of consciousness of which we take account, and there work is going on. We are working, though we know it not.

There are on record as proof of a process like this, cases of mathematicians, for example, who have wrought out problems during their sleep which they were incapable of solving with their utmost effort in their waking hours. Men have wrought over some problem during the evening, and then have found that it is actually worked out on paper on their desk in the morning. They have risen during the night, and done it, when they did not know it.

If you will pardon a personal reference, I know that a large part, perhaps the largest part, of my own work goes on when I am paying no attention to it. If I am to work out a theme, I plant the seed, so to speak; and it grows, and I see the result,—a result which I had only been partially conscious of having contributed towards.

George Eliot, agnostic that she was, and so biassed in favor of those things that can be observed, tabulated, and verified, has told us that the most important things she ever did seemed to her to be done through her only,

as though she was not conscious of the process by which the results were reached.

We find it on record that a man like Dumas sits at his desk, and his characters seem to be vividly personified, as though outside of himself. They act, they talk, they utter witticisms at which he himself is found to be laughing as though he had heard them from the lips of some other person.

These only as hints of how a part of the work that we accomplish is done when we are not consciously at work upon it.

You are all familiar with the case of Coleridge,—how he composed one of his most wonderful poems during his sleep, and remembered it so that he began to write it down the next day, and has left us a fragment. Unfortunately, he was interrupted, and could not recall the rest.

Work, then, goes on when the tides are out and when we are not conscious of being engaged in any definite occupation. And so the great men of the world, who appear to spend a large part of their lives in leisure, are in the hours of that leisure doing perhaps the most telling things which they ever accomplish.

Milton could not write during the winter. He was not idle during the winter. Processes were going on, as processes are going on beneath the snow of every winter, ready when the sun and the warmth of spring invite to come forth in blossom and in fruitage.

When Dante wandered, an exile, over Italy, finding it so bitter to eat the bread of a stranger and to climb the stairs in a house which was not his own, he was not wasting his time. Through the bitterness, the sorrow, the pain, he was working out that great masterpiece which has made the world so rich in its possession.

So do not think the poet or the artist or the philosopher or the scientist or any of the great thinkers of the

world are wasting their time when they do not appear to be engaged in some useful occupation, as we say. A large part of the work of the world is done when people apparently are doing nothing.

It is in accordance with this law of rhythm that all the great movements of the world's civilization have gone on. Read the story of Nineveh, Babylon, Palestine, Greece, Rome. An empire rises, civilization comes to its flood, and you would think that the world had reached a level from which it could never recede; but there is an ebb, the tide goes out, and now some of the greatest civilizations of the past are known only as expeditions painfully uncover their ruins and bring to light the traces of what they used to be.

The same is true in regard to the world's great movements of thought. These also are rhythmic. Only a little while ago, for example, all the world was apparently sweeping in the direction of positivism, of what is called materialistic science. The great leaders seemed to think that everything would be reduced to some mechanical formula. They expected thus to solve the problem of life itself, of consciousness, of thought. But the tide has turned; and a great flood of idealism is coming in, and the other way of looking at the world has almost completely passed away.

By and by we shall come back to a severer scientific method again, perhaps on a still higher level, then sweep to idealism once more; for it is after this method that the world moves on.

The same may be seen in regard to the world's fashions in art, in literature. A certain school of painters or a certain school of writers seems dominant, so much so that the man who dares to work after any other method becomes heterodox. He is looked upon as something *outré* and strange. He belongs outside the recognized ideals of his time.

But the fashion of this world, as the New Testament has it in another sense, "passeth away." All the fashions of this world pass away, one after another; and then, before we know it, they have come back again. The ebb has turned to flood. This is the way that the world goes on. But every time the tide is high in these world movements something occurs which cannot upon the seashore: the high-water mark is higher than it ever was before, and so the level of the life of the world lifts and rises.

I wish right here, in the light of the working of these forces according to this law, to notice one or two things which ought to come practically close home to every one of us.

In the days of Channing,—later than that, in the time of Sumner, when he delivered his great lecture on "Peace,"—I think we had the impression in this country that there were to be no more great wars; but the peace sentiment, which then seemed to be at the flood, has ebbed away since then, and we have had some of the most disastrous wars in history. The peace sentiment will come again, I hope, and lead the world to a higher level than it has ever yet attained.

But here in this country to-day note what is going on. I am amazed, I am appalled sometimes, at what I witness as I look over the face of our land. Did I not believe in God, and did I not know that the advance of human civilization was in accordance with this law of ebb and flow, I should lose heart and courage and all faith in my kind.

Think of the floods of lawlessness that have swept over this country! And we are not to delude ourselves with the idea that we have imported all this lawlessness from some other land. There are certain things going on among our native American population that should give us pause.

I have no special alarm as to the matter of race suicide, which our President has made a prominent topic of discussion; but it is a little significant, and not altogether encouraging, to notice the fact that our native American population is not even holding its own, but is decreasing. I used to hear France held up as the awful example; but France at least holds her own. Our native American population in this country is not holding its own. This by the way.

But all the lawlessness, the lynchings, the feuds, the disregard of public authority and public order,—these are not confined to immigrants. They are all over the country, and in those parts of the country where the American population is dominant. Let us do all we can to stem a tide like this. I am not discouraged, I am no pessimist; but, when I see men who have a criminal record behind them sitting in the United States Senate and in the House of Representatives, and in our governing bodies all over the land, I think and ask, Is it any wonder that young men come to feel that character is hardly worth struggling so hard for, when it seems to count for so little?

Let us do what we can to stem such tides as these, and to bring back a flood of old-fashioned, shall I call it: no, because I will not disgrace the present as compared with the past,—let us bring back the real sentiments of honesty and honor and manliness and truth. Let us have a tide of these coming in again to overflow and sweep away these disgraceful records that make us put our hands on our lips and stand dumb in the presence of the most outrageous inhumanities in any land.

To come a little closer home. I wish—for my subject permits me to include it—to refer for a moment to our city affairs, and make one or two suggestions as to the duty of all of us during the summer. Let us think of

it during the summer, and be ready to do something about it in the fall.

Two or three years ago the civic life of this great city of New York was perhaps at the lowest ebb in its history. The dirty waters of corruption were at the flood; and sweet and healthful waters had ebbed far out over the edge of the visible horizon. Hardly a department of our city's government but was soiled, tainted, filthy beyond words. Hardly a public official with such a record that we could be sure of the cleanness and honesty of his administration. This was the condition of affairs.

A tide of reform swept over us, now nearly two years ago; and since then an enormous advance has been made. What I wish to do is to suggest that we are in danger of an ebb in this reform, largely through misunderstanding, through misconception of the actual condition of things.

I hear a great many people talk; and I find that they have been expecting the impossible. They have supposed that a transition could be made from Hades to the kingdom of heaven in a month. Such things do not occur in this old world in which we live.

I think, if any one will make a careful, fair, unbiassed study of the matter, he will be compelled to admit that in almost every department of our city's life most wonderful improvement has been made,—as great an improvement as we had any right to expect when we consider the condition in which things were two years ago, and when we remember that it is only ordinary, fallible human beings to whose hands we can trust even the work of reform.

Let us, then, not be disheartened or discouraged. Let us rather do what we can to lift the life, the enthusiasm, the wave of this city's reform, and sweep out of sight and wash away the last vestige of the old corruption that cursed the city so long.

And the thing you need to remember is that we can do it. There is no question but that we can do it. If this city goes back into the hands of the kind of people who have been administering it, then it is your fault and mine. The better element of the city of New York is strong enough, numerous enough, to control it, if it will.

Let us, then, away with petty criticism of our public officials. Let us hold them indeed to strict account for doing the best they can; but let us not hamper them or discourage them or put into the hearts of those we talk with the feeling that there is no use, and so prepare the way for the ebbing of the reform movement which has risen so high.

Let us rather see to it that there shall be a flood of intelligence, of honesty, of earnestness, of straight-out manliness, in the conduct of our city affairs.

To turn now to another phase of the theme. The city of New York is, as we say, getting empty, the tides are ebbing out. In saying this, we do not forget the thousands, nay, millions, of those who will stay here all the time; but those that we are accustomed to associate with and think of are going away. The most of you will go away, at least for a part of the time, very soon.

Let us remember the principle, then, that, as the tide ebbs here, it floods somewhere else,—as the waters leave the city, they rise by the seashore, in the country, among the hills; and I want to suggest to you a few plain considerations about your summer religion.

We are so apt,—so shallow is our thinking,—to identify religion with going into a church, with singing hymns, with joining in prayer, with the offices of public worship. And the newspapers every little while, in their flippant paragraphs, speak of a closed church as though it means the cessation of the religious life of the people who are accustomed to gather there.

Let us remember that an open church, singing hymns, and engaging in public prayers are only the manifestations of the religious life, if it exists. They are not that life. The life, if there is any, goes with you wherever you go.

And I want you to remember this, and carry the power and the saving, helping quality of your religious life with you, by the seashore, in the country, among the hills. Remember that all beauty, the wonder, the on-goings of nature, in the midst of which you are to be, are the symptoms and signs of the immediate presence and activity of God. Remember that you are living in touch with him, face to face with him, whether you feel him, whether you see him or not.

Think of God, then, be sensitive to his presence, and know that you can serve him just as well during vacation time as you can here. You can serve him perhaps in some fresh ways, because you have fresh opportunities. What will you do? I cannot give you specific directions. The conditions will be different in this place from what they will be in that. Study the conditions, notice where you are and what you can do, and then try to help.

I would have you go to church, though there is no Unitarian church there. You need not hide or cover up your beliefs; but help on the religious life of the place so far as it is healthful and earnest and honest, whether it agrees with your ideas or not.

I have known a great many cases where little services were started in places where there was no church, by the reading of a sermon, gathering together to consider these things; and out of such services new churches have sprung, new life has been born.

Do what you can. Find some soul that you can comfort, somebody who would like to have a little counsel, somebody whom you can encourage, somebody who is inquiring and whose questions you can answer. If

you cannot answer them, perhaps you can put them in the way of getting them answered.

So this summer do not think you have gone away from God, and do not go away from your religious life, your religious activity, your religious service, wherever you may be.

One or two other considerations I wish to refer to briefly. I have spoken of our own ebbs and flows of feeling, of emotion, of hope, of fear, of ability, of life. Sometimes we are responsible for the ebb tide, sometimes we are not.

You wake up of a morning, and the heavens are blue, and all the earth seems desolate. There is no meaning in your life. You have nothing to hope for. All the best in you seems to have ebbed away during sleep.

Now it is possible you are responsible for that. I think sometimes our methods of eating our meals, of drinking, our methods of work, our methods of play, have something to do with it. But in other cases it is a matter of inherited temperament; and these moods sweep over us as clouds sweep across the sky, and we have no power to prevent them.

Let us not feel, then, if we are not conscious of having produced these moods, too heavy a burden of responsibility for them. Let them come, let them go; but go you about your daily avocations. If you cannot do very well, do the best you can. If you have not a great deal of courage, work as though you had. If you have, work with delight, and rejoice in it.

But do not carry a burden on account of these alternates of hope and fear, of feeling one way and the other. Remember how many times they have changed before, and the world has gone on.

There is a power mightier than we are at the helm; and just as a ship in mid-Atlantic sails on, no matter which way the tides move, no matter which way the

winds blow, no matter how the passengers feel, so I believe that the great world, under the captaincy of Eternal Wisdom and Eternal Love, sails on to its destined harbor.

I remember a very wise piece of advice, as it seemed to me, which one of our professors gave us when we were in the theological school. He said in regard to our writing: "Do not wait until you feel like it. Write whether you feel like it or not. Write until you feel like it. Then you may write because you feel like it."

Undoubtedly, the best work of the world is done when we feel like it; but, if there is a duty waiting us, we are not to wait and let it wait because the tide of our enthusiasm has ebbed away and we do not feel like doing it.

We are not responsible, perhaps, for these moods. We are only responsible for what we do; and we can do, whether the mood is agreeable or not. Shakspeare, you know, has said,—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

Let us, then, if we wish to do any great work, watch for the turning of the tide, as the fisherman by the coast waits until the tide is right, and then lets God, through the tides, work for him. So let us watch for God's tides.

But as I said a moment ago, let us not be too dependent on them. It may be necessary for us to reach a certain point, to help some one in trouble, to accomplish some needed reform, to do something that waits to be done, when the tide is against us. Then row, and pull against the tide; but, in regard to the great world movements, remember that God cares more than we, and that, if we wish to accomplish the grandest results, we

must co-operate with God, use the tides which are the expression of his thought, his love, and his life.

Work against the tide, if you must, but trust in Him who holds the tides, both the ebb and the flow, in the hollow of his hand.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that we may believe there is a Power above all the ebb and flow of our feeling, our courage, or our enthusiasm; that there is a Power that holds the world in its grasp, and is guiding it on to some grand haven, unseen, only partly imagined as yet. Let us work with Thee, and be glad that we may be able to help in the attainment of these greatest results. When the tide is out, let us not lose heart; and, when it is in, let us rejoice. Amen.

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